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THOMAS
WEBB

Greta Garbo

A
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GARBO!

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Hollywood a
Godless
Town?



ITS COLOR CHANGES . . .
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TITAN STAR OF "CIMARRON" SWEEPS TO NEW HEIGHTS IN ANOTHER GREAT ACTING ROLE!



RICHARD
DIX

"BORN TO THE RACKET"

From the Tumultuous Panorama of Empire that was "Cimarron", RICHARD DIX returns to new Triumphs as the Hero of REX BEACH'S Stirring Story "Big Brother"... A Robin Hood Racketeer in the Fantastic Tapestry of New York's Underworld! Great Actor! Great Star! The World will Cheer his Superb Portrayal of this Fearless Fighter and Courageous Lover!

Watch for this and other great RKO RADIO PICTURES Now Playing: "White Shoulders" with Jack Holt and Mary Astor; "The No Girl", a Gorgeous Technicolor Production.



"Laugh and Get Rich" with Edna May Oliver and Dorothy Lee; Wheeler and Woolsey in "Cracked Nuts"; Lowell Sherman and Irene Dunne (glamorous "Sabra" of CIMARRON), in "Bachelor Apartment."

R A D I O P I C T U R E S



The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, *Editor*Alma Whitaker, *Western Editor*Frank J. Carroll, *Art Director*

June, 1931

THIS MONTH'S PROGRAM

Vol. XXIII, No. 2

FEATURES:

COVER PORTRAIT OF GRETA GARBO.....	Thomas Webb
LIFE SKETCHES. <i>Marlene Dietrich</i>	Henry Rood, Jr. 16
A NEW SLANT ON GARBO.....	Paul Hawkins 18
CONFESSIONS OF A GANGSTER'S MOLL.....	Mrs. Edward G. Robinson 23
MEXICAN DIVORCE. <i>Fiction</i>	Charles Winfield Fessier 24
MR. ARLISS LOOKS AT THE MOVIES.....	George Arliss 26
THE ORIGINAL CHANEL.....	Herbert Cruikshank 27
IS ROMANCE SYNTHETIC IN HOLLYWOOD?.....	Ruth Tildesley 28
WHEN THE MOVIES DEMAND BRAINS MORE THAN BEAUTY.....	John O'Hara 30
WE WANT BLONDES, SAYS HOLLYWOOD.....	Marie House 32
IS HOLLYWOOD A GODLESS TOWN?.....	Alma Whitaker 52
MARIE DRESSLER'S OWN STORY.....	Marie Dressler 54
ARE WOMEN LESS FAITHFUL THAN MEN?.....	Ruth Tildesley 58

PERSONALITIES:

BARBARA COMES BACK TO BROADWAY. <i>Barbara Stanwyck</i>	22
REVEALING RAMON. <i>Ramon Novarro</i>	Ralph Wheeler 31
JUST FINE AND LANDI! <i>Elissa Landi</i>	Constance Carr 34
LIL REFORMS. <i>Lilyan Tashman</i>	Sydney Valentine 51
HER BEST FRIEND WON'T TELL HER! <i>Evelyn Brent</i>	57
SENNETT: CHAPTER II. <i>Mack Sennett</i>	Rosa Reilly 65
COMPSON CLOSE-UP. <i>Betty Compson</i>	Mary Howard 66
WHAT ABOUT CAROLE LOMBARD?.....	Betty Boone 83
THE BOND BONFIRE. <i>Lillian Bond</i>	Myrene Wentworth 130

SPECIAL ROTOGRAVURE ART SECTIONS:

STARS AS THEY ARE. Exclusive Portraits by Cecil Beaton. <i>Joan Bennett, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., George Bancroft, June Collyer, Tom Meighan, Tallulah Bankhead, Gary Cooper, Fay Wray, Loretta Young, Richard Arlen, Dorothy Mackaill, Walter Huston, John Wayne, Kay Francis, Ina Claire</i>	35-50
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH.....	67
PORTRAITS: <i>Adolphe Menjou, Jean Harlow, Neil Hamilton, Nancy Carroll, Jack Oakie, Billie Dove, Dorothy Lee, Edmund Lowe, John Boles, Rose Hobart, Greta Nissen, Paul Lukas, Carole Lombard</i>	
FASHIONS: <i>Posed by Screen Stars</i>	74-75

DEPARTMENTS:

REVUETTES. <i>Guide to Current Pictures</i>	6
SLAMS AND SALVOS. <i>Letters from the Audience</i>	8
HONOR PAGE. <i>Norma Shearer</i>	14
EDITORIAL.....	17
REVIEWS OF THE BEST PICTURES.....	Delight Evans 60
KEEPING COOL AND LOVELY.....	Anne Van Alstyne 62
PICTURE PARTIES.....	Grace Kingsley 64
CRITICAL COMMENT ON CURRENT FILMS.....	84
THE STAGE IN REVIEW.....	Benjamin De Casseres 86
SCREEN NEWS.....	88
THE TRUTH ABOUT COSMETICS.....	Mary Lee 94
PICNICKING WITH LOUISE FAZENDA.....	Blanche Meredith 95
ASK ME.....	Miss Vee Dee 96
CASTS OF CURRENT FILMS.....	110
ADDRESSES OF THE STARS.....	114

NEXT
MONTH!

The big mid-summer issue—July—will be on sale June first. And here's a friendly tip—don't miss it. Beginning with a particularly exciting cover, and continuing right through the book, including the very last page, this issue matches the summer season. It has that care-free vacation spirit. For one thing, there will be an art section of bathing girls in the new beach fashions—and when we say bathing girls, we mean Hollywood's prettiest and youngest stars, 1931 style. Fashion and beauty!

Then the fastest-rising young man in motion pictures begins his own story—Phillips Holmes is the name, and we know you'll want to read his own account of his life and career, illustrated with family photographs never before published. It wasn't easy to persuade Phil to let us have his baby pictures! You'll be amused, too, at the article revealing your film favorites' bad habits—yes, we know the old-fashioned idea was to pretend that movie stars have no bad habits; but it's more modern and endearing to know them as they really are.

This isn't all—but we want to save a few surprises for you to discover for yourself, in that July issue out June first!



Your Favorite Stars!

HAROLD LLOYD . MARLENE DIETRICH
MARX BROTHERS . MAURICE CHEVALIER
RUTH CHATTERTON . GARY COOPER
NANCY CARROLL . GEORGE BANCROFT
CLARA BOW . TALLULAH BANKHEAD
JACK OAKIE . RICHARD ARLEN . FREDRIC
MARCH . CLAUDETTE COLBERT . PHILLIPS
HOLMES . PAUL LUKAS . JACKIE COOGAN
CLIVE BROOK . SYLVIA SIDNEY . and
more!

Your Favorite Stories!

"A FAREWELL TO ARMS" . "24 HOURS"
"STEPDAUGHTERS OF WAR" . "NO ONE
MAN" . "AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY"
"THE SMILING LIEUTENANT" (Chevalier)
"LIVES OF A BENGAL LANCER"
"MONKEY BUSINESS" (Marx Bros.)
"HUCKLEBERRY FINN" . and 70 more!

1912! Movies in their infancy. Adolph Zukor visions a mighty dream! Wholesome entertainment for all — young and old, rich and poor alike! Across the screen thunders the first long motion picture — immortal Sarah Bernhardt in "Queen Elizabeth"! Since that time Paramount has been known everywhere as the greatest name in entertainment.

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORP., ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BLDG., NEW YORK CITY

1931! Paramount's greatest triumph! The 20th Birthday Jubilee Program for 1931-2. Your Theatre Manager is arranging now for the pictures you will see in 1931-2. Tell him *now* that you want to see this program of 75 marvelous entertainments, the climax of 20 years of supremacy! "If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"

Paramount  Pictures

When you write to advertisers please mention SCREENLAND.

REVUETTES

SCREENLAND'S guide to the current films—dependable help to an evening of good entertainment

Class A:

★ **A CONNECTICUT YANKEE.** *Fox.* Will Rogers at his best. Mark Twain's funny story interpreted by Rogers leaves nothing to be desired. Gorgeous entertainment with Maureen O'Sullivan and Frank Albertson also in the cast.*

★ **A TAILOR MADE MAN.** *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* William Haines at his funniest best in this made-to-order comedy. Dorothy Jordan is a charming heroine.*

★ **CIMARRON.** *Radio.* Richard Dix at his best in one of the most interesting films to date—the early history of Oklahoma. Irene Dunne and Estelle Taylor are excellent.

★ **CITY LIGHTS.** *United Artists.* A typical Charlie Chaplin picture with all the trimmings including Harry Myers and pretty Virginia Cherill.

★ **DANCE, FOOLS, DANCE.** *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* Joan Crawford gives a glamorous performance in a fast-moving talkie. Lester Vail is her capable leading man.

★ **DISHONORED.** *Paramount.* Marlene Dietrich, as a lady spy, lifts this picture into the better-class group. Josef von Sternberg directed and Victor McLaglen is the boy-friend.

★ **EAST LYNNE.** *Fox.* The good old-fashioned tear-jerker charmingly directed by Frank Lloyd. Ann Harding, Conrad Nagel and Clive Brook are all fine.

★ **RANGO.** *Paramount.* Everyone will go for this. The actors are monkeys, apes, tigers, buffalo, and panther. It's grand entertainment, especially for the youngsters.

★ **STRANGERS MAY KISS.** *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* Norma Shearer is a sensation in this film. It's a sophisticated adult drama with comedy touches, with Neil Hamilton and Robert Montgomery as the male support.*

★ **TABU.** *Paramount.* Charming South Sea romance with a native cast. Beautiful photography and good direction by F. W. Murnau.*

★ **THE FINGER POINTS.** *First National.* Richard Barthelmess is splendid as a reporter entangled with racketeers. A real punch. Fay Wray and Regis Toomey are competent support.*

★ **THE FRONT PAGE.** *United Artists.* A high voltage newspaper yarn packed with laughs and thrills. Adolphe Menjou, Mary Brian, Edward Everett Horton, and Pat O'Brien do fine acting. Don't miss this one.*

★ **TRADER HORN.** *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* A fascinating African adventure and romantic melodrama. Harry Carey, Edwina Booth and Duncan Renaldo acquit themselves admirably.

Class B:

BACHELOR APARTMENT. *Radio.* A snappy, sophisticated film. Lowell Sherman acts and directs. Irene Dunne and Mae Murray supply the feminine pulchritude.*

BEHIND OFFICE DOORS. *Radio.* Another poor working girl falls in love with her boss. However, it's a good picture with a good cast including Mary Astor, Robert Ames and Ricardo Cortez.*

BODY AND SOUL. *Fox.* The new and charming Elissa Landi makes her American screen debut in a war story that could be better. Charles Farrell has the male lead and handles his rôle very nicely.*

CAUGHT CHEATING. *Tiffany.* George Sidney and Charlie Murray are the innocent victims of gangland. The laughs are few and far between.

CHARLIE CHAN CARRIES ON. *Fox.* Warner Oland gives an interesting characterization in one of the best murder mystery stories to reach the screen. John Garrick and Marguerite Churchill supply the romance.*

CRACKED NUTS. *Radio.* Bert Wheeler, Robert Woolsey and Dorothy Lee are at it again. Too much talk—but you'll be laughing at the comedy trio.*



This is a scene from Educational's "A Fowl Affair," with chickens of the barnyard variety performing. It's a grand new novelty short feature with snappy dialogue. You'll enjoy it.

DON'T BET ON WOMEN. *Fox.* Jeanette MacDonald and Edmund Lowe in a smart, sophisticated comedy-drama. You'll be amused by Roland Young.

GENTLEMAN'S FATE. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* John Gilbert's best talker to date—a gangster yarn. Leila Hyams, Louis Wolheim and Anita Page are splendid support.

GOD'S GIFT TO WOMEN. *Warner Brothers.* Frank Fay is an amusing Don Juan in this comedy smash. Laura La Plante, Louise Brooks and Joan Blondell are Frank's girl-friends. Good for many laughs.*

JUNE MOON. *Paramount.* Jack Oakie is swell as a sappy song-writer in Tin Pan Alley. Frances Dee is the heart appeal. Entertaining.*

KIKI. *United Artists.* Mary Pickford is funny but not convincing as Kiki. Reginald Denny and Margaret Livingston complete the usual triangle.

LAUGH AND GET RICH. *Radio.* A fast moving comedy with snappy dialogue, some pathos, and many laughs. Edna May Oliver, Dorothy Lee and Hugh Herbert supply the guffaws.

LONELY WIVES. *Pathé.* Many laughs in this tale of mistaken identity with Edward Everett Horton handling the comedy and Laura La Plante, Esther Ralston and Patsy Ruth Miller handling the charm.*

MAN OF THE WORLD. *Paramount.* This melodrama isn't up to the usual William Powell standard, although Bill as a blackmailer is splendid. Carole Lombard and Wynne Gibson are the exciting feminine interest.*

MY PAST. *Warner Brothers.* An unusually good triangle love story extremely well done. Bebe Daniels, Ben Lyon and Lewis Stone do a fine job.

RIVER'S END. *Warner Brothers.* Charles Bickford in a dual rôle well acted. This is one of James Oliver Curwood's yarns of Canadian Northwest Mounted. Evalyn Knapp is the interesting heroine.

TEN CENTS A DANCE. *Columbia.* A rambling story with lovely Barbara Stanwyck and Ricardo Cortez. Melodrama at loose ends—could have been better.*

THE AIR POLICE. *Sono Art-World Wide.* A good action air picture with thrills galore and a cast including pretty Josephine Dunn, Kenneth Harlan and Charles Delaney.

THE AVENGER. *Columbia.* Buck Jones in a highly entertaining story based on the life of a notorious bad man. Dorothy Revier is the girl.

THE LAST PARADE. *Columbia.* Another gangster story with a new slant and plenty of comedy and thrills. Jack Holt, Constance Cummings and Tom Moore are splendid.

THE RIGHT OF WAY. *First National.* A rather gloomy "meller" with the Canadian backwoods as the background and Conrad Nagel and Loretta Young as the hero and heroine.*

* Reviewed in this issue.

★ These pictures have been selected by Delight Evans as worthy of SCREENLAND'S seal of approval.

(Continued on page 105)

See page 110 for complete casts of current films. Note the pictures selected as worthy of SCREENLAND'S seal of approval. Make this your guide to the worthwhile screenplays.

GEORGE ARLISS



"THE MILLIONAIRE"

George Arliss in his first modern role! A merry gentleman of the old school who became a millionaire at 30, a semi-invalid at 40, and a playboy at fifty. His doctor thought the pace was too swift for him—so he retired, but his idea of the quiet life would put an ordinary man in the sanitarium! See him in "The Millionaire" and you'll understand why the great army of Arliss fans is always growing greater.

Based on "Idle Hands" by EARL DERR BIGGERS
Screen play by J. Josephson & Maude T. Powell
Dialogue by Booth Tarkington
Directed by JOHN ADOLFI
"Vitaphone" is the registered trade-mark
of The Vitaphone Corporation



DAVID MANNERS
EVALYN KNAPP
JAMES CAGNEY
NOAH BEERY
IVAN SIMPSON

A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE PICTURE

Slams and Salvos

Give us your screen impressions—write 'em and reap!

REAL TRIBUTE (First Prize Letter)

As a preacher I am not hostile to motion pictures. To me they are educational and not wholly materialistic. A moving screen-drama absorbs me because I desire to see life from many different angles. I want to see life as it is. It isn't a question of realism *versus* idealism. The question is one of balanced facts. I have a vital fear of being self-blinded—refusing to see what can be seen. If a slight noise annoys me I can shout loud enough to drown out the little noise. But that wearies me and fails to eliminate the annoyance. Many people are like that with life. Moving pictures show life in reality. When I see human hate, passion, and love upon the screen I see life. I see where is my battlefield. I am more eager after that to combat hate and boost love and charity.

Norman Ritcey,
Caledonia, Queens Co., N. S.,
Canada.

DEDICATED TO DIRECTORS (Second Prize Letter)

One hears people say how a star's acting makes a picture. Maybe the actor does deserve the credit—maybe; but I had the opportunity of seeing a picture made and from now on the director gets plenty of laudation from me!

One seldom hears of the hours the director must drill the star until the action and dialogue reach the smooth perfection the public sees. Nor does one usually realize that the director must see that the setting is in keeping with the picture and that the scenes are realistic. He makes the plot either funny or pathetic and sees that the costumes fit into the atmosphere. There are people to do the work in each of these departments, but it is the hand of the director that smooths the rough edges to make a picture.

So, come on, fans, give the director a great, big hand!

DALPHA FASKEN,
2010 King St.,
Seattle, Wash.

'RAY FOR "RICH" (Third Prize Letter)

After reading "Cimarron" I heard it was to be picturized with Richard Dix in the rôle of *Yancy Cravat*. And what a serious mistake, I thought, on the part of the casting director. Richard Dix could never do this part which called for such a great character! That was my opinion because I had never seen him in anything except pictures which required only ordinary actors. So when "Cimarron" was billed at my favorite theatre, I said that I would not waste my time in seeing what should have been a magnificent picture, only to have it spoiled by Richard Dix.

But being truly feminine I changed my mind. What a frightful mistake I had



Charming Claudette Colbert all dressed up in nice, new summery clothes. Claudette will next be seen in "The Smiling Lieutenant," opposite that very fascinating Frenchman, Maurice Chevalier.

made about Mr. Dix! He was splendid as *Yancy Cravat*. His acting was superb.

And if "Rich" never makes another picture, he should be content to rest with the laurels that he won in "Cimarron."

FLORA PIPES,
Box 104,
Texarkana, Texas.

BUDDY, BE YOURSELF! (Fourth Prize Letter)

I might forgive anything like Anita Page's extra pounds, Vallée singing through his nose or Betty Compson's two chins—but to have one of your own Kansans

prove disappointing—it's too much! Please, someone, persuade Buddy Rogers to shave off that mustache—it is terribly unbecoming to the naïve Buddy. Let William Powell or the suave Menjou wear the adorning hair in their own sophisticated way but never the childish Buddy; rompers would be more becoming.

SUE HAÑEY,
Girard, Kansas.

FOR—

As an artiste, Garbo is unsurpassed. Exteriors other actresses may copy, but they may never achieve the depth of feeling, the sincerity of emotion, and the marvelous art—the careful and detailed execution of a performance—that have made Garbo a name in the history of the modern drama.

Take a day off and spend it with Garbo's "Inspiration." A day with Garbo will teach you many wonderful things: it will give you an appreciation of the art of the drama such as you have never known before.

If ever a performance raised a film from the commonplace to the sublime, it is this most sensitive and human of the Garbo creations. To speak of another actress surpassing one who climbs ever upward on the ladder of histrionic art, who seems, indeed, to have reached the pinnacle, and yet continues on, is absurd beyond any word of refutation.

RICHARD E. PASSMORE,
Media, Pennsylvania.

(Continued on page 10)

Let's get together in this department every month and see who can write the best letter. The most sincere and constructive letter will win the first prize of \$20.00. Second prize, \$15.00. Third prize, \$10.00. And there's a fourth prize of \$5.00. All winning letters, not over 150 words, will be printed. Mail your letters so they will reach us the 10th of each month. Address Slams and Salvos Department, SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.



THE VOICE ON THE PHONE: "Listen, you! This is a friend of yours, and I'm wising you up. The finger's on you! They're goin' to get you this time sure. Even a reporter can't get away with the stuff you've been pulling."

THE REPORTER: "What! — say look here! They can't kill a reporter! Why there's a million readers behind me and a million dollars to back me up. The "Press" would bust this town wide open and all you cheap mobsters would fall out through the cracks. They can't kill a reporter, I tell you, they can't!"

RICHARD BARTHELMESS

FAY WRAY
REGIS TOOMEY
ROBERT ELLIOTT
Adaptation by ROBERT LORD
Dialogue by JOHN MONK SAUNDERS
A John Francis Dillon Production
"Vitaphone" is the registered trade-
mark of The Vitaphone Corporation



Dick Barthelmess plays a new role. A reporter in on the most dangerous secrets of gangland. His paper paid him fifty dollars a week for the "inside stuff"—but the underworld offered fifty grand for the news that never got into print. And then—his best friend spilled the story that he had never dared to write!



in "The Finger Points"

A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTURE



With the talkies came sophistication and Kay Francis—and unanimous okay on Kay.

—AND AGAINST

They're dragging Greta Garbo down again. Before I saw "Anna Christie" I was one of the few who mocked the country's glorious Garbo. I said she was stupid, maudlin, and affected. Then I saw her in "Anna Christie." I saw her drinking beer with Marie Dressler. I saw her smoking and standing there like a goddess on her father's boat. I heard her husky, mannish voice and I became one of her admirers on the spot.

Then I saw "Inspiration," and instead of being inspired I went back to my original opinion of Garbo. There was no reason for that picture, "Inspiration." It gave Garbo no opportunity for acting, for characterization.

Greta Garbo was not good in silent pictures. Pictures like "Inspiration" will kill her slowly but surely.

ETTA LEVINE,
412 N. 15th Ave. E.,
Duluth, Minnesota.

CICERO VERSUS CINEMA

Cicero glares at me and says, "Young lady, do your Latin!" Sadly I open the book. Words to look up, syntax to find, and the principle parts of the most difficult verbs! Why should I worry whether a noun is masculine or feminine, or whether a pronoun is in the dative or the ablative case? I think Cicero is very conceited if he thinks for a single moment that I shall spend all my time picking apart his troublesome anatomy.

No, Cicero, something, something you never dreamed of, has come into this world. It entertains thousands of people! People whose ancestors might have been in the forum listening to your fourth oration against Cataline. We have an amusement which surpasses all forms of entertainment you had in Rome. Cicero, although you have been dead for many years, even *you* must have heard of the movies!

EVA ANTONEN,
6 Blodgett Place,
Worcester, Mass.

SLAMS *and* SALVOS

Continued from page 8

AGE—A DEEP, DARK SECRET

There's one topic that never will have even as much privacy as a goldfish has, and that's a person's age. That's why I'm inclined to pity the screen people. If they choose to broadcast their age, okay. Especially do I admire Mary Pickford and Marilyn Miller in this respect. This is also probably the reason "Our Mary" had sense enough to cut off her curls and desist from playing kid rôles, although I'd give anything to see her return to them occasionally.

But, oh, those actors who persist in believing we fans are *too* gullible! I'm not going to divulge this star's name. One day I read that she gave her age as 23. I know that isn't true. Years ago I read her life story and those same books are in my basement. This is bringing the coals to Newcastle, is it not?

KAY MATTHEWS,
6300 14th N. W.
Seattle, Wash.

WHOA, BUDDY!

What is this I hear about the screen idol, Buddy Rogers, can it be that he is to stop playing the rôle of the playboy. If by any chance he should start playing in the more serious films he will ruin the hopes of many a young man of to-day who hold him as their idol.

I am a real fan and never miss a picture that Buddy plays in. He is made for his part. Why spoil a good thing? To me and to many others there will never be another to take his place on the screen as the smiling curly-headed boy of screenland.

GRANT HARRISON,
Kila, Montana.

OKAY!

Kay Francis has not acted any predominating part in pictures I have seen, but her strong characteristic qualities have given concrete support toward the success of the film.

In pictures where she played opposite William Powell she portrayed the part of a neglected wife and was given a similar part in "Scandal Sheet." I'll wager that if Kay were given a part opposite some emotional hero than these matter of fact men she would, as the phrase goes, "knock 'em cold."

A. R. Joy,
1009 West 10th Avenue,
Vancouver, B. C.

PAGING LILLIAN ROTH

What has happened to Lillian Roth? That little girl deserves to be starred. Anyone who didn't laugh at her antics in "The Love Parade" isn't human. True, she didn't shine in that picture, but that's because it was so generally excellent. Her dramatic performance in "The Vagabond King" was perfect, and with O. P. Heggie she saved that picture from being mediocre. As for "Honey," what a flop it would have been without Lillian and Skeets Gallagher! Since then Lillian's rôles have been cut to nothing. She is a splendid actress, an excellent blues-singer, and an adorable girl. I, for one, should like to see her given fair treatment on the screen again, and I am sure there are many others who feel as I do.

PEARL A. KATZMAN,
601 West 189th Street,
New York.

LIKES SLIM STARS

People are always writing in and saying so-and-so is too thin. What's the matter with them? Are they jealous? They know that being this is all the rage this year and has been for many years past, and, of course, the stars must be up to date. Who wants to see a fat star crossing the screen? I don't for one and I don't think anyone else would, either. Give me the thin stars. I'm satisfied.

MARY VIRGINIA RINKENBACH,
215 Forster Street,
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

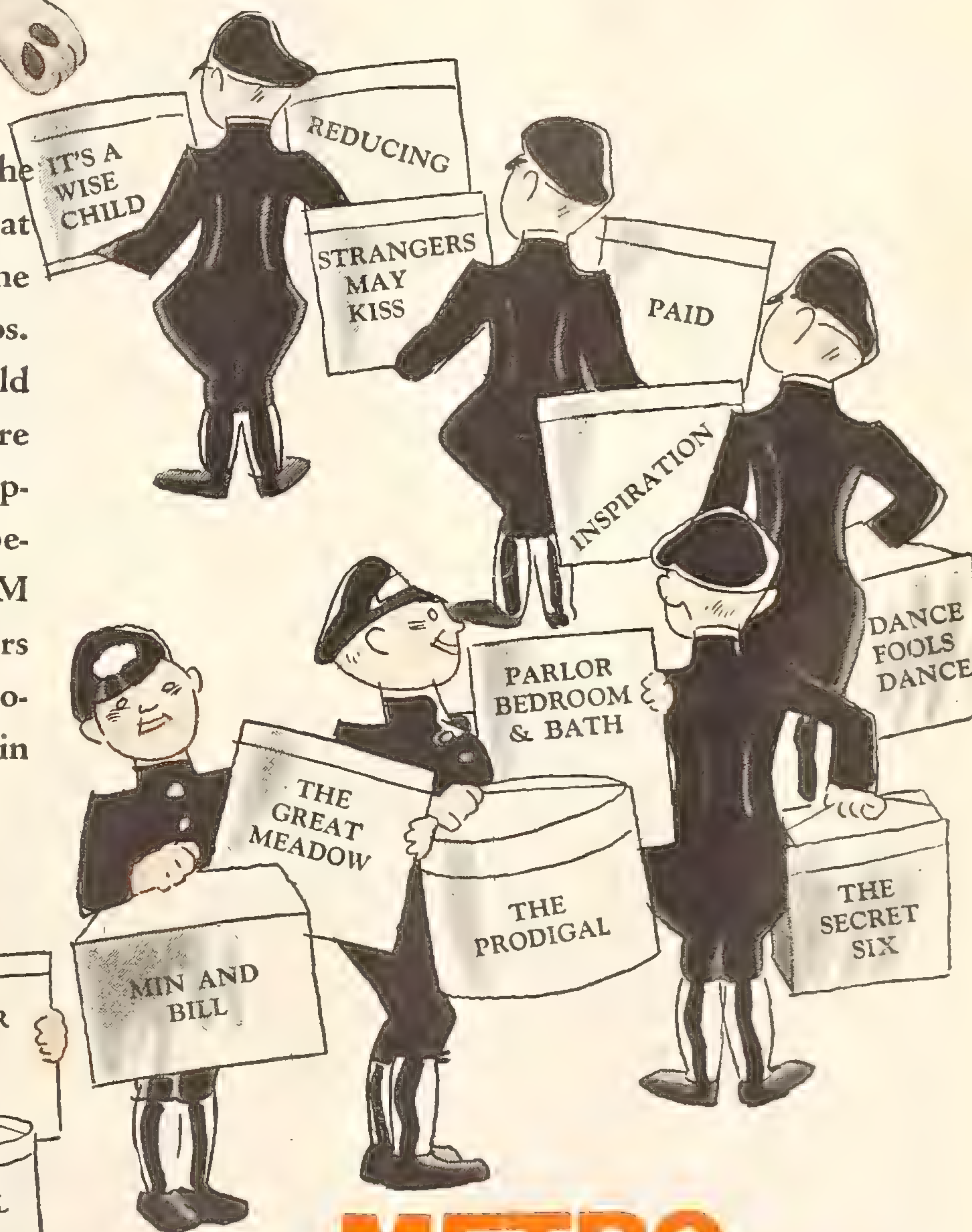


There has been a "Rich" rave ever since the release of "Cimarron." Here's Richard Dix as he appears in his new picture, "Big Brother," which promises to be another winner.

Miss
1931

**"I'LL GIVE YOU
SOMETHING TO
REMEMBER
ME BY!"**

ANOTHER sure victory for Leo, the M-G-M lion! Take a look at these great pictures which have recently come out of the marvelous Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. Even if we stopped right here, Metro would walk off with 1931 honors. But there are many, many more marvelous dramas, uproarious comedies, sensational hits now being made, not only on the busy M-G-M lot, but "on location" in many odd corners of the world. You can always look to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for real entertainment in pictures that you will never forget!



**METRO
GOLDWYN
MAYER**



YOO HOO, LEW!

But Lew Ayres won't look around. He can't; he is too busy making this scene for "Iron Man," his latest opus, in which he plays—you've guessed it—a pugilist. See the suspended microphone? The cameras are catching Lew against the ropes—just so he doesn't go through them.



Hearts
will throb-

Blood
will race-

Eyes will fill
with tears!

THE WORLD WAS TOO SMALL..
Only God's Limitless Sky Was Big Enough
For This Mighty Drama!

DIRIGIBLE! Gigantic challenge to the elements...
forged by the hand of Man! Cleaving with its silver
sheath the forbidden world of hurricane rising above
the earth... and in the ears of the super-men spinning
its treacherous helm comes the roar of motors like the
thunder of heaven defied... a sinister reminder that
the silver wings on their brave breasts mean "eagle"
... or in one moment of flashing, blinding holocaust
... "angel"!

DIRIGIBLE

COLUMBIA'S
LEVIATHAN
OF THE
AIR!

with
JACK HOLT
RALPH GRAVES
and **FAY WRAY**

A Frank Capra Production.

From the story by
Lt. Comdr. Frank Wilber Wead, USN.

Adaptation and Dialogue
by Jo Swerling



ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN IT WILL BE SHOWN

The Cleverest Girl *in* Hollywood!

WE'LL have to explain that. We'll be glad to! There may be prettier girls and more poignant performers. But there is no other star in pictures with the all-around competence of Norma Shearer. She can give the illusion of great beauty—even though you may not consider her actually beautiful. She can play comedy and drama with equal facility. She has never yet turned out a mediocre picture. "Strangers May Kiss," her latest, isn't art—but it is good box-office entertainment, enhanced by the sparkling performance of its star.





An indication of Miss Shearer's cleverness—the way she wears her clothes. Norma is a little girl, really, but she gives an impressive illusion of stateliness in the lovely clothes she wears on the screen.



In "Strangers May Kiss" Robert Montgomery plays a lonesome lover—he knows it's hopeless, but he can't help following her around! His characterization in Miss Shearer's latest film has won stardom for Mr. Montgomery.

SCREENLAND HONOR PAGE

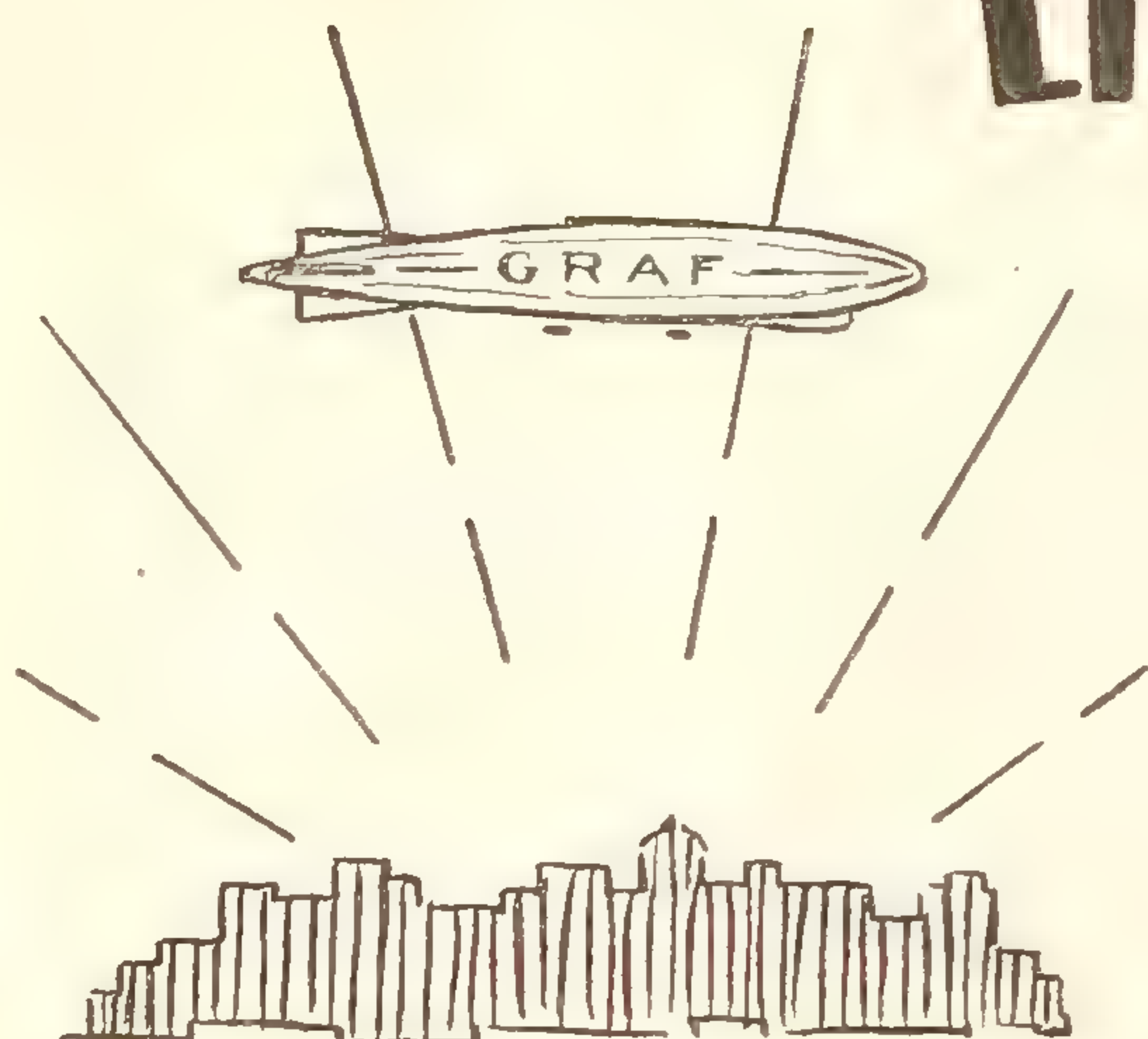
Dedicated
to
Norma
Shearer

Norma is a deft actress. Her comedy scenes in "Strangers May Kiss" are entirely charming. The hat? It's part of the costume she wears when the story of her latest picture shifts to Mexico.



LIFE SKETCHES

by
Henry Rood Jr.



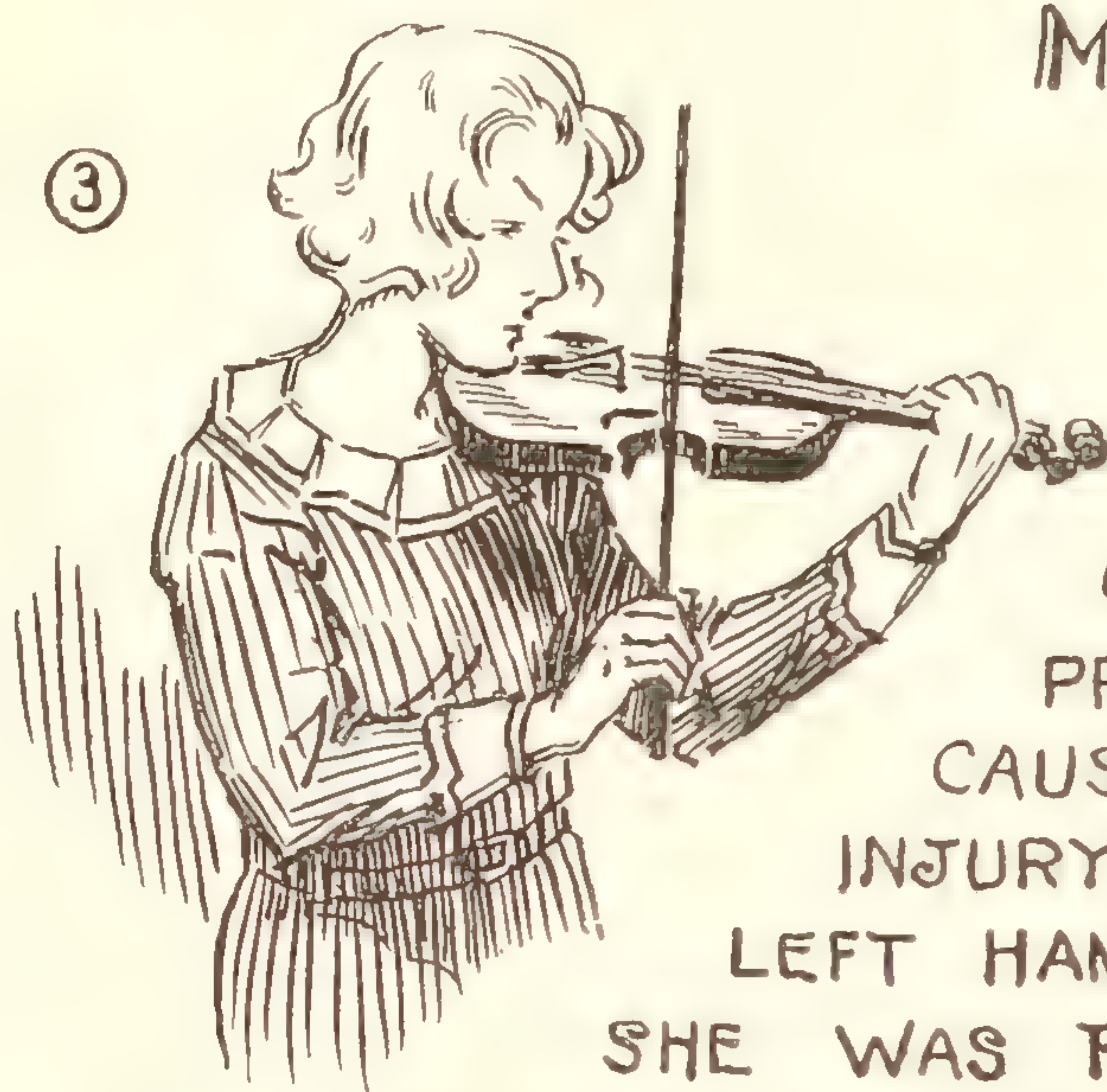
① SHE WAS BORN
IN THE CITY
OF BERLIN,
GERMANY



MARLENE
DIETRICH



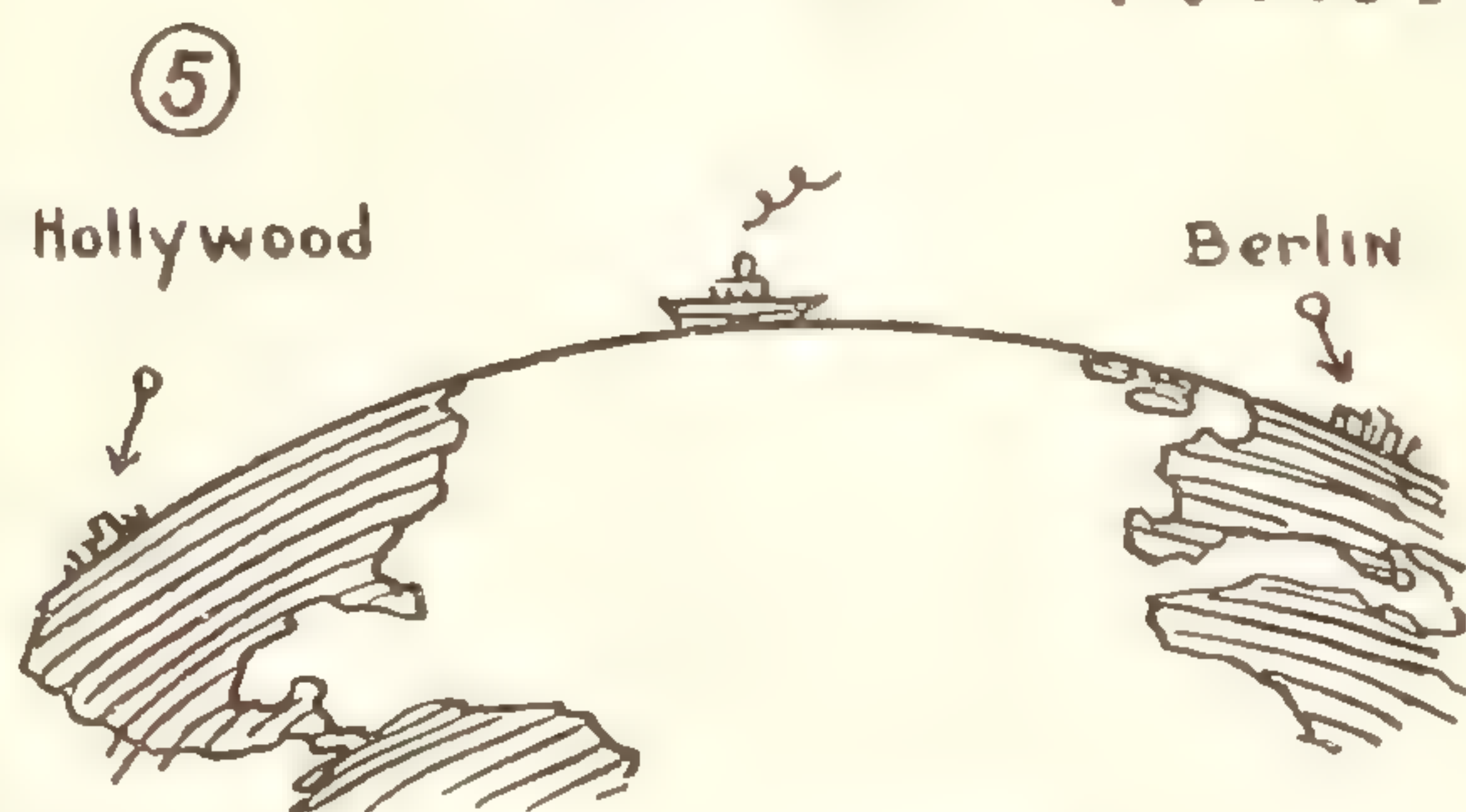
② A
MUSICAL CAREER WAS
PLANNED FOR HER, SO
SHE STUDIED SINGING,
LANGUAGES AND THE
VIOLIN AT WEIMAR AND
BERLIN



③ OVER-
PRACTICING
CAUSED AN
INJURY TO HER
LEFT HAND AND
SHE WAS FORCED
TO DISCONTINUE HER
MUSICAL WORK FOR A PERIOD
OF SIX MONTHS



④ DURING
THIS TIME SHE ENTERED
THE MAX REINHARDT
SCHOOL OF DRAMA. BEFORE
LONG HER UNIQUE
TALENTS WON HER A RÔLE
IN THE GERMAN
VERSION OF
"BROADWAY"



⑤ SUCCESS FOLLOWED IN
BOTH STAGE AND SCREEN
WORK. SHE CAME TO
AMERICA AFTER COMPLETING
"I KISS YOUR HAND MADAME,"
"THREE LOVES", AND
"THE BLUE ANGEL", ABROAD



⑥ STARDOM IN
THIS COUNTRY WAS
ATTAINED THROUGH
THE PICTURES
"MOROCCO" AND
"DISHONORED"

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

THE EDITOR'S PAGE



Delight Evans

THE next best thing to going to Hollywood yourself is to listen to Cecil Beaton talk about it.

Mr. Beaton is the celebrated young English artist who comes over here once a year to take pictures of the film famous. And what pictures! You'll remember this Magazine gave you a special gallery of them last year, and that Cecil selected his "Six Most Beautiful Women in Hollywood" for us. I thought you'd like to know how he feels about it in 1931. You'll find his new gallery of stars' portraits in the first rotogravure section in this issue—each photograph autographed both by the stars and Mr. Beaton, so that they are well worth saving and framing.

Incidentally, since SCREENLAND last year invited Mr. Beaton to name his selection of the loveliest ladies in pictures, newspapers have been after him to do it for them this year! It's a good idea!

Last year's list of Beaton's Six Most Beautiful Women in Hollywood:

Greta Garbo. Norma Shearer. Dolores Del Rio. Marion Davies. Lillian Gish. Alice White.

This year's list:

Greta Garbo. Ina Claire. Marlene Dietrich. Marion Davies. Norma Shearer. Lilyan Tashman.

And Beaton adds one more for 1931: Tallulah Bankhead, the amazing American girl who has made such a success in Cecil's London, and is now over here making pictures.

Consider the two lists. How times have changed! No mention of Lillian Gish or Alice White or Del Rio. Garbo—Shearer—Davies hold their own. Now look at the newcomers—Ina Claire, filmatically obscure last year, now a bright and blazing star. Dietrich, who has swept all before her. And Tash-

man—about whom Beaton says: "I suppose she is not strictly beautiful. But I love her nose!"

And now for a bit of "film chat." Garbo and Dietrich? Mr. Beaton sees no good reason for odious comparisons in this case, but he still puts Garbo first. Though, he adds, Dietrich was charming in "Morocco." Garbo? Ah, Garbo! He still has made no pictures of her. That doesn't worry Mr. Beaton, what with all the other girls swarming to sit for him. "She has a sense of humor," he says. Shearer is "amazing." Tashman—not only clever, amusing—but really intelligent. "I have talked to her, seriously," says Mr. Beaton, "and she has a most interesting mind." And—that adorable nose!

Tallulah—she is an old friend; he has made some lovely pictures of her. Will she be a success with American movie audiences, with her exotic appeal and sophistication? He doesn't know. He wonders.

But his greatest enthusiasm—and if you knew Mr. Beaton you would understand that his enthusiasm is rather a tribute, for he looks at Hollywood beauties with the cold, cruel eye of an artist—is Ina Claire. To him, she is incomparable. She has a quality, Beaton believes, shared by no other screen actress. And—I really don't know if I have his permission to quote him on this, but I'm taking that chance because I think it is so interesting—it seems that Miss Claire has determined, from now on, to put more *heart* into her screen portrayals. To feel it *here*—to make herself, in other words, a warm, human favorite rather than the brittle, sophisticated Claire that Broadway knows. Beaton thinks she will be a very great screen star in her "new personality." You'll find his camera impression of her in our section.

And now I won't keep you in suspense any longer. Turn to the Beaton pictures. They will give you an intimate insight into the moods and manners of these stars of ours. I'm sure you'll have a good time!



A NEW SLANT on GARBO

You've read what certain writers think of her. But here she is through the eyes of those who know her best—her co-workers. They see her every day—from nine to five. She couldn't fool them! What do *they* think?



Phlegmatic, enthusiastic, helpful, indifferent, shy, cordial, friendly, aloof, a worker, a genius—which is she?

By Paul Hawkins

PERHAPS never in screen history will there be another person so richly endowed with the pot-pourri of talents and contradictory traits that go to make up Greta Garbo.

Her co-workers describe her as being phlegmatic, enthusiastic, helpful, indifferent, shy, cordial, friendly, aloof, a worker, a genius.

Ask the people who have appeared in pictures with the glamorous Garbo why she is the Enigma of the Screen and they will tell you there is nothing whatever mysterious about her. But sum up the opinions of these same persons and you will find that she is a greater mystery than ever.

Clarence Brown, for instance, who has directed Greta's best pictures, feels that he knows less about her than anybody.

"Socially, I don't know her at all," he told me. "Only when she invited me to her home to work on a script, did I learn that I had been living directly across the street from her for more than a year!"

Will the greatest love team in screen history be revived? There is talk about Garbo and Gilbert playing together again in "The Rise and Fall of Susan Lenox." Here's how they looked when they were making "Flesh and the Devil." Remember?



"On the set, Garbo means simply work to me. She is perfect to direct. She knows her business. She's a great actress. Not strong physically, she works very hard, giving everything she's got, from 9 A.M. to 5:30 P. M. She quits promptly then and feels that when her work is done she should be free to go where she pleases and do what she pleases. No studio dinner parties, posing for pictures, meeting people on business, for her.

"I remember the time I received a note from the Swedish ambassador to America," Mr. Brown continued. "His wife wanted to come on the Garbo set and meet her and watch her work. Garbo refused.

"'Why should I meet her?' she asked me, 'I don't need her and what need can she have of me?'

"I told her that one never knows what might happen and that some time the ambassador might be in a position to do her a valuable turn.

"Greta merely shrugged. And her reason for declining the meeting was so logical that I didn't press her further.

"'People don't expect to meet a bank employee during his business hours merely to watch him count currency, or stand over a writer's shoulder while he works on a manuscript. With me, I feel the same. Why should my work be disturbed or interfered with?' she asked me.

"The truth is," Mr. Brown confided, "Garbo is shy, almost abnormally so. She is awkward in meeting people. She is so shy that



"When Garbo made 'The Mysterious Lady,' she was very shy," says Gustav von Seyffertitz, who worked with her. "Unassuming, yet strangely fascinating."

What do Garbo's leading men you here! Read their views and

if anyone watches her on the set—even I, her director—she becomes confused and finds it difficult to go on with the scene.

"Her judgment on matters affecting screen technique is excellent. So highly do I regard it that often, as in 'Anna Christie,' I adopt Garbo's ideas rather than my own. 'Anna Christie' was one of M-G-M's best sellers; it made Garbo one of the greatest talking picture stars, and it placed my name among the ten best directors of the year—so I believe I have been justified in having done the picture Garbo's way."

Quite a tribute, that, from one of the industry's ace directors! But opinions from other members of the "Anna Christie" cast offer contrasting highlights upon its star.

"Oh, not a great actress, but rather, an effective actress," replied Charles Bickford, when I asked him whether, in his opinion, Greta Garbo wasn't the screen's greatest actress.

"Personally, she is the most unaffected individual I have ever known—and I really doubt whether she places a whole lot of importance upon pictures and her own position in the film industry.

"When she works," Bickford declared, "she gives everything to the success of the production, and she is essentially frank and sincere—on and off the screen."

"Phlegmatic!" said Marie Dressler, when I asked for her opinion of Miss Garbo. "I have never known her to exhibit a lively interest in anything, except once, when I suggested the life story of Christina, the madcap Queen of Sweden, as a splendid Garbo screen vehicle. She was really enthusiastic about that, but except upon that one occasion, she always seems totally uninterested in her surroundings, even a trifle bored.

"No one I have ever worked with in pictures has made me work so hard," continued Miss Dressler. "Greta works almost to the point of exhaustion, and her capacity for work is contagious. The fact is, an actor must put forth every last ounce of effort every minute of his working time, or his rôle will fall short miserably in

comparison to Greta's uniformly splendid work. There are several actors, for this very reason, who have risen to great heights when playing opposite Garbo, only to fall back to their natural levels when appearing in other casts.

"Hard work," added the expert Miss Dressler, "is largely instrumental in anyone's success, and it is not the least factor responsible for Greta's fame. She has ex-

ceptional talent, it is true, but I believe if you were to put the question to her, she would tell you: 'Hard work has brought me what success I have today.'

"As for the off-screen Garbo," Miss Dressler declared, "I consider her a charming young person, with the same mysterious sort of appeal that attracts you to her screen personality—together with a lot of substantial common sense that one seldom finds in the youth of today."

"There is a fascination about the art of Greta Garbo that inspires the best from her fellow players." This is the opening tribute from George F. Marion, who, at seventy years of age, modestly says he is still "striving to learn enough to be an actor."

He is strongly enthusiastic over Miss Garbo's ability, and says: "She has a distinctive genius for characterization that

"Pleasant, quiet, and cordial," reports the Reverend Neal Dodd, who appeared in "Flesh and the Devil" with Greta.

"Gee, she's a marvelous girl!" sighed Johnny Mack Brown, who worked with Garbo in "The Single Standard."



Conrad Nagel, Greta's leading man in "The Mysterious Lady," says: "What do you mean, 'Woman of Mystery'? The only mystery was the title of the picture!"



really think of her? They tell then form your own opinion!

brings the breath of life into the puppets of the dramatist's imagination. Hers is a personality that literally walks into the rôles she imparts. She seems to possess an insight into the soul of character and she renders herself to its portrayal with little thought of self, content to register by the sympathy she feels for the character presented. This, in my opinion, purely bespeaks true art."

"Gee, she's a marvelous girl," sighed Johnny Mack Brown. "I worked with Miss Garbo in 'A Woman of Affairs' and 'The Single Standard' and I'll never forget what a grand person she is."

"Yes," Johnny admitted, when I mentioned Miss Dressler's reference to hard work being synonymous with a Garbo picture, "I worked hard, all right, but I never before or since enjoyed working hard so much as I did in my two pictures with Greta. To borrow a phrase from baseball, Greta keeps you 'on your toes,' but there is no nervous tension about it. Miss Garbo is so conscientious that she inspires the best that is in her fellow workers."

"And she's a good scout, too," Johnny drawled, "and has a great sense of humor. She was very active between shots on the set of 'The Single Standard.' We tossed the medicine ball around and laughed and chatted just like school kids."

"She is original," is the opinion of Gavin Gordon, the young actor who was Greta's leading man in "Romance."

Charles Bickford, who played in "Anna Christie," says: "She's not a great actress, but an effective actress." (Below)

"It's the secret wish of every young actor to be cast with Greta Garbo," declares Bob Montgomery. "To work with her is an education in screen art."



"She's a peach!" enthuses Lew Ayres. "In the big scene of 'The Kiss' she threw the action my way. And she's the most even-tempered star I've ever worked with."

Take it from me: Greta is a good sport all around, and as fine a person as I've met since I came to Hollywood four years ago."

Conrad Nagel knit his brows and looked puzzled. "What do you mean, 'Woman of Mystery'?" he asked me, after I had asked him what, in his opinion, made Garbo "The Great Enigma."

"We worked in two pictures together," he went on, "and the only mystery about Greta was possibly in the title of the first."

'The Mysterious Lady.' 'The Kiss' was the other, her last silent picture.

"I found Miss Garbo to be a thoroughly enjoyable person. Every day we would come to the studio with a new joke, and although Miss Garbo was a newcomer to this country and perhaps not fully acquainted with American humor, she was quick to get the point of every story. We had a delightful time, all through the making of those two pictures."

"I suppose everyone has told you that she is a Trojan for work," Conrad laughed. "But have they told you that she always quits promptly at five-thirty, while many of us lesser souls sometimes have to work all night? Greta won't work one minute over time. I admire her for it—and I'd do the same thing if I were important enough to get away with it!"

Since the occasion seldom arises for Miss Garbo to have anything to say to the various studio technicians, her co-workers outside the cast itself know little about her. During the filming of "The Single Standard," however, when the yacht used in that picture was anchored off Catalina Island, an incident occurred which illustrates the Glamorous One's inborn curiosity and her pride of achievement.

Emil "Doc" Ploen, electrician for "The Single Standard" unit, told me the story.

"We had been anchored about 500 feet from the Catalina shore for about a week. The weather was too cloudy for shooting and so the whole company sat around, telling stories, playing cards and just killing time. Garbo and Nils Asther sat apart from the rest or walked along the deck (Continued on page 112)



Here's the Strand Theatre on Broadway, New York City, as it looked all dressed up to show Barbara Stanwyck in her latest picture, "Ten Cents a Dance." It was at the Strand Roof that Barbara, then Ruby Stevens, made her first Broadway appearance as a dancer. The arrow points to the Strand Roof Danceland, still going strong!

Below, a cross-section of the Strand Roof as it is today. "Continuous dancing from 8 P. M. to 3 A. M." Is there another little ambitious Ruby Stevens among the girls who dance there?



BARBARA COMES BACK *to* BROADWAY

A little girl named Ruby Stevens made her first New York appearance as a dancer on the Strand Roof on Broadway five years ago. Today, Barbara Stanwyck, dramatic actress, stars at the Strand Theatre downstairs, with her name in lights. Just another romance of the Big Street!

THE Strand Theatre on Broadway recently blazed with lights and banners announcing the fact that Barbara Stanwyck was starring there in "Ten Cents a Dance." And right upstairs is the Strand Roof, where, just about five years ago, Barbara made her debut on Broadway as a dancer, at a salary not much more than that ten cents a dance of the title of her latest movie! That's Broadway! She was little Ruby Stevens then. Nobody dreamed that she could act—except Ruby herself. She knew she could if she had half a chance! But that chance was long in coming, and meanwhile she danced on, in cabaret and vaudeville. Until one night a play called "The Noose" opened on Broadway. And Ruby Stevens, still with plenty of ambition and the brand-new name of Barbara Stanwyck, flashed to overnight fame as—a dramatic actress! Nobody knew she had it in her. Everybody was surprised. Barbara just smiled—and dreamed some more big dreams. It was "Broadway" that gave her the next great opportunity and shoved Miss Stanwyck into a real career. Then the screen claimed her. Columbia is starring her now. She's one of the greatest bets in pictures. And over the Strand Theatre on Broadway, in the Strand Roof Danceland, girls are still dancing from 8 P. M. to 3 A. M. Will another Barbara Stanwyck dance her way from there to stardom?



CONFESSIONS OF A GANGSTER'S MOLL



"Little Caesar" meets his match—the Missus! Read what Edward G. Robinson is really like; you'll be surprised.



Eddie's gangster snarl is in evidence only when Gladys wears an unbecoming hat or the telephone rings before noon.

His wife tells on "Little Caesar"

By

Mrs. Edward G. Robinson

(Gladys Lloyd)

HOW does it feel to be a gangster's moll?" or "Seriously speaking, aren't you terrified to be married to the man who can send shivers down the spines of thousands of people?"

These are the questions I am usually asked after every preview or opening of a new picture in which Mr. Robinson portrays a gangster. My answer is, "It feels great!"

There's never a dull moment—not that I wouldn't welcome a dull moment now and then just to get my breath. To justify my answer it is only fair to take you behind the scenes and give you a glimpse of "Little Caesar" at home.

First of all, he's fond of sleeping mornings. Shortly after noon you may see your bad man rearranging some pictures or pottery before he starts out for an afternoon stroll, probably ending up in a picture gallery or a department store, purchasing such dainty articles as cobwebby lace handkerchiefs or Guerlain's latest for—well, you probably can guess. Sometimes he even comes home with a charming new lamp under his arm—nothing would surprise me any more. Of course, you understand, this is when he is not working.

The other day he walked in with enough Wagnerian records to start a music shop. Wagner, by the way, is his favorite composer. I firmly believe those famous warrior *motifs* have done as much toward making him a good cinema scrapper as anything. He's an unusually good-natured person. The well-known gangster snarl is occasioned only by

the wearing of an unbecoming hat on my part or the ringing of the telephone before noon.

Just imagine having your butcher and baker and candlestick maker in constant awe and almost apologizing for sending the monthly bill merely because they refuse to believe that your husband is anything but a killer, not to speak of the genuflecting officers of the law, and taxi drivers all over town afraid to displease.

Of course, there are some disadvantages. Sometimes he works out his parts with me. He considers me his most severe critic—where have you heard *that* before?

When he is rehearsing and playing a part he abandons himself so completely to the character that subconsciously he lives the character in his sleep.

Many times I am awakened and startled by villainous threats. I dream occasionally myself—and I'll tell you this one just to prove how this gangster business gets under your skin.

I dreamed we were both out-speeding and were finally picked up. When told to pull up to the curb Eddie asked the officer how he'd like to carry a lily for the rest of his days. We were promptly arrested, and then it finally dawned on him that he was only rehearsing his part for the next day and we were trying vainly to convey this to the copper when—thank God—I woke up and decided that as long as I was married to a gangster I was happy that it was only a make-believe gangster!



So this is "Little Caesar"! Edward G. Robinson with his wife Gladys, ready to step out.

Mexican Divorce

By
Charles
Winfield
Fessier

"NOT only have you a blonde head but your brain is blonde," spoke Horace Randolph to the girl perched atop the table in his office. "Nature didn't bother to give you grey matter. She gave you a colorless fluid substance upon which there is no more chance of making an impression than there is of carving one's name on a wave. You give me a mental hang-over every time I think of you!"

The blonde smiled sunnily and studied the effect of light on the black sheen of hosiery that accentuated the curves of her trim out-thrust leg.

"You should rent an hour each evening at some broadcasting station and call yourself Big Brother," she remarked. "You'd even be a good preacher if you didn't have such a nasty disposition. What do you care if I marry Kergan Montgomery? I'll have to sit across the breakfast table from him, not you, you know. And if he snores it won't keep you awake."

"Surely," said Horace angrily. "It's none of my business, I know. Only thing is that I hate like the devil to see Kergan Montgomery improve upon nature in making a sap of you. You don't love him. He doesn't love you——"

"Oh, but he's so interesting," interrupted the girl. "He plays polo and flies an airplane and he's been married to so many really important women—I'll be the first movie actress he's ever married. Think of it! Mrs. Kergan Montgomery, formerly Iola Lane, star of the silver screen!"

Horace gestured impatiently.

"And then it'll be Iola Lane, seventh ex-wife of the much-married Kergan Montgomery, who is now reported



Horace glanced up. Iola was standing there dressed in gave off a shower of sunbeams under the light. "Please meet Kergan. I just want you to see that he isn't an ogre;

engaged to an East Indian princess in Paris," he predicted. "You know darned good and well that Montgomery doesn't think any more of marrying and divorcing women than I do of having the radiator of my car filled. He asked you to marry him merely because he's a rotten conversationalist and he couldn't think of anything else to say at the moment. He'll chuck you in six months and you know it. Remember, the ex-wife of a notorious man is like an ex-heavyweight champion. Newspaper men interview both of 'em to see what they think of their successors, then forget all about 'em."

Iola powdered her nose and shot a sidelong glance at the irate Mr. Randolph.

"But it'd be good publicity," she pointed out.

"Bah!" snorted Horace. "You'll get about as much beneficial publicity out of it as you would if you contracted a bigamous marriage with an assistant alcohol

"Not only have you a blonde head, but your brain is blonde!" moaned



something as golden as her hair, a shimmering thing that don't be a wet blanket," she pleaded. "Come on over and that he hasn't scales, and that he's really quite nice."

cooker from Cicero. When Babe Ruth gets a home run it's he who gets the publicity. No one writes a story about the baseball. It's the same way with Montgomery and his wives. You'll be fattening his marital batting average and it's he who will get the publicity; not you. I tell you, Iola, you're committing professional suicide. When Montgomery gets through with you you'll have about the same box office appeal as a talking news reel depicting a spelling bee at a school for tongue-tied Welshmen."

Iola Lane closed her compact with a decisive snap and climbed off the desk.

"Listen here, Horses," she said, using her own peculiar version of Horace, "when I was quite young my father ran off with the girl third from the end of a traveling musical comedy's Orange Blossom Ensemble. Since then I've struggled along without a father's guidance.

Beginning the gay romance of a very beautiful blonde screenqueen, whose heart is torn between a millionaire playboy and—her own press agent!

Illustrated by Addison Burbank

I don't need it now. If you insist upon giving fatherly advice, go adopt yourself an orphan; don't practise on me. I'm free, white, twenty-one and I know my own mind, such as it is and what there is of it. I may be dumb, as you so subtly intimate, but as yet I don't need the services of a mental step-father. As a business manager and press agent you're the best ever but as a self-appointed watch dog for my heart you're a flop. I'm going to marry Kergan Montgomery. So there!"

"Sold," said Horace wearily. "Go ahead and see if I care. I was trying to help you but I won't rub any skin off my nose in the process. Don't think there's anything personal in my attitude. If it weren't for business reasons I wouldn't give a darn if you married a troop of Marines or a tattooed man from the circus. Go ahead and be another stepping stone in Montgomery's marital marathon if you insist. Only you'll be ruining yourself as a star. I wouldn't be surprised if they cancel your contract. Marrying Kergan Montgomery's like getting killed in Chicago; people consider that something's wrong with you or it wouldn't happen."

A pained look appeared in Iola's eyes and she bit her lips in vexation.

"That's just like you," she declared. "You're just like a prize fighter's manager. Figuratively speaking, you don't care if I get a clout on the nose so long's it doesn't cripple my money-making possibilities. Isn't that about it?"

She was poised for departure, looking back over her shoulder at him. Horace wanted to leap over the desk, capture her and admit that he was a darned liar; that money had nothing whatsoever to do with his objection to the proposed marriage and that a healthy masculine jealousy-displaced reason in his arguments against it. But he did nothing of the kind. Pride, which had kept him from disclosing his affection for the girl, withheld confession of a second emotion which could not have existed save as an offspring of the first.

"Sure," he declared, striving (*Continued on page 106*)

the publicity man to his star. But he was in love with her, too!

Mr. Arliss Looks *at the* Movies

THERE has never been, in my opinion, such a stimulus to the drama as that which is offered by the mechanical contrivance which permits the best that the country can produce to be seen and heard in the most obscure corners of the United States.

I think there can be no doubt about the educational possibilities to be derived from talking pictures. It is, in fact, difficult to realize the immense stride that has been taken from the silent to the talking screen.

To tell stories by means of pictures, is, I suppose, the most primitive stage of education; whereas the literature of any country is its crowning glory. And just as soon as you get talking pictures you automatically get literature.

The great authors of the world will soon be turning their attention to writing for the screen; in fact, they are doing so now. The great mass of the movie public is quick to learn and to appreciate style in writing as they have already learned to appreciate good music.

I hope as the talkies get better and better—and they will—that they will be used in schools and even universities as examples of the best speech. This will necessitate some improvement on our part, I mean on the part of the actors, and will close the door to some unworthy aspirants to the screen.

We have been given time to grow gracefully out of the silent pictures into the talking pictures. We have come,



Arliss always has a full four weeks' rehearsal before starting to "shoot" a picture. Here he is coaching Evalyn Knapp and David Manners for "The Millionaire," while director Adolphi and Noah Beery look on.



A photographic impression of George Arliss in his new talking picture, "The Millionaire." He plays a rich man masquerading as a garage worker!

What the eminent actor believes about the past, present and future of motion pictures

By

George Arliss

first of all, to the habit of listening.

After a little more time we can experiment with Shakespeare—who, after all, was not a "highbrow" playwright in his day but the author of popular comedies and tragedies which the public flocked to see.

Our first experiment with a picture which required exceptionally close attention of listeners, which depended as little as we dared upon spectacle and action, was "Disraeli." It was a gratifying success. Then we tried "Old English," written by one of the great masters of English play writing, John Galsworthy, which depended even more upon the close attention of the listener for its appeal.

From these we know now that people have learned to listen. It gives us more confidence in the future of the talking pictures.

In the theatre, as stage managers discovered three hundred years ago, if a featured play was not long enough for a full evening's entertainment, the piece selected to precede it was selected so as to harmonize with it in a way. A farce did not precede a tragedy.

So with talking pictures, the entire program should be harmonized. It should go out from the studio as a unit and not be put together haphazardly by the exhibitors.

The average talking picture lasts about an hour and twenty minutes. Why should it not be as long as a stage play? If it requires two and a half hours to de-

(Continued on 103)

The Original CHANEL

By Herbert Cruikshank

You know those little Chanel copies. Well, here's the original model—the famous couturiere herself, come to Hollywood to create clothes for Ina Claire and other stars. Because Chanel is a piquant personality as well as a great designer, we assigned a mere man to interview her—and he came away with not only the most amusing story of the season, but real fashion news.

IN a cigarette it may be taste, just as the billboards say. And in publicity it most certainly is hooey. But in fashions it is Gabrielle Chanel. Don't let anyone tell you—or Samuel Goldwyn—different. Or, if you feel grammatical about it, differently.

When it comes to *la mode*, Chanel is *le dernier cri*. If it weren't for Gaby the gals would think *la mode* was what the Greeks put on strumberry pie. She tells Paris what to put on, and what to take off. And Paris passes the golden apple of her style decree to a world of fluttering femininity.

Chanel speaks, and the world of women clothes itself in raiment of rough tweed and jersey fabric. She waves her wand, and the Circes of all seven seas add the subtle allurements of Chanel perfumes to their illusive charms. A nod from her, and a million lovely ladies adorn their beauty with costume jewelry. By Chanel, of course. She personifies Fashion, first goddess of femininity. And from her Parisian shrine proclaims oracularly, "*La mode, c'est moi!*"

Once, perhaps, it was true that mankind would blaze a trail to the door of him who builded mouse-traps best. But interest no longer centers in mice—or men. Today it's to the ladies, God—er—bless 'em, that all eyes are turned. So Gabrielle Chanel becomes a person of supreme importance, artistically, commercially, industrially.

And now Samuel Goldwyn has brought Mohamet to the mountain. To be more exact, to the hills of Hollywood and Beverly canyons. For Sam has enticed Mlle. Gabrielle Chanel from her vast European enterprises to show his stars that all fine linen need not be purple. Damned clever, these Goldwyns.

It was the bait of costumes "by Chanel" that snared the style-conscious Ina Claire in the meshes of a Goldwyn contract. Competition to be a Colman heroine is hotter now that the winner will be Chanel-clad. Even the blasé bosoms of Norma and Gloria are palpitant at the prospect of Chanel adornment. And Lily Damita lies dreaming of the hour when her Chanel clothes will bring

The long bob?

Chanel.

Jersey and tweed for smartness?

Chanel.

Costume jewelry?

Again Chanel!



Mlle. Gabrielle Chanel. She tells Paris what to put on, and what to take off. She personifies Fashion.

more knees in suppliance bent. Gaby has turned the movie stars to mannequins.

It's a proverb that the boot-black needs a shine. But judging by Chanel, the proverb's false. She looks the part. Not only of a creative genius, a sensitive artist and a keen business woman, but one who is her own best show window.

She practices convincingly that which she preaches. She wears the things she sponsors with an enviable *chic*. In a room full of smart women, you'd select her as Chanel. There could be no question.

The lines and curves of her slender figure melt graciously together. Her well-shaped head is mounted on a sturdy, shapely neck. Short, thick, dark hair is coiffed severely. And while we're at it, Chanel's approval and advocacy is responsible for bobbed tresses.

She speaks directly, and her answers indicate a clear, incisive mind. Her manner speaks of endless energy. One feels the presence of a powerful personality. Yet with all these traits, more usually ascribed to masculinity, Gaby is fascinatingly feminine. It isn't difficult to imagine her as a sweetheart. (Cont'd on page 120)

SAYS CHANEL—and listen if you'd be Fashion-wise:

Be careful of your color combinations this season. Vivid solid colors, fine; prints, not so good.

In the evening your gowns may reach the ankles. But while the sun is up, your skirts must be likewise. A full fourteen inches up!

Red is grand—but black is safer.

Wear jewelry as "junk" for daytime—in profusion. For formal wear, little or none.

The present flair for formal pajamas is detestable!

IS ROMANCE

Do the great lovers of the screen really feel that way? Just how real are those movie kisses? This story tells you!

By Ruth



Carole Lombard told Bill Powell she adored him in "Ladies' Man" and Bill believed it. The Lombard-Powell love scenes look like the real thing now.

When Ramon Novarro requested that Dorothy Jordan should be his leading lady for the second and even the third time, Hollywood began to buzz. But Dorothy and Ramon insist they are not and never have been in love.



fect. He emerged from the film with his leading lady as his wife. Elinor Fair always gave the long months on location the credit for that romance. Propinquity, you know, and having to "register love" all the time. And now Mrs. Bill Boyd's name is Dorothy Sebastian. Well, Well!

Bill Powell has always appeared to be a cynic about women. Romance was just one of those words you didn't connect with him. Which probably made his fall all the harder. Carole must have uttered the deadly phrase more intensely, for Bill's had leading ladies before. Anyway, Bill, who used to dodge society, takes

DOES just saying "I love you!" before a camera and microphone make you feel that way?

Kay Francis and Kenneth McKenna said it to each other shortly after they met to work together in "The Virtuous Sin," and now they are married and on the way to finding out whether or not they can live happily ever after.

Bill Boyd and Dorothy Sebastian murmured it in "His First Command" and rushed to the altar to be sealed.

Carole Lombard told Bill Powell she adored him in "Ladies' Man" and "Man of the World," and Bill, after years of indifference to all feminine wiles, fell all of a heap.

After Kay and Kenneth had played their love scenes for the benefit of Paramount's box office, they used to play bridge with each other every evening. They never quarreled. I don't suppose Kay ever trumped the man's ace or Kenneth ever explained how she might have taken that other trick, but even a good player can strain a partner's patience at times.

"Oh, ho!" other people used to cry, watching the pasteboards being dealt, "you're going to get married!" And they always denied it. But presently they decided that a good card partner ought to make a good life partner. And that was that.

Bill Boyd's love scenes in his first starring picture, "The Volga Boatman," had the same fatal ef-

fect. He emerged from the film with his leading lady as his wife. Elinor Fair always gave the long months on location the credit for that romance. Propinquity, you know, and having to "register love" all the time. And now Mrs. Bill Boyd's name is Dorothy Sebastian. Well, Well!

Bill Powell has always appeared to be a cynic about women. Romance was just one of those words you didn't connect with him. Which probably made his fall all the harder. Carole must have uttered the deadly phrase more intensely, for Bill's had leading ladies before. Anyway, Bill, who used to dodge society, takes



Kay Francis and Kenneth McKenna said "I love you!" into the microphone in "The Virtuous Sin." Now they are married.



But Ronald Colman and Lily Damita were only acting in those love scenes in "The Rescue." There was no love lost!

SYNTHETIC

in HOLLYWOOD?

Tildesley

first picture, Harold asked Mildred if he could come to call on her that evening and Mildred said no, she saw enough of him all day! But got over that. They've been married for more than eight years and are devoted to each other and to Gloria, Peggy and baby Harold.

Then there's exhibit B, the John Barrymores.

It was "The Sea Beast" that began the romance of John and Dolores, back in 1925. Those much-talked-of love scenes eventually culminated in a wedding ring. The durability of that bond has been tested by long and hazardous ocean voyages on fishing boats and yachts, shared lately by little Miss Barrymore, one of the world's best sailors. Dolores lets John bring home gigantic, smelly sea trophies—and keep them! The once-vagabond Barrymore has developed into an ideal husband and father.

Ain't that somethin'?

At the same time that Dolores was succumbing to the magic of her first love scenes, her sister Helene was playing in a picture with Lowell Sherman. Yet we can't blame

their subsequent marriage on that because Lowell set to work and married the other girl in the opus, Pauline Garon, and both he and Helene had to divorce first mates before they found their present happiness together.

Sometimes the public reads romance into pictures when no romance is there. For years fans strove to get Richard Dix married to Lois Wilson, Ronald Colman interested in Vilma Banky, and Charles Farrell wedded to Janet Gaynor, and John Gilbert married to Greta Garbo.

Richard and Lois were and are sincerely fond of one another, in a friendly fashion, and outside insistence on Cupid almost wrecked a beautiful thing.

Charlie and Janet seemed enamoured of one another during the making of "Seventh Heaven," but publicity was fatal to the boy-and-girl romance. They played up to what was expected of them and the next thing they knew the dew was off the rose, the bloom gone from the grape, the sawdust leaking from the doll, and the little god roaming other pastures. Janet married Lydell Peck and now Charlie has married Virginia Valli. No amount of billing as "the screen's favorite lovers" will make any difference now.

Ronald and Vilma were never "that way" about each other.

"We're just like an old married couple—there's no thrill to it," Vilma used to explain in her quaint way, "if the scene tells kiss or make (Continued on page 124)



They are billed as "the screen's favorite lovers"—but Janet is Mrs. Lydell Peck and Charlie is Mr. Virginia Valli! You'll still thrill to their screen romances.



Tender interludes in "Wolf Song" between Gary Cooper and Lupe Velez got in their work. That romance seems permanent. Some say Gary and Lupe were married sometime ago.



When little blonde Mildred Davis became Harold Lloyd's leading comedienne, one of Hollywood's real romances began.



And those Dolores Costello-John Barrymore love scenes in "The Sea Beast" have been going on ever since—in real life.



The script girl holds a responsible job. Here's Alma Thompson laying down the law to the "You and I" company.

If an actor loses a button from his coat it may hold up the production—unless Alma checks up. Lewis Stone's O.K.!

HOLLYWOOD has an important place for the girl with brains.

She needn't be pretty—she may be plain as plain.

But if she has beauty, all the better!

For one of Hollywood's most interesting, most difficult, and most necessary jobs calls for the head for detail that seems to be a peculiarly feminine attribute. The movies simply could not get along without the script girl.

Remember the old, old days (the pre-script girl era), when a screen actor might leave a room wearing a pair of fur chaparejos—to return in half a minute wearing a pair of leather pants? Remember when an actor would be riding a spotted horse on the first part of a short journey, and be seen at the end of the ride dismounting from a steed that had turned coal black?

Of course, every cinema goer knows that pictures practically never are taken in the sequence in which they finally appear. Sometimes it is expedient to start work on the picture by "shooting" the very last scene.

And the script girl is right there when the shooting be-



Even if you don't look like Garbo
there may be a place for you in the
screen studios

When the MOVIES DEMAND BRAINS More Than BEAUTY

The script girl need not be pretty but she must be smart!

By

John O'Hara

gins noting every minute detail.

Camera angles—wardrobe—furniture—spots on clothing. Details—details—details!

Better let Miss Alma Thompson, one of Hollywood's leading script girls, tell about it.

"I've been at it for ten years. In other words, for ten years I've been checking up and keeping tabs and minding p's and q's. One of the

best examples of what my work consists of was in the filming of 'You and I.'

"Robert Milton, the director, had ordered a retake of a scene in an artist's studio. The scene had been shot eleven days before, and Mr. Milton called me, as he always does, and told me to get out my notes. Retakes are the most difficult part of my job, by the way. Retakes are a constant challenge, because it's impossible to remember every detail, and it's manifestly impossible to write down everything.

For example, in an artist's studio scene there would be palettes with dabs of paint on them. If an artist should see 'You and I' he naturally would be interested in all the details, and he would remember the dabs of paint, the
(Continued on page 123)

REVEALING RAMON

An intimate typewriter sketch
of that Galahad-with-guitar,
Señor Novarro

By
Ralph Wheeler

Real name, Samaniegos. Was once a bus-boy in the New York automat, then a movie show usher. Now acts in and directs English and Spanish pictures.



SIR GALAHAD with a guitar. A singing valentine. But not as saintly as pictured. Always gets hats too small. Never sends postcards. Almost became Mexican general.

Real name Samaniegos. Named Novarro by Rex Ingram who couldn't pronounce or spell the other. Was bus-boy in New York automat. And movie show usher. Shaves himself and hates haircuts. Doesn't know his own telephone number. Has it changed every week because of annoyances. Never intends to be a monk. Actually drove the chariot in "Ben Hur."

Talks with his hands. Never has a dime or a check in his pocket. He knows his *chili* and *carne* when it comes to cooking. Bring your own fire extinguisher! Sleeps in antique bed with his head where his feet ought to be. Loves jaunts to Europe. Always comes back laden with gifts for friends. Never owned an automobile until this year and can't drive the one he has. Mildly enthused over flying but contract has him grounded.

Doesn't live in Hollywood. Has fourteen brothers and sisters. Raffles off \$1000 pool for, working crew every time he makes a picture. Service? He gets it. Hates cafés because he used to sing in them. Roadside barbecue joints his favorite eating places. Built stockily as a prize-fighter. Loves to swim, play tennis and wrestle. Saw his first football game last season and thinks it's better than bull fights. Wants studio in Nice, France, to make own pictures in all languages. Already directed himself in two foreign versions. Never been engaged. Wears smoked glasses when traveling but doesn't fool anybody. Likes to pose for pictures. Always forgets gloves.

Eats lunch in bathrobe. Sings dressing room duets with Lawrence Tibbett. Shuns openings. Thinks *Skippy*

is a great kid. A glutton for work. Never misses singing in St. Vincent's choir Sunday mornings. Doesn't enjoy going to dentist any more than you do. Hates run-down shoes. And pins laundries put in shirts. Has a theatre of his own in his house. Black tea favorite dinner tippie. Can't stand bow ties. Won't wear 'em. Has every record the late Enrico Caruso made. "Honor Thy Father and Mother" the motto he lives by. His parents, his family, first in everything. Two sisters in Holy Orders in Spain. Spends most of his time at piano, singing random compositions. Louis Graveure his vocal teacher. Deeply appreciative of sincere criticism. Loathes back-slapping. Can't tell a Jew-Irishman joke to save his life. Enjoys radio appearances. Would like to do "Ben-Hur" over again as a talkie. Never worked on any other lot than M-G-M where he started as extra. Speaks English, Spanish, French and German. And good American!

Never knew the thrill of a snow-ball fight or ice skating. Always remembers names and faces. Spends idle moments glancing through names in telephone book. Hasn't a wrist watch. Or a pipe. Does wear a beret.

Gets tons of foreign fan mail and presents from fans all over the world. Shrinks from personal appearances. Modest but not timid. Finds most companionship in non-celebrity ranks. Enjoys shower baths. They can be as cold as possible.

A charming host to a limited circle. Ever courteous, even when annoyed. Won't change his mind once it's made up. But likes to listen to any and all arguments. Has most of Latin superstitions. Loves gaiety and freedom and people who don't talk about themselves and their latest pictures. Where does he find them?



WE WANT BLONDES!

*Says
Hollywood*

One of those Hollywood blondes, Dot Mackaill, receiving expert beauty instruction from Max Factor, wizard of make-up. Factor says: "The camera is kinder to the blonde."

BLONDES quote high on the Hollywood curb. Bull or bear market, almost any blonde rates far above par. If angels are blonde—and who says they aren't?—then Hollywood must be a stock broker's dream of heaven. If statistics are right, the cinema World is full of gentlemen!

For those gilt-edged ladies said to be preferred are also common (that is, ubiquitous) in the movie capital. Some are cradle blondes; others—well, a blonde by any method is just as much in evidence. The fact remains that they over-run the place. Golden blondes. Ash blondes. Brown blondes. Dizzy and giddy blondes. Manicurists. Hash slingers. Lunch sellers by the roadside. Beauty contest winners. Infant prodigies. Tom Mix's horse. Even Oscar, the doggy female impersonator. Blondes!

Blondes in the casting offices. Extra blondes. Featured blondes. Blonde stars.

Blondes are getting scarce, they say. In spite of hair dressers growing richer and peroxide flowing like water, still only ten per cent of the pulchritude of the country belongs to the fair. Yet six out of ten movie stars who have found any measure of fame and fortune are—yes, gentlemen—are blondes!

Call the roll and convince yourself.

Let's see. Ruth Chatterton. Bennetts, one and two. Dolores Costello. Dorothy Mackaill, and don't forget Mary Pickford. Marlene Dietrich, Betty Compson—and oh yes, Greta Garbo. Ann Harding, certainly. Helen Twelvetrees. Loretta Young. Jeanette Loff. Carole Lombard. Jeanette MacDonald. Marilyn Miller. Genevieve Tobin. Thelma Todd. Mary Nolan. Anita Page. Grace Moore. Leila Hyams. Esther Ralston. Anna Q. Nilsson. Marion Davies. Laura La Plante. Lilyan Tashman. Natalie Moorhead. Lois Moran. Claire Luce. Marjorie White. Dixie Lee. Virginia Cherrill. They can't even begin to tell the story.

Why are blondes the camera favorites? Is there some secret about it? Constance Bennett can't tell—or if she can, she won't! She looks blondely, most beautifully mysterious.



Ann Harding, blonde of blondes. That lovely, long hair of Ann's is the envy of some other Hollywood blondes because it's Nature's idea, with no outside aid!



Blondes are pliable by nature, sympathetic—mercurial—volatile, according to Max Factor. Blonde beauty is sensitive to every emotion. Marion Davies has it.



What, are blondes more successful than brunettes? And why?

By
Marie House



Why, when only 10 out of every 100 women can lay claim to blonde heritage, are there so many blondes at the top of the movie ladder? Perhaps because they look like Leila Hyams!

Is there some spark of personality, some special perception which makes blondes especially susceptible to the lure of the lenses? Ask Laura La Plante—she's blonde by choice!



Why is blonde stock so high? It may be that the answer is to be found on these two pages. Carole Lombard is fast forging ahead to real screen success. She's a real blonde.

Why are blondes evidently preferred by filmdom? Is there some secret alchemy whereby the gold of the head is converted into the gold of fame? Some cabalistic abracadabra? Some spark of personality, some special perception which makes blondes especially susceptible to the lure of the lens and microphone?

Why, when only ten out of every hundred women in everyday life can lay claim to the heritage of the blondes—why are there so many blondes at the top of the ladder in the movies? Why is blonde stock so high?

Perhaps an expert on blondes, brunettes, red-heads and brownettes can tell. Perhaps a master of make-up knows the secret of the blondes' success.

Max Factor, the wizard of movie beauty, says:

"The camera is apt to be kinder to the blonde. There is a definite harmony about the coloring of the blonde, the way in which the hair relates to the complexion which makes it beautiful before the lens. It is this which makes every feature of the blonde stand out. No one feature overshadows another. And every subtle expression, every nuance of emotion can be portrayed—not better—but it can be shown more clearly for the camera.

"Then, too, the idea of blonde beauty has always been associated with romance. All down through history, it has been the blonde who has been worshiped for beauty. The heroines of legend and story have been portrayed as blondes. It is the soft pastel coloring of the blonde which has been associated with love, with romantic stories. Angels are thought of as blondes. Madonnas. Perhaps it is for this reason that authors, directors ask for blondes to create their rôles.

"I believe that blondes are pliable by nature. Not too deep. Not too thoughtful. But sympathetic. Able to take direction, suggestions. They are mercurial. Volatile. Their beauty is sensitive to every emotion."

Well! There's Dietrich; and Chatterton, Garbo, Harding, Constance Bennett, all noted mistresses of emotional rôles. There's Betty Compson, Dorothy Mackaill, Mary Pickford, Loretta Young. There's—but why go into that?

Look at the girls who have become blonde, just for ducks, and maybe drakes, too. Laura La Plante became famous as a blonde, but it's no secret that those who knew her when called her hair dark. Would she have achieved her standing if she hadn't gone blonde? Laura dyed her hair dark again for "Captain of the Guards" and Laura slipped a little! There's Alice White who had some measure of success with her own brown hair but scored a distinct hit when she bleached her hair.

Perhaps this is a blonde era. Perhaps a certain well-known book all about gentlemen and blondes had something to do with it. That's what blonde Betty Compson says.

Betty doesn't think there's any special reason why blondes are successful. In fact she's doubtful if they actually are. But then she's a blonde and duly modest. She became more blonde because a certain director said she could have a part she coveted only if her hair were light—so good-hearted, obliging Betty bleached it. She insists it hasn't made any difference in her rôles, that she's played the same kind of parts ever since "The Miracle Man." But she does admit that since the advent of the panchromatic film, blondes get the break with lighting and camera men probably prefer them.

Well, look at Bebe Daniels. Just look at her. Dashing Bebe with her black, black hair, a blonde for her newest picture—or a reddish (Continued on page 113)



She's tall, blonde, intense, with amazing green eyes. Her first Hollywood film was "Body and Soul." You'll see her next in "The Yellow Ticket."

JUST FINE *and* LANDI!

That's Elissa, Fox's find and runner-up for Garbo Dietrich honors

By
Constance Carr

while people flocked around Mr. Whoosis, president of the Thingummy Film Company. Even the secretary to Mr. Whoosis is a far more important personage in Hollywood. I could imagine one being rude to the secretary of someone like Premier McDonald and getting away with it. But the secretary to Mr. Whoosis in Hollywood is someone to cater to. Importance here is out of relation to any-

thing anywhere else!"

You can imagine the kind of books this new Fox star writes. Send to England for "Neilsen" or "The Helmers" if you want to know more. You see in Elissa Landi a girl in whom the muses unite. She writes books. Poetry. Acts like nobody's business—except several million European fans who can't be wrong. Plays a mean piano—and is beautiful.

"Why not write a play for yourself to star in?" suggested the Mad Fan, munching cake.

"Oh, that would be too obvious," said the English Landi.

"Not at all. After all, how much better to have an authoress interpret her own rôle—her own creation?"

"I think you would be too close to it," objected the authoress. "Someone else could probably round out the character and make it much better. When Ernest Hemingway's 'Farewell to Arms' was produced on the stage in New York—that was where Fox discovered Elissa)—

I think there was far more in it than he had written. I believe that Laurence Stallings when he adapted it, Reuben Mamoulian when he directed, and I like to flatter myself that I too—added something to the personality that was *Catherine Barkley*.

"When *Catherine* enters and says 'Hello, darling'— she put the (Continued on page 102)

ELISSA followed Bre'r Fox down the dotted line and found herself in a strange land of wonders. The Planet Hollywood!

"It's incredible!" declared Elissa, rubbing the cigarette smoke out of her eyes. "Amazing! A different country. An entirely different planet. Like Mars. The Planet Hollywood!"

"Why not write a book about it," exclaimed the Mad Fan, furiously drinking the very nice English tea. It wasn't such a mad suggestion at that. The name of Elissa Landi adorns the covers of at least two best sellers in England—not to mention the book that she is now writing in Hollywood, which will soon see the light of print on this side of the Atlantic.

"Impossible," scoffed Elissa. "It would take at least four volumes. One volume to explain it to the rest of the world. They couldn't possibly begin to understand it in less. The openings like 'City Lights' or 'Morocco.' Premiers! Lesser premiers and just openings. The fact that Charlie Chaplin can walk along Hollywood Boulevard unnoticed and be mobbed on a first night.

"Everything is backwards here. A truly important person, someone who really matters in the world, someone like H. G. Wells, could go to a first night or some important Hollywood gathering and be pushed aside

Elinor Glyn calls Elissa Landi

"the typical English girl." But

Elissa was born in Venice and

claims Austrian heritage!

STARS AS THEY ARE!

Presenting a Grand
De-bunking
Gallery of
Hollywood Portraits

by

Cecil Beaton

SCREENLAND is proud to present the following portrait pages, each an exclusive picture by the noted young English artist, Cecil Beaton. With the little camera you see him holding in this informal photograph, Mr. Beaton makes these amazing camera studies of the Hollywood girls and boys—showing them, we feel, as they really are, without frills or affectations. To get the effects he wants, Mr. Beaton sometimes climbs ladders and perches precariously on studio scaffoldings—but he always gets his star!





Portrait by

Lea Burton

Joan Bennett



Douglas Fairbanks Jr.

Portrait by

Carl Burton



Portrait by

Carl Burton

George Bancroft



June Collyer

Portrait by
Cecil Burton



Portrait by

Carl Burton

Thomas Meighan



Portrait by
Lullulah Bankhead *Carleton*



Portrait by

Wm Burton

Jay Cooper



Fay Wray

Portrait by
Carl Burton



Portrait by

Carl Burton

Loretta Young



Portrait by

Richard Arlen

Lee Burton



Portrait by

Lee Burton

Dorothy Mackaill



Walter Huston

Portrait by
Cecil Burton



Portrait by

Cecil Burton

John Wayne



May Francis

Portrait by

Geo. Burton



Portrait by

Lee Burton

Ina Claire

LIL REFORMS

When a wrong woman goes good in Hollywood—that's news! Hereafter Miss Tashman will play more sympathetic rôles

By Sydney Valentine



"I'm going to be good on the screen from now on—but not too good!" says the lovely Lilyan.

IF a man biting a dog is news, what about a wrong woman going good—in Hollywood? Well, it's happened!

"I've reformed," admits Lilyan Tashman. Imagine! "No more vamping. No more home-wrecking. I'm going to be good."

"But—not *too* good! I hope I always play heroines with a sense of humor. I couldn't bear to be a dull, stodgy woman, whose only talent is virtue."

So Lilyan beams at the thought of reforming. But shed a tear, little fan, for the past. Weep for the alluring naughty girl, the dizzy vamp, the menace. Weep for the good-hearted, wise-cracking chorus girl with Jimmie Gleason in "Putting on the Ritz." Weep for the smart sophisticate in "Craig's Wife," for the gorgeous chorine of "The Trial of Mary Dugan," for the

beautifully dressed worldling of "The Marriage Playground." Weep. But don't break down.

Good. But not *too* good!

Not that Lilyan regrets a career of vamping and punishment, of ogling the weak and willing hero and luring him to fun and frolic. It's made her what she is today. One of the outstanding actresses of the screen. Known wherever movies are known. But now that official stardom has been conferred upon her by Paramount, she's leaving the celluloid primrose path behind—and no fair looking back over shoulders, either!

But on second thought, *let's* look over shoulders. Whose? Personally I nominate Lilyan's. Encased at the moment, and very smartly encased, too—in a navy-blue tailored frock with little buttoned jacket. (Navy is *the* color for spring, cables Paris.) Busily engaged on an excellent luncheon at The Embassy Club. It's a celebration day for Lilyan with her brand new stardom, just out of its tissue wrappings and sparkling—well, very nearly like a cool million; and how the stars rush up to congratulate her.

A pair of personal congratulations too, Lilyan. For here is a stardom built upon a career of villainy. That's unique. True, others have played sirens, women with slightly soiled pasts—but Lilyan has made a habit of playing the villainess. Not the kind that strangles infants in their cribs, that go in for mayhem and arson. But the kind that sneaks into the home and steals the husband with a flick of the eyelash and a wisecrack—the baddie, the meanie! And how we rush home to practice the technique in *our* mirror behind *our* door!

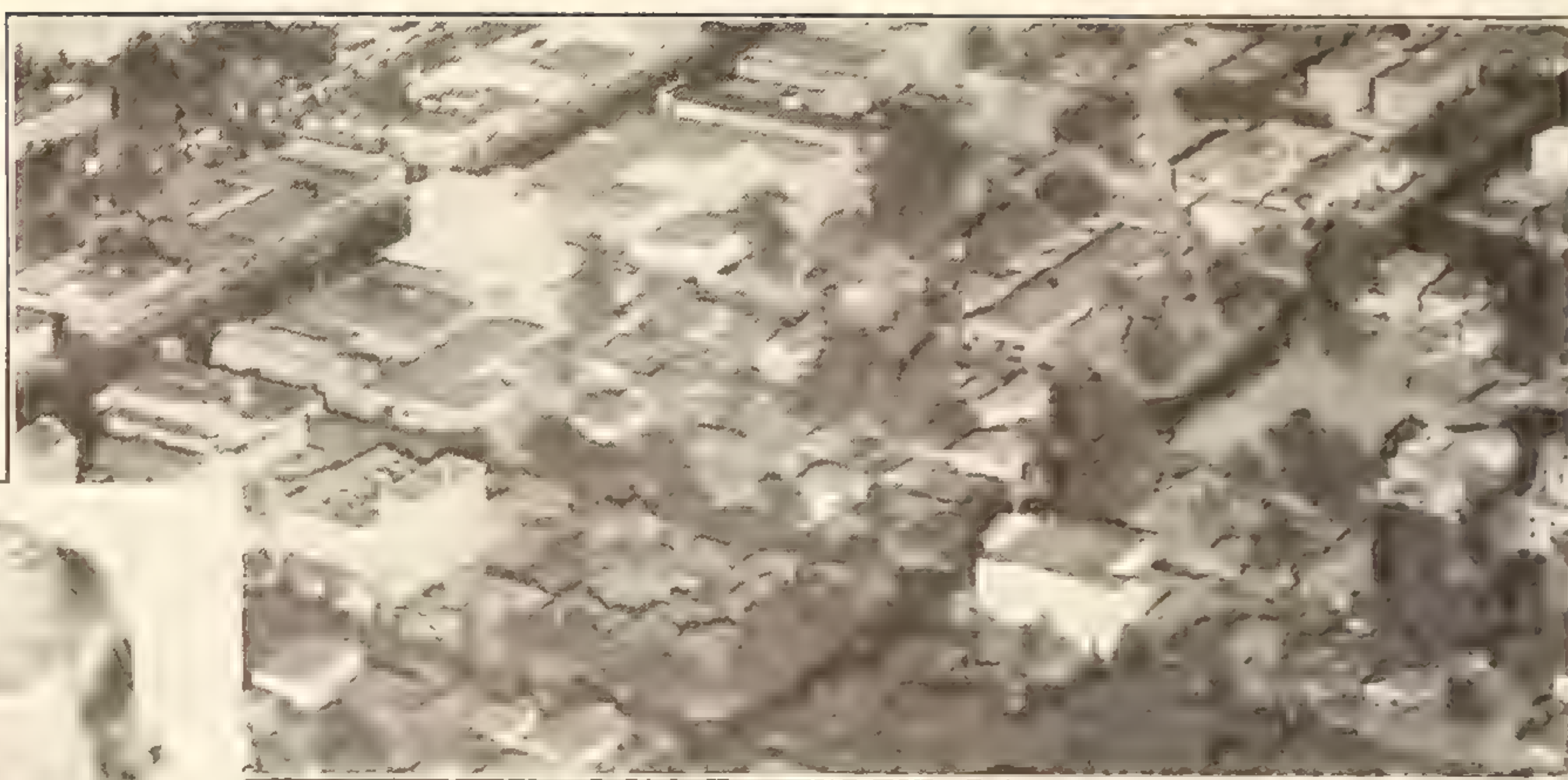
She started as a vamp. And that's just where she chose to start. Many times in the past she has had offers to star—and refused. She made of herself, instead, one of the best known bad women of the screen. A star of vamps. A reputation as a smart woman.

Smart to know that it is a decided character like a vamp who registers on the screen; that any audience has a sneaking liking for the other woman, the siren. Hasn't Greta Garbo always played sirens—practically? Smart to know that playing such parts is really acting—not just a straight lead that walks through a picture. Smart to play the first vamp with blonde hair and give the dark-haired temptresses a run for their diamond bracelets. Smart to built a personality that is known to the movie world for sophistication. Smart to know that while the interest, the enthu-(Continued on page 102)



Cecil Beaton photographs Lilyan Tashman, whom he selected as one of his "Six Most Beautiful Women in Hollywood." And one of the most intelligent.

What part does religion play in the lives of the screen stars?



Will Rogers is deeply religious, although he marches under no specific label.

Here's a view of Hollywood—famous the world homes — prosperous shops — and you'll find

By Alma

Is HOLLYWOOD a

AN ill-informed preacher referred to Hollywood as a godless town. Nothing could be further from the truth. The majority of picture people, just like the rest of us frail humans, have felt the necessity for spiritual solace and divine guidance. Of course they don't prattle about it and exploit it, but a recent painstaking survey has convinced me that there is as much sincere religion in Hollywood as anywhere.

Some of these picture people will admit that they are not regular attendants at any particular church. Some of them have evolved spiritual philosophies of their own, rather than accepting any established creed, but it is rare to find one of them who is wholly indifferent to the importance of religion in life.

The Roman Catholic Church can boast many devout members. Ramon No-

varro has always been an ardent Catholic, as are his entire family. His sister is a nun, and another sister may take the veil. A brother is preparing for the priesthood. Ramon himself is said to have expressed a desire to retire sometime from the world and enter a monastery.

Marion Davies is a Catholic and finds time for her religious duties, in spite of the endless calls upon her.

Eddie Quillan and his entire family are devout Catholics, and would not even consider opening their Christmas presents before attending church on that sacred morning. Tom, Matt and Owen Moore, Sally O'Neil, Gilbert Roland, Anita Page, ZaSu Pitts, all proudly claim this religion. Colleen Moore has found



Norma Shearer and her husband, Irving Thalberg, are steadfast church-goers.



Maurice Chevalier, the French playboy of stage and screen, is devout.



Mary Pickford has a deep strain of the spiritual in her make-up.



Ramon Novarro is one of the most devout members of the movie colony.



Fairchild Aerial Surveys, Inc.

over as the Screen City. Busy studios—beautiful churches here, too! Read this fine article.



Conrad Nagel was an usher in his church for years, and is still a regular attendant.

Whitaker

GODLESS TOWN?

infinite solace in this church in spite of the fact that it disapproves of divorce. Norman Kerry comes from a long line of Catholics and was educated at a Jesuit school. He never travels without a shabby little testament and a medal of the Holy Virgin. A crucifix and rosary hang by his bed.

Bebe Daniels was baptized a Catholic but married out of her church when she took Ben Lyon, who is Jewish, for spouse. Mae Murray, on the other hand, became an ardent Catholic when she married Prince David Mdvani. She also has evolved a philosophy of her own, in which "serenity" is the keynote. She believes ardently in an after life.

Although Gaston Glass and Lyota Karlin were mar-

ried at the home of James Cruze, they went directly from there to a Catholic priest to have the union sanctified in their faith, by which they took each other "forever and ever." Those four remarkable youngsters, Jean Fenwick, Marian Marsh, Eddie and George Morgan, sisters and brothers, are devoted Catholics and church attendants. Marian, you know, is John Barrymore's new leading lady in "Svengali." Maureen O'Sullivan, Maurice Chevalier, Claudette Colbert are all earnest Catholics.

The Catholic Motion Picture Guild, founded for charitable and spiritual purposes in Hollywood, claims many devout members. May McAvoy, Thomas Meighan, George O'Brien, Neil Hamilton, James Gleason, Skeets Gallagher, Rod La Roque, Vilma Banky, Nancy Carroll, Antonio Moreno, Jackie Coogan, (Con't. on page 115)



Doug Jr. and Joan Crawford credit their religion with making their success possible.



Dick Barthelmess says: "I just try to practice simple Christianity."



Bebe Daniels married out of her church when she was wed to Ben Lyon.



Charles Farrell is one of only two Quakers among screen stars.



Miss Dressler hopes that you have enjoyed reading her own story as much as she enjoyed writing it for you! Beginning in the March 1931 issue of SCREENLAND, Marie's story continued in the April and May numbers, and now concludes with this latest chapter in her fascinating career.

Below, the most beloved star in Hollywood rests by her own fireside after a hard day's work at the studio. Her new film is all about a lady politician—it's her funniest.



Marie Dressler's Own Story

IN order to live, then, I am up every morning at six-thirty A. M., and while this will be a jolt to those who think of movie stars as dozing until afternoon in thousand dollar negligees on leopard skin rugs, my hours are no better than, if as good, those of clock punchers anywhere. Mamie brings me tea and toast—not champagne, as you would like to believe—and I am off to the lot before nine.

In the old days, boys used to talk about "the lot" as the place where they chopped or sawed wood and they never loved it much, except afterward—when they became presidential timber! The same can be said of Culver City. Our lot is a work-place. Indeed, the folks who haven't been to Hollywood and think of it as the Devil's Hop Yard would discover that it's not unlike Fall River or any other mill town. You'll hate me

Concluding "The Girl Stood on the Burning Deck," the real-life story of our greatest trouser

By

Marie Dressler

for saying this because you want to believe what you want to believe and I have no business to destroy the illusion of the talkies, but the truth can be so irritating that it's fun to use it once in a great, great while!

Yes, when a pretty girl is seen smiling into the face of her lover on the screen, the audiences drinking in her avid glances have no idea that she has been through so much that she could bite nails. She

doesn't bite the hero for fear she might get ptomaine, for the hero, too, is in a poisonous temper. Even a milkman couldn't get romantic so early in the morning!

When a picture finally flickers off to orchestral accompaniment of *Hearts and Flowers* in the splendid setting of our palatial movie houses, it all seems spontaneous, but there has been plenty of combustion before. Believe me, the glare of the klieg lights is ruinous to the



Marie Dressler, screen sensation at sixty, at home in Beverly Hills.

Right, Marie, at her desk, catches up on some of that heavy fan mail.

Below, Miss Dressler in an early movie with Mabel Normand.



eyes and to the disposition. No other trying details are needed, but there are always plenty of them.

Before one gets round-shouldered carrying around bank-books, there is much to be suffered and learned. To begin with, it is necessary to memorize the scene which is to be played. Expertly written material is so cued that it is fairly easy to get, but sometimes there are jaw-breaking combinations and word arrangements which are very trying to an experienced actor just as a singer must have a proper arrangement of vowels in order to get the best tones. Well, whether the stuff is good or bad or whether we like it or not, we recite it to ourselves and everybody who will listen, until we are perfect in our own estimation. Then we start to rehearse and everything goes like a train on rails. We are on our tip-toes. We know this is going to be the best picture yet. We are extremely careful because although words can sometimes be slurred and slips covered on the stage, the talkies have a way of exaggerating any fault. As a result the work of a movie actress must be much more polished and finished than that of any performer on the legitimate stage. Few realize this and it will be news even to many actors.

When we are ready and "just rarin' to go," the director says, "Now we'll take it." We feel at our best, our costumes are fresh, our make-up right on the spotted line, our voices clear, our bodies as glowing as morning tubs can make them. Men are hurrying about us, big electric light wires are trailing here and there. The air is pervaded with

so much anticipation that you could put gravy on it and eat it.

First, the camera is focused. For this procedure the principals either stand within range or have somebody stand for them. I usually do all my own standing. Before the picture is over I will have to stand for a good deal worse. Well, after I begin to feel slightly less peppy, the announcement comes, "Camera, O. K." Whereupon, we all brighten and look like the prize Sunday School class. "That's over," we

think. But that's not the half of it—oh, no! Next come the lights. It is necessary to stand again while the lights are tried out, for it is absolutely essential that they cast no shadows in the wrong places. It takes from three-quarters of an hour to an hour and a half to get the lights behaving as they should. If the movie characters are supposed to be young and beautiful,

the light men have a more difficult time, and the harder and longer this process is. Gosh, I ought to be popular with the light boys! It may interest you to know that there is always a good or bad side to one's face or figure. It is, consequently, necessary to find out and exploit this selling side.

I know you are already surprised because you can't believe that we don't go gaily about allowing the cameras to catch as catch can. As Al Jolson says, "You ain't heard nothin'." When the lights are pronounced satisfactory, the lines are next said for the sound. It is important to know how the voice is registering. The intricate mechanism of the sound ma- (Con't. on page 117)



In the old Sennett days Marie Dressler was a riot as a slapstick performer. Today she is acclaimed for her portrayals which combine pathos and comedy with inimitable artistry.



Fred Astaire

Here's how they made the outdoor dance scenes for Joe E. Brown's picture, "Broad-minded," in the gardens of a Pasadena hotel. Director Mervyn Le Roy and his cameras are at the right. You can pick out the other equipment if you look closely. Pretty!

COMPANY on LOCATION

Her Best Friend Won't Tell Her!

Evelyn Brent won't know that her chum wrote this story for us until she reads it here! Evelyn is the hardest girl in Hollywood to interview; that's why we went to her best friend for this frank, penetrating personality impression



She has been characterized as "high hat." But she isn't. Evelyn Brent is one of the most strongly individualistic stars in pictures. You'll like this honest appraisal of her by her best friend.

IT WAS noon. The usual and the not so usual theatrical and motion picture groups crowded the Algonquin lobby. A hubbub of voices and clouds of cigarette smoke completed the familiar scene. Glancing around, I espied two well known faces surrounded by a gay, grapevine fortress of friends. They were John and Josephine Robertson, just returned from Spain and England where John had directed "Spanish Jade."

Conversation tumbled merrily from personalities to picture making on Spanish soil to personalities. Very much present amongst the latter was one whom the Robertsons vivaciously referred to as Betty.

"Who is this Betty?" There were limits to curiosity.

"Betty?" John's eyes widened. "Betty Brent?"

"Betty played the lead in John's picture," Jo rescued.

"Never heard of her," with the rude indifference of one who has trouble enough keeping abreast of the home-bodies.

"You will," John prophesied, and Jo nodded agreement. "She's just signed to appear opposite Douglas Fairbanks in his next picture. There she is now."

The elevator door had opened and two girls, attired in unpretentious tennis clothes, holding uncovered rackets, stepped into the lobby.

"Betty," Jo called.

The darker of the two girls stopped. Her rather pointed chin—a stubborn chin, I categorized it—raised arrogantly. The eyes were cool, indifferent, searching, yet I vividly recall that despite her apparent arrogance she seemed slightly confused both at the greeting and being halted in the crowded lobby. Signaling out the Robertsons, the set expression of her face relaxed and she hastened over, her eyes softening and smiling.

"This is Betty Brent." Jo turned to me.

Miss Brent nodded and glanced at me cursorily. A few more words with the Robertsons, her acceptance of their week-end invitation to visit them in Great Neck, and she joined her companion by the desk.

"She's a grand girl," Jo beamed.

I had my doubts. I considered her casualness and abruptness entirely uncalled for. I could neither understand their superlatives nor their enthusiasm and immediately forgot Betty Brent in the rush of events of the next six months.

At the end of that period, I came West and became affiliated with the Fox Studios. Strolling on a stage one day, I espied a girl in oriental garb doing an emotional scene before the camera.

"Isn't that Evelyn Brent?" I asked the assistant director.

"Yeah."

I watched with more interest. There was nice restraint and sincerity in her work.

"Okay," called the director.

She walked to her chair, her face setting in the same aloof mould that had irritated me that first meeting.

"Helen." Her voice clipped the word. "Cigarette, please."

The maid struck a match. Miss Brent inhaled the smoke in thorough relish. Her eyes encountered mine, the same cool, indifferent brown eyes that I remembered. A puzzled expression flitted into them. I remained where I was.

She smiled, a warm, infectious smile. She smiles rarely. When she does, it is neither rusty nor affected. It induced me to go over.

"Hello!"

She extended her hand. I liked the way she shook hands—firmly. "I met you with the Robertsons," she time-lapsed. "What are you doing out here?"

"What are you still doing here?" I retaliated. "I heard you were going to do just the one picture with Fairbanks and return to London."

"My plans have changed. I didn't do that picture and I'm still here."

I asked no more questions. Her tone was not a "mind your own business" one, but it discouraged queries. She is a difficult subject to interview for this reason, but an interviewer skilled in cloaking questions in conversational anecdotes can stimulate response from Betty Brent and get an excellent (Continued on page 121)

ARE WOMEN LESS

WE'VE heard so much of gay Lotharios, of men who love 'em and leave 'em, that it's a shock to read the statement of Sir Ellis Hume Williams, eminent London divorce court lawyer, to the effect that his long experience has convinced him that women are less faithful than men.

Can it be true?

Hollywood stars, consulted, agree and disagree.

Among the heads nodding "Yes!" to this vital question are those of Lupe Velez and Genevieve Tobin, two of the loveliest of the younger players.

"I think women are less faithful than men," declares Lupe, her black eyes snapping, "but that is because men make them so.

"A man comes along, young, good-looking, very attractive—see? He sees a girl. She looks swell—see? He thinks, 'Oh my golly, what a fine girl that is!' So he starts in and he gives her a swell time, lots of presents and flowers; he takes her places, sticks around underfoot all the time until she is just gone crazy over him.

"And then what happens?

"Why, another girl comes along, a little bit maybe prettier than the first one—or anyway *different*—and the



Always the gentleman! Dick Arlen says men hold the record for being unfaithful.



Irene Dunne says that faith is based on confidence—the first breach destroys faith.



John Barrymore believes women are the dominant sex; men are easily molded.

**What do you think?
Read the screen stars'
views on this much
discussed question
and see if you agree**

man thinks, 'Oh my golly, what a fine girl that is!' And the man forgets about the first girl and runs after the second.

"Then the first girl, what does she do, poor thing? She is jealous, I tell you! She can hardly stand it, how she is jealous! So she must do something. And what does she do, she is not faithful any more. She try to pay back all men for what this one man do to her.

"Sometimes such a girl marries and has little children because she hopes she can get happiness from being a mother, but even then she is not faithful, for she is not in love."

"Statistics probably show that women are more faithful than men, but I personally doubt it," says Genevieve Tobin, thoughtfully. "Outwardly, women may live more seemingly faithful lives than men, but in their hearts most women are fickle.

"If this were not true, more wo-



The charming Genevieve Tobin says that in their hearts most women are fickle.



"Women are less faithful than men," says Lupe Velez, "but only because men make them so."

FAITHFUL THAN MEN?

By
Ruth
Tildesley

men would exert themselves to be entertaining to their husbands. They would keep themselves looking smart instead of dragging about the house in soiled kimonos. They'd try to be alluring instead of constantly nagging their men. This can't be just thoughtlessness on their parts. It is a natural deduction that when a woman ceases to bother about attracting her husband, subconsciously at least, her heart and mind have become diverted into other channels."

Conrad Nagel agrees with Lupe that a woman may become faithless if she has been badly hurt.

"But honesty of purpose is second nature to women," he insists. "A situation may arise that is temporarily tempting to her, but at its root you will find she has been terribly hurt. I don't believe a good woman is ever faithless to a man to whom she is bound by ties of home, religion or children."

John Barrymore smiles and neither



Ralf Harolde maintains that if women are faithless it is all the fault of the men!



Estelle Taylor is a feminist. "Women are not faithless!" declares Mrs. Jack Dempsey.



Ramon Novarro avers there is no constancy today compared with olden times.

assents nor dissents, but looks wise.

"Charles Dickens created the women in his books on a pattern that he wished existed. They were sweet and submissive and loyal and impossibly, sickeningly virtuous. *Nancy Sykes* was faithful to the horrible *Bill* until death.

"As a matter of fact, women are the dominant sex. Men are whatever women want them to be."

The most vehement of the denials are led by *Estelle Taylor* and the *Gleasons*.

"For a very practical reason, women are not faithless," cries *Estelle*. "Women have behind them the tradition of centuries in which fidelity has been held up as essentially women's virtue. All their lives they have heard women who slip condemned.

"With men, it is exactly the opposite. As a boy it is impressed on him, perhaps unconsciously, that he is a potential *Don Juan*. He must conquer every woman he can for he is more of a man if he does so. Men who are upright are called mollycoddles by this strange twisted point of view.

"Another reason: Even with the changed status of women they simply haven't the opportunity to be unfaithful that is accorded to men. A

(Continued on page 125)



According to Kay Francis, women are unfaithful in mind only; they like to flirt with danger.



Irene Rich says that women love to play with fire but will turn and run as fast as they can.

Reviews of the

Six Best Films of the Month:

THE FINGER POINTS THE FRONT PAGE
A TAILOR-MADE MAN STRANGERS MAY KISS
TABU A CONNECTICUT YANKEE

By
Delight Evans

Turn to page 110 for casts of current films



Richard Barthelmess is excellent in a stirring story of gangland, "The Finger Points."



Dorothy Jordan is an appealing heroine in "A Tailor-Made Man," opposite Bill Haines.



"Tabu," filmed in the South Seas, is a charming picture with an all-native cast.

The Finger Points

First National

IF YOU are up on your crime news you've read the sensational newspaper story of the shooting of a certain reporter who played the game two ways. Here's that reporter in film fiction—played by Richard Barthelmess, of all people. I like Barthelmess. He isn't afraid of what "his public" will think if he plays a wise guy. He prefers the hazards of an interestingly tricky part like this to the tame safety of sure-fire romantic "heroes." You see him as a reporter covering the activities of the racketeers; then allying himself with the bad boys and enjoying the spoils—until the tragic end. An exciting picture. Dick is splendid. Fay Wray and Regis Toomey are excellent support.

A Tailor-Made Man

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

THE William Haines addicts will be cheering. Here's the best picture their idol has made in a long, long time. I think that Bill was one of the screen stars hardest hit by the microphone. His is the gift of pantomime, and the demands of dialogue robbed him of some of his spontaneous charm. But he is gradually absorbing the new technique, and in this picture he proves he can still be counted among the sure-fire comedians. The story is the old stage success, and it is hokum all the way. However, Haines gains some guffaws as the brash pants-presser who masquerades in another man's evening clothes and crashes the gate to fame and fortune. Joseph Cawthorn and the lovely little Dorothy Jordan help a lot.

Tabu

Paramount

FOR sheer photographic beauty, "Tabu" is the film of the month—incomparably lovely. You'll come away from the theatre moaning those South Sea blues. The tale is simple and romantic, enacted by an all-native cast. A brave pearl diver is in love with a charming maiden chosen by the native tribal chief as a sacred goddess—which makes the girl *tabu* to the ordinary mortal. The direction by the late F. W. Murnau is remarkably effective. If the picture seems to drag it may be due to the fact that it is a silent film—although it has a nice musical score by Hugo Riesenfeld. You will like the sweet little native girl and the stalwart lad who play the leads—they are natural and appealing, with no klieg-and-camera inhibitions.

Best Pictures



SCREENLAND'S
Critic Selects the
Most Important
Screenplays of
the Month

The Front Page

United Artists



THE greatest newspaper play of them all is now a screen smash. It's hot, stirring entertainment. Milestone, who directed "All Quiet on the Western Front," did a grand job here, too. It's all about a star reporter whose plans to marry the girl and settle down and get out of the newspaper game for good are rudely interrupted—and there's the drama, and the punch, and the comedy. Pungent dialogue; raw-meat melodrama; romance, and ruthless characterization. Menjou—our suave Adolphe—plays a hard-boiled managing editor and gives the best male performance of the month. What an actor he turned out to be! Pat O'Brien from the stage is very good as the reporter. Please don't miss this. Mary Brian and Mae Clarke are the femmes.



Don't miss "The Front Page," with Adolphe Menjou and others giving great performances.

Strangers May Kiss

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer



LITTLE Snow White is dead. And Norma Shearer killed her! Norma has been on her trail for a long time; "The Divorcée" hastened her demise; and now "Strangers May Kiss" finishes her off, and a good job, too. Never again will the movies dare to tell with a straight face the tale of the poor little, pure little heroine. Miss Shearer's ultra-modern pictures have done a lot to advance the cause of adult screen entertainment. Her new film is a rich, racy, and entirely unbelievable show, about a "modern girl" who wants to be free and won't marry her foreign correspondent until he asks her to. It's all very opulent. Norma is exciting. Neil Hamilton and Robert Montgomery are very, very neat. A smart, beautifully mounted show.



"Strangers May Kiss" stars Norma Shearer, with Neil Hamilton as her leading man.

A Connecticut Yankee

Fox



THE most spectacular picture of the month, and a gorgeous show, Fox's new version of Mark Twain's comedy classic. And what a chance for Will Rogers as the twentieth-century Yankee transplanted 1500 years back into King Arthur's time! You'll find it fresh, novel, and different after our orgy of gangland films. It was a smart thing to do, making this picture at this time. Rogers as Sir Boss and William Farnum as the King engage in the adventure to rescue the fair princess and when they get into difficulties and their trusty henchmen ride to their rescue in Austins, you'll get your big laugh of the month. Maureen O'Sullivan and Frank Albertson furnish Grade A juvenile appeal. Farnum is excellent as the King.



Will Rogers, with Frank Albertson in "A Connecticut Yankee"—a spectacular show.



Mary Brian is one of the screen stars who guards her loveliness at all times. The Brian beauty is absolutely sun-proof!

Keeping Cool and Lovely

By

Anne Van Alstyne

I DON'T suppose there's much argument about summer being the loveliest time of the year. Summer, for most of us, means more leisure, half holidays out in the sunshine, two weeks, at least, on vacation, charming week-ends in the country with friends, hikes through the woods. Summer is charming—but—summer makes its demands.

For there is no time when a girl's beauty is so important. The very informality of our summer attire demands that our skins be their finest, our hair most glowing, our eyes bright and our figures, oh goodness help us, quite perfect. In winter and autumn and spring we can, to a great extent, mask our defects. We are indoors more. We are under artificial light. But summer we are out in the open, in more ways than one. You can't hide overweight in a bathing suit. You can't conceal blackheads when you are going hatless beneath the afternoon sun.

Thus summer time must be beauty culture time; and



Loretta Young knows that twenty-one is not too young to begin to observe the rules of lasting beauty. She believes in beauty culture!

whisper it, summer isn't nearly so kind to our beauty as many of us have believed it to be. Too much sunshine is very coarsening to the skin. Sunburn is an evil we should absolutely avoid. We must watch that our scalps do not get too dry and we must protect our eyes from too much glare, so that we do not begin frowning and squinting, thus giving ourselves wrinkles. And above all things, we must look clean and dainty at all times!

That isn't easy, of course, but it is less difficult than you probably think. The best method to follow, I believe, is to lay out a summer beauty schedule for one's self and to follow it just as faithfully as possible.

Let's start with figures, first. If your figure isn't perfect, do start before summer comes to remedy its defects. If you are overweight please put yourself on



When a girl looks sweet and spotless on a hot afternoon she gets the constant compliment: "How cool you look!" And Dorothy Jordan does, doesn't she?

a diet and a regular routine of exercising. If you are underweight, do the same thing—with a difference in the diet and the exercises, of course. I will be glad to advise any of you on diets and exercises if you will write me personally, but right here I'll give a few superficial rules that work in the majority of cases.

For girls overweight. Cut your diet down to not more than 1200 calories a day. Eliminate sweets, fats such as butter and cream, and all "second helpings." Eat a balanced diet at all times. It is just silly to try to live on orange juice exclusively, or lamb chops and pineapple or any of the other faddist diets. The main thing is to eat less food than you have been eating, to avoid the obvious fattening things, to consume enough roughage in your diet—fresh fruits, vegetables, bran, etc., to have proper elimination, and to drink lots of water.



June MacCloy has the delicate blonde charm that is at its best in the fluffs and frills of spring and summer fashions.

Here is a beauty schedule to help you look your best in the charming—and exacting—Summer months

SUMMER DAINTINESS

Anne Van Alstyne knows all the beauty rules no matter what the season of the year. But she will be particularly glad to help you solve your beauty problems for the exacting summer months. Write to Anne Van Alstyne, SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th Street, New York City, enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope for personal reply.

All reducing exercises should be vigorous and regular. Swimming, bicycling, rowing, hiking are all excellent. All exercises that tend to keep the body supple—that is, bending, squatting and such, are very fine, too.

For girls underweight. Eat more than average. Eat, in fact, more than you want. Drink at least one quart of milk and a half pint of cream daily. Get lots of sleep—nine hours at night and a nap during the day, if possible. Exercise regularly but gently. Exercises that tend to relax you are best—as most underweight is caused by nervous disturbances.

So much for figures. Now for skins.

The great thing about skin care in the summer is bathing often enough. It's always a very important factor, but in summer it becomes paramount. And right here seems the best place for me to write you about how proper cleanliness creates beauty.

The days of the "Saturday night bath" are gone forever—except where the (Continued on page 104)

PICTURE PARTIES

Step out with the screen stars

By

Grace Kingsley



William Haines is the life of every party he goes to. Hollywood waits for Billy's wise-cracks!

“THESE lady aviatrixes come sometimes one at a pop, sometimes two at a pop, these days,” remarked Patsy, the Party Hound. “And now Betty Compson is giving a tea for two of them. And they’re not just flyers, either, but record flyers. They are Edna May Cooper and Bobbie Trout, who hold the record for sitting up in the sky longer than any other ladies have ever done before. That sounds as if they might have had their knitting with them, but they say they didn’t. It took them all their time to run the machine and do their housekeeping, they say.”

“Housekeeping?” I inquired.

“Why, yes. They had to roll their blanket shipshape and sweep out crumbs, and pack things away.”

We were on our way then to Betty Compson’s new home. At least it is her old home on Hollywood Boulevard where she lived before she married James Cruze, but she has had it beautifully renovated. It was exquisitely furnished in styles of Louis XV. and XVI., with predominating colors gold and blue, and was a fitting background that day for the lovely Betty, who wore a long brown accordion-pleated Greek gown, of a style called “The Greeks Have a Word For it”—you know how they name gowns!

“And this American girl had a name for it, too, when she got the bill!” laughed Betty as we complimented her on its beauty.

Edna May was wearing a fancy aviator’s suit, like one for a comic opera, especially designed for her to wear on the stage, and which had been planned for her by Howard Greer, noted Hollywood designer of women’s clothes.

“Of course, I couldn’t really fly a mile in it,” smiled Edna May.

Bobbie Trout had decided to park her aviation costume, and to come looking just feminine and helpless like the rest of us.

Both girls are very charming, and had thrilling tales to tell of their endurance flight over Glendale and Southern California.

We learned then that sitting on the air isn’t at all like sitting on the front piazza. The first day the girls hit a down-draft, broke contact with the fueling plane, and Edna May dislocated her finger. She got gasoline all over her face and arms and in both eyes, and her eyes burned and wept for two hours afterward.

“Next day,” Edna May told us, “when I was receiving oil before the container was unhooked, contact again was broken, and I was afraid to let go for fear the heavy bag would demolish the wing. But I held on until there was danger of my falling out of the plane. When I did let go, I fell into the refueling department and injured my back.”

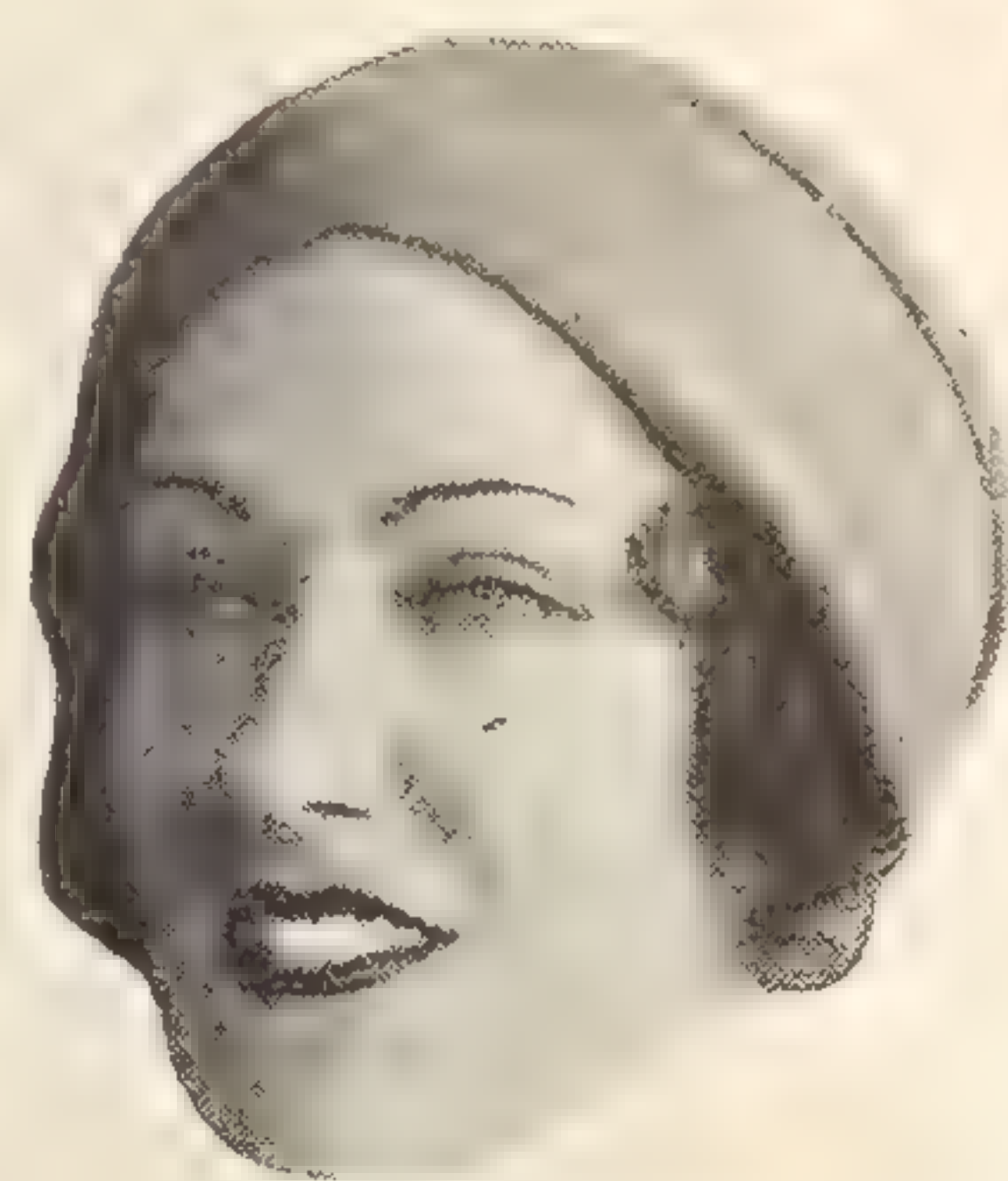
Of course, sleep was a difficult proposition, because in their airplane they had to double up to get into their tiny bunk.

“The worst accident of (Continued on page 98)



A gay group at a Spanish picture party: Dolores Del Rio, Raquel Torres, Maria de Guevara, Renée Torres, Jose Crespo, and Don Alvarado.

Mr. Sennett's most brilliant pupil: Charles Spencer Chaplin.



Gloria Swanson used to cavort in the Sennett slapsticks. Mack was the first of the "Swanson discoverers."



Maestro Sennett, whose screen clowns still make the world laugh when he pulls the strings.

Sennett cutie, 1931 style, talks and everything: Miss Marjorie Beebe.



Andy Clyde, chief funny fellow of the new Mack Sennett comedies. His voice is as funny as his face.



SENNETT: CHAPTER II

IN the dear old days following 1913, all that was necessary to get a laugh out of the public was to slap a slab of pre-war custard pie on the tip-tilted nose of Gloria Swanson or to have Charlie Chaplin lose his pants on a public thoroughfare.

"But no more," says Mack Sennett. "When talkies came in the studio door, slap-stick comedy flew out of the window."

"There's nobody better qualified to give us the low-down on the Ha-Ha business than Mr. Sennett. For in 1913, with no understanding of the speaking stage and absolutely ignorant of all dramatic tradition, this Irishman was the first man to make the moving picture sit up and perform funny stunts. He introduced a new art form into the world, besides giving it such outstanding comedy personalities as Charlie Chaplin, Mabel Normand, Louise Fazenda, Ben Turpin, Wallace Beery, Harry Langdon, Marie Prevost, Phyllis Haver, Chester Conklin and Polly Moran—to say nothing of the elegant Miss Swanson.

It was nearly twenty years ago that this big, blunt Irishman, handsome in his big, blunt way, gave up hammering rivets into boilers in East Berlin, Connecticut, to go down to New York and try to become a singer. But being a business man first and a hopeful singer second, when he found he would have to study seven or eight years in order to earn seventy-five dollars a week, he gave up his concert stage aspirations and went down on Fourteenth Street where even to this day bargains are to be had. Down on Fourteenth Street to the Biograph Studio where a couple of crazy men were making little pictures that moved, and were paying lucky people three dollars a day plus a substantial lunch of liverwurst, pickles, brown bread and coffee, just to stand around in front of

The Old Massa of Comedy reveals his new laugh formula for 1931

By
Rosa Reilly

something that looked like a glorified magic lantern, and take orders.

It was all a big joke to Mack—he had always had a way of laughing at serious things like trouble and work. He thought everybody on the lot was too solemn. What the world needed was a good laugh. Burlesque was the thing, he decided. Burlesque movies to make men forget taxes and wo-

men forget teething babies. And right there was born the idea which laid the comedy foundation of all moving pictures.

With a man named Fred Mace, Sennett got a little money together and started for California. There he had to write, direct, act, build the sets, answer all business letters, cut the films, title them, and ship them away to New York. Then all he had to do was to sit down on a dry-goods box with his heart in his mouth and wait for the verdict.

The verdict on his first two was—"awful!" Mack's money was gone. It looked as if he would have to go back to pounding rivets again. But before deciding anything, he took his camera and started for what was then down-town Los Angeles. Suddenly he saw a Shriner's parade of ten thousand men coming up the street. Working out a story as he went along, Mack shot a lot of sequences, inserted some swell comedy scenes with Mabel Normand, and shipped it all off to the office back in New York.

The verdict was "wonderful"!

Able now to get the financial backing he needed, and encouraged by his mother, a witty widow from the south of Ireland, Mack Sennett started out and used every form of humanity as ingredients for his laugh machine: babies, bathing beauties, cats, dogs, (Continued on page 126)



This scene from an early two reel comedy shows Betty Compson in her Christie days, before she was jumped to fame in "The Miracle Man." The embarrassed gentleman resisting Betty's coy advances is Lee Moran—do you remember him?

COMPSON CLOSE-UP

About Betty, the beautiful perennial of pictures

By Mary Howard

HOW'S the view from the peaks of success—sitting on top of the world? Don't you wish you knew? Have you ever met a real, live, honest to goodness success? Wouldn't you like to know about the home life of a success? What a success thinks of success? You would?

Then meet Betty Compson. Twice she's climbed to the rarefied atmosphere where stars twinkle on top of the movie world.

Yoo hoo, Betty! How's the climate up there—on top of the world? How does it look from the peaks and the pinnacles?

Well, the view's grand! And even looking back on the rugged road, full of hard rocks, hard work, ups and downs, getting to the top once and sliding back, getting up again—Betty says she wouldn't change a thing! If she had her career to go over again, she wouldn't have a thing different. Not a bump. Not a view. Except, perhaps, she might have liked to stop long enough to pluck a college degree from the tree of knowledge!

"Success," muses Betty, "means happiness. It means accomplishing the things you set out to do. It's having the material advantages to do the things you always wanted to do." It means acting to Betty, because acting is "fun." It means time out to read. Betty is an avid reader. She's always intending to take up the violin again. It means travel. Living comfortably—doing things for people.

"Everyone wants to be a success," adds Betty. "But almost everyone is a success at something if they only knew it! A successful mother—housewife—bookkeeper.

"Success is happiness. And happiness is not taking things too seriously. If you do a bad picture today, you'll do a good one tomorrow. If you lose some part

Betty today—one of Hollywood's most expert actresses, and one of the few film veterans to hold her high place from the silent era to the present golden age of sound pictures.



you particularly wanted, there'll be another one just as good later. Even my marriage to Jim Cruze—we parted when we were still good friends—that's a great deal!"

Betty can't honestly think of a thing she'd have different. Unless—she could have had her start in the movies while still young and yet somehow have managed to finish her formal education. She left high school in her junior year.

If given her choice she would never have lived a purely domestic life. Well, didn't she once? And didn't the klieg lights lure and the microphone call? Perhaps if she had been left a bank full of money when she came of age, she might have gone to Europe and studied the violin—married, lived a social life. She doubts if she would have tried a screen career. For necessity is the mother of ambition. But probably she would not have been as contented. For Betty is happy. "I'd rather do this than work," she says, toiling before the camera. "It's fun to me." (Continued on page 127)



Will Walling, Jr., First National

The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR. and ROSE HOBART in "CHANCES"





Hurrell

MENJOU! If you saw him in "The Front Page" you will not be surprised to hear that he is to be starred — again. In silent days Adolphe played only one role — the movie man of the world. Today he is a brilliant actor of unlimited versatility.



Ray Jones

SHE'S all you mean when you say "Blonde!" Jean Harlow is recognized now as one of Hollywood's most decorative young women. She has not yet repeated her rather startling performance of "Hell's Angels"—but watch her, she will!



Hurrell

JUST another leading man for a while, Neil Hamilton has come into his own in Norma Shearer's "Strangers May Kiss," now that the standards of the modern screen permit a hero to be human. Neil, like Menjou, is no longer a "type"—he's an actor!



Richee

THE most interesting portrait study of Nancy Carroll ever published—don't you think? Nancy is working now in a picture tentatively entitled "Excitement," with Fredric March—and we know it will live up to its name with these two in it!



Bredell





Preston Duncan

BEAUTIFUL Billie Dove is coming back, and it's about time. We've missed her. She didn't like those last talkies she made, but now she has found a story called "The Age for Love" and will give us a picture worthy of her talents.

JACK OAKIE, just before he begins work in a brand new picture, practices the Oakie grin before recording it once more for the customers. Jack's new film will be a novelty—"Dude Ranch," with June "Dimples" Collyer opposite.

FILMY FASHIONS!

LOOK to your stars for fashion tips! The Hollywood Girls know what is being worn long before the rest of the world, for most of the new clothes are designed expressly for them.

Loretta Young, below, is wearing a spring supper frock of beige net and lace over flesh satin, with a bunch of hand-made flowers at the point of the ruffled shawl collar. The perfect dress for the girl just stepping out of her 'teens'



A new note from Paris—the jeweled comb to match the shoulder straps of the evening gown. Loretta Young has chosen this comb to harmonize with her silver blue gown

Dorothy Mackaill's spring chiffon is carried out in printed marquisette in tones of green, yellow, and gray, the underbodice marked by velvet ribbon ending in a flat bow at the cowl neck. Lovely, isn't it? And isn't she?



The smartest hat we have seen so far this season—Laura La Plante's natural straw Bakou trimmed in brown grosgrain. And, of course, the La Plante smile helps, too!



LINEN and LACE!

YOU'LL like these spring and summer fashions, for they are the smart, simple things essential to every woman's wardrobe. Study them and choose your own frocks and hats accordingly!



An exquisite white chiffon evening frock, worn by Loretta Young, below, has a bolero effect edged in real black Chantilly lace that also forms the all-over pattern in the new spring manner of black and white.

Above, Carmel Myers illustrating an important fashion point: matching touches on frock and hat. The wing ruffle at the yoke of her frock is new. Her pert bicorné has an animated cockade.

Laura La Plante, left, is shown in her new sports suit of natural kasha-colored silk with its pleated skirt and jaunty finger-tip jacket. The scarf is smartly checked in brown, orange, and green. Cool—dainty!



Dorothy Mackaill shows us her profile hat. It's of shirred velvet and horsehair, trimmed by two gardenias. One of those hats not every girl can wear successfully.

All Photographs by Elmer Fryer



Bachrach

DOROTHY LEE may be looking up at her own name in electric lights by the time you read this. She is slated for stardom, this pert, pretty child who has been the charming feminine foil for Bert Wheeler and Bobby Woolsey.



Preston Duncan

HE IS Edmund Lowe here. But when you see him with Victor McLaglen in "Women of All Nations" you'll be calling him Eddie again! And that will be quite all right with Mr. Lowe, an excellent actor who would hate to be "typed."



Ray Jones

THE reports of John Boles' imminent return to the "legitimate" stage have been greatly exaggerated! John, after a New York vacation, went back to California to play the lead in "Strictly Dishonorable," at Universal City.



Freulich

IF YOU don't know Rose Hobart, you should! She's the girl who made her screen debut in "Liliom" and then hurried right back to Broadway! But now Hollywood has her again, and you'll be watching her in some very interesting performances



Autrey

YOU remember Greta Nissen! Greta, say hello to the home folks! Her accent mastered, Miss Nissen returns to the screen in "Women of All Nations," with Messrs. Lowe and McLaglen. And then she will be the beautiful blonde heroine of "Transatlantic."



AN ADVANCE fashion note by Ona Munson! Ensembles like this will be worn near all our best oceans this summer. The short jacket of russet-brown linen, wide slit trousers in egg-shell shade, and natural linen hat are all very good, says Miss Munson.



Otto Dyar

CAROLE LOMBARD is busy these days. She is scheduled to play the heroine in "Up Pops the Devil" with Norman Foster, and "Night Before Marriage," with Gary Cooper. And now see the opposite page for a sparkling story about her.



What about CAROLE LOMBARD?

You know she's beautiful—
but what's she really like, this
blonde who is Bill Powell's
best girl? Meet her here

By
*Betty
Boone*



*Carole—don't forget the
"e"—Lombard. Para-
mount has big plans for
this pretty girl.*

SHE looks New Yorkish.
She talks slightly Bostonish.
She acts (on the screen, mind you) very Lon-
donish.

The geographical phenomena in question is Carole Lombard, blonde, svelt and smart-cracking.

She was immured in Hollywood at the age of seven and by some miracle escaped the fate of a screen child prodigy.

She has divided the ensuing years between school, an apprenticeship in the Mack Sennett Seminary of Hurling Pies and Non-Swimming Bathing Beauties, an ingénue-ship on the Fox lot, a similar vessel at the Pathé studios, and at the given moment is answering Paramount's prayer for a beautiful actress who can also act.

The Lombard family hails from Fort Wayne, Indiana, whence they came to Hollywood four strong—mother, two brothers and Little Sister.

The brothers deserve a chapter in any story about Carole, because they seem to be responsible for little sister's utter lack of feminine complexities such as nerves, affectations and moods.

Freddie, the elder by six

years, and "Tutti" (for Stuart) previous by three years, decided at an early age to make their sister into a model A-1 female relative, with ultra-gratifying results.

Whining, tattling and crying were among the early luxuries denied Little Sister. She didn't miss them much, however, because she didn't know that other little girls enjoyed them.

Carole trained easily, it seems, because she was included in all such masculine excursions as baseball games, riding jaunts, tennis and golf and even sailing.

By the time she had reached a gangling sixteen the brothers showed little or no disinclination to accompanying her to numerous dances and theatre parties.

A few months before the issuance of a diploma from the Los Angeles high school, Carole decided that she was tired of it all. The urge to do great and stupendous things sent her thoughts to the nearest studio.

She expected parental and fraternal objections. She rehearsed her impassioned plea carefully before the family conclave. She was surprised
(Continued on page 111)



*When she was plain
Jane Peters, of Fort
Wayne, Indiana.*



*She was seven when
this was snapped—
and a little shy.*

*Her very first photograph,
made at the age of eighteen
months. A good camera
subject, even then.*



*Below, when she was adorning Mack Sen-
nett's comedies, at the age of eighteen.*



Critical Comment



MAN OF THE WORLD

Paramount

A William Powell picture can never be dull. This isn't one of Bill's best—but he is well worth seeing in the rôle of a gentlemanly blackmailer who falls in love with the blonde niece of one of his victims. Powell appeals—and Wynne Gibson, as his faithful accomplice, and Carole Lombard, as the blonde, are delightful.



BODY AND SOUL

Fox

It isn't the fault of the co-stars if this vehicle is shaky. Blame the story and the silly dialogue. Elissa Landi, making her American screen début, shows glamorous potentialities which are never quite realized here. Charlie Farrell works hard with competition from Donald Dillaway and Humphrey Bogart, both swell.



GOD'S GIFT TO WOMEN

Warner Brothers

Sparkling and spicy! Nothing slow about this comedy, with Frank Fay at his sly suavest as a ladies' man, and such beauties as Laura La Plante, Joan (Big Eyes) Blondell, Louise Brooks, and Margaret Livingstone as his excellent excuses. You'll like Laura; and the blonde Miss Blondell looks like a real bet.



BACHELOR APARTMENT

Radio

Most of this is fun. Lowell Sherman is pretty much the whole show as a rich bachelor who has a hard time convincing his pretty stenographer—Irene Dunne—that he is really in love with her and not a couple of other girls. Mae Murray comes back, as sprightly as ever. Claudia Dell, Ivan Lebedeff, and Norman Kerry contribute.



CRASHING HOLLYWOOD

Educational

A miniature feature with many laughs and lots of Hollywood atmosphere. All about three girls trying to crash the screen gates, with hilarious complications. The cast includes some players you have liked in features—Eddie Nugent, Phyllis Crane, Rita Flynn and Bryant Washburn. Nice to see Nugent again.



CHARLIE CHAN CARRIES ON

Fox

Here's corking entertainment—the best mystery movie in months. Warner Oland appears in a new rôle as *Charlie Chan*, Earl Derr Biggers' popular Oriental detective, working this time to solve a series of murders on a world cruise. Thrills and chills and comedy—and a great cast, including Marguerite Churchill and John Garrick.

on Current Films



UNFAITHFUL

Paramount

They haven't done right by our Ruth this time. Here's a creaky "society drama" with Miss Chatterton playing an aristocratic martyr whose husband is in love with her brother's wife! Heavy with complications—and, although the star does her best, it is really Paul Lukas who strolls away with the histrionic honors. He's great!



TEN CENTS A DANCE

Columbia

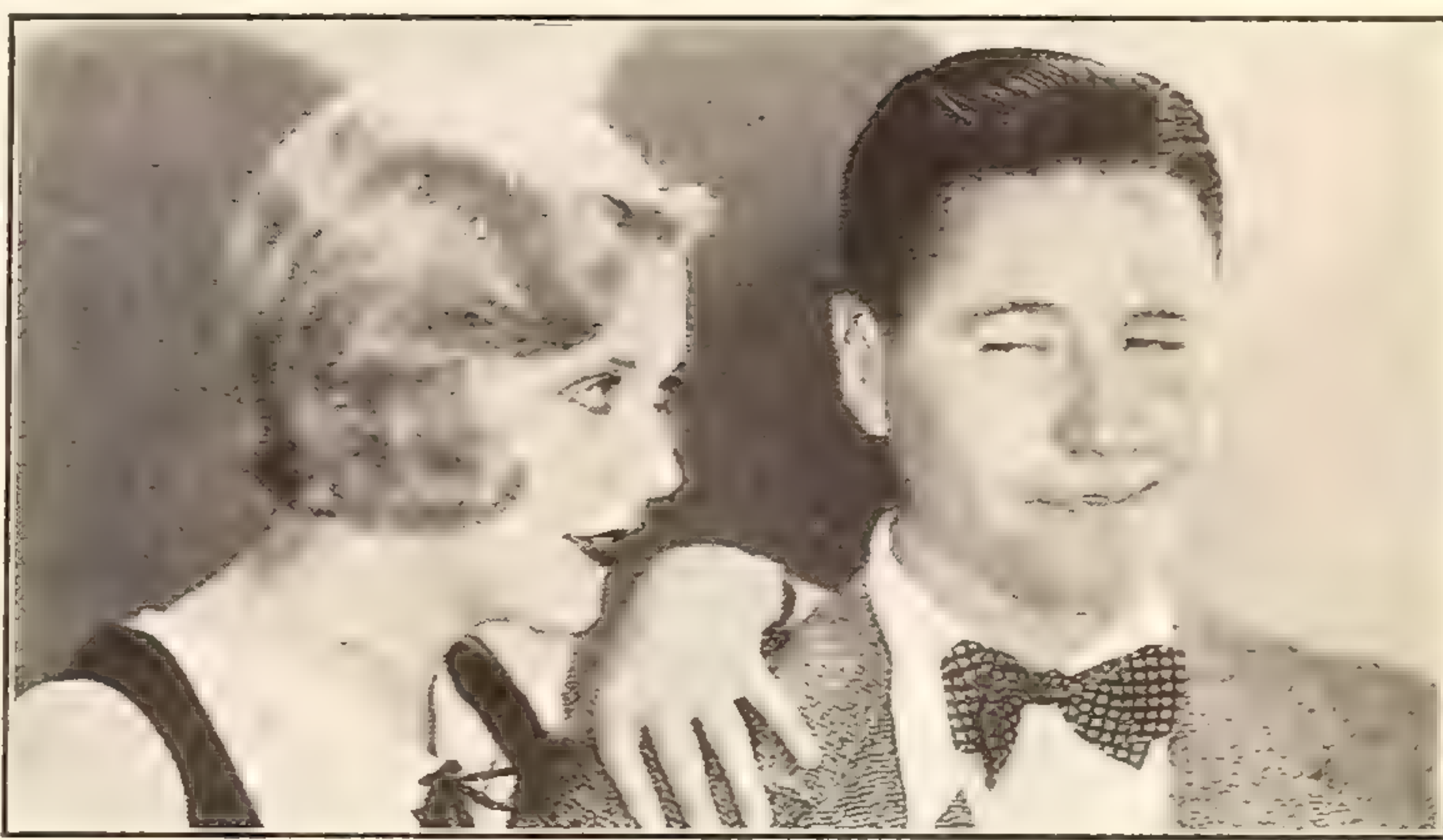
Or, the private life of a dance-hall hostess! We won't deceive you—it's not as exciting as it sounds. The heroine marries, repents, and finally finds happiness with another fellow. Barbara Stanwyck is as fascinating as ever, but the story gives her no new opportunities. She is assisted by Ricardo Cortez and Monroe Owsley.



BEHIND OFFICE DOORS

Radio

You'll like this gay romance of a business girl in love with her boss. She helps him "put it over"—only to find herself left at the typewriter when Catherine Dale Owen comes along. However, love—and a good head for business—find a way. Mary Astor is charming as the girl, with Robert Ames as the boss.



JUNE MOON

Paramount

It's a grand comedy-with-pathos, this screen version of the Broadway stage hit. Jack Oakie is at his best as the sap from up-state who comes to Tin-Pan Alley to make his fortune rhyming "June" with "moon." You'll enjoy it whether you saw the play or not. June MacCloy, Wynne Gibson, and Harry Akst are splendid support.



THE RIGHT OF WAY

First National

Folks who remember Sir Gilbert Parker's novel may find this talker version mild entertainment. But the rest of us will call it old-fashioned and slow. Conrad Nagel plays *Beauty Steele*, the English barrister who finds himself living a new life in the Canadian wilds. Loretta Young is the fair heroine.



CRACKED NUTS

Radio

If you are a Bert Wheeler-Bobby Woolsey fan you had better not miss this, even though it isn't as hilarious as some of the team's previous efforts. There's too much talk, which retards the action. But Bert and Bobby, aided as they are by luscious Dorothy Lee and Edna May Oliver, make it all good fun.

The STAGE *in* REVIEW

"The Wonder Bar."

AL JOLSON blew back on to the stage of the Nora Bayes Theatre in a European novelty called "The Wonder Bar." The stage runs over into the audience and the whole theatre is part of the gaudy Parisian night club, the Wonder Bar.

But it's all Al. He's the same funny, eye-rolling, crackling, quick-witted, snappy, colloquial, singing comedian that we knew of old. When he's on the stage, it's a good show. When he leaves it, "The Wonder Bar" falls down so flat that there is no thud at all. It just isn't.



There is a "plot," but, as Moran used to say, why bring that up? Jolson sings a Yiddo-Russian song new to these ears that got me applauding furiously. It was worth the whole evening.

And there's Patsy Kelly and Trini and Al Segal and a Palace-full of good vaudevillians. But for all that, there is only Al. The rest is just stuffin'. But—see it for that Jolson!

Al Jolson is back on Broadway in person, not a motion picture, as the star of an imported novelty called "The Wonder Bar." When Al is on the stage, it's a good show.

In the revival of Barrie's play, "The Admirable Crichton," Fay Bainter and Walter Hampden head an important cast. Movie goers may recall it as a DeMille movie titled "Male and Female."



Channing Pollock's new play, "The House Beautiful," the Bible Belt, says Mr. De Casseres. Although it lock's fine showmanship. Mary Phillips—at the right

"Miracle at Verdun."

This fifth production of the season of The Theatre Guild by Herr Chlumberg—"Miracle at Verdun"—is a superb but spotty spectacular satire which in its colossal conception calls to its aid the talking motion picture. The shots that give us the screen speeches of the Prime Minister of France and the Vice Chancellor of Germany over their dead in the World War, showing the reaction on the patriotic boobs in the crowd, are an effective aid. The stock shots do not help.

At a cemetery at Verdun, among a gang of jabbering tourists, one man remains to dream on the possibilities of the dead soldiers of Europe coming to life. The play is the dream. The dead return and demand an accounting. After a series of dramatic, comic and ironic revelations as to what the living world of today thinks of them, they crawl back to their graves. The idea is monumental, but the author has not put it over simply enough. Besides, since when have the living to account to the dead?

Claude Rains, in the long cast of all nations, is the one actor who projects himself beyond the footlights. In the conclave of the nations, as the representative of the workers, he is cyclonic, torrential. This is the second time that I announce Mr. Rains as the Guild's most finished actor. The others were unintelligible because they talked in lingo. But their acting was good—all of them.



boasts a splendid cast. It will make a good picture for drags, somehow no one walks out on it, due to Pol—in the scene above—gives a beautiful performance.

"Miracle at Verdun" is great entertainment if you can forget the futility of the theme.

"The House Beautiful."

"The House Beautiful" is another allegory of the Right, the Good, and New Jersey real estate investments by our great Casabianca of the drama, Channing Pollock.

He stands on the burning deck of our ethical values waving his sword of Excalibur, on which is graven: Truth, Honor and Chastity. I say give him three cheers and a tiger, boys! And when we have finished, boys, bring me the stomach pump.

For "The House Beautiful," in spite of its splendid acting, its startling scenic effects, and the logical story of the commonplaces of a family during a generation, is mawkish and draggy. But somehow no one walks out on it. This is due to Mr. Pollock's fine showmanship. He knows how to hold you even if he has got to put you to sleep to do it.

The scene is West Hills, N. J. The action runs for about thirty years and tells of what happens to a Family that Obeyed the Commandments. There are allegorical scenes that should be cut out. The more commonplace this story is the better it will age in the wood. It will make a good picture for the Bible Belt.

Mary Phillips, Roy Gordon, Helen Flint and Joseph Baird were the bell-ringers in a fine cast.

Looking over the latest Broadway hits and misses

By

Benjamin De Casseres

"The Admirable Crichton."

Practically a new play after twenty-eight years, when William Gillette was first seen in J. M. Barrie's "The Admirable Crichton," I—who saw that first production—must admit I did not get the kick out of it in 1931 that I did in 1903.

It is one of Barrie's best—next to "Mary Rose" his very best. There is an eternal idea in it—that class distinctions are founded on natural laws. The London butler is a Napoleon on a desert island and the British lords and ladies wrecked with him slip down to the servant level. Barrie does a lot of soul-washing in this play; but to me it now seems weak in the hams, although still retaining its core-strength.

Walter Hampden played *Crichton* too seriously. I do not think that either he or Gillette ever squeezed the essential humor out of this character. Fay Bainter was beautiful but listless.

Estelle Winwood didn't hit it off as Tweeny. Effie Shannon was admirable in her small part.

"As Husbands Go."

What's the antonym of Paris? Dubuque, Iowa, of course!

Taking this idea, just budding and bubbling with chortles, Rachel Crothers bottled up one of the cleverest and cleanest comedy hits of (Con't. on page 101)



Germaine Giroux, one of the players in the Theatre Guild's new production, "Miracle at Verdun," a superb but spotty spectacular satire, according to our critic, De Casseres.



Marjorie Lytell and Robert Faulk as the young lovers in Rachel Crothers' charming new play, "As Husbands Go." It's one of the cleanest and cleverest comedies of the season.



"Put 'em up!" You can't scare us, Louise Dresser, we know you. Anyway, this is how Louise will look as Calamity in "Roped In," in which she plays a bold, bad woman of the old western frontier.

ONE of Eddie Cantor's small daughters collects autographs. After getting Gloria Swanson, Mary Pickford, etc., dad asked, "Don't you want me to sign?"

She looked utterly blank as she said, "Whatever for?"

A rumor persists that Gloria Swanson will play the heroine in a screen version of Eugene O'Neill's "Strange Interlude," which, as a stage play, took seven hours each evening to produce with an intermission for dinner.

After "Scandal Sheet," made more than eight months ago, George Bancroft demanded \$75,000 a picture from Paramount. He mentioned the same sum to Warners, who were scouting around, at the time they annexed Ruth Chatterton. But neither Warners nor Paramount accepted the idea amiably. Now, however, we hear that George has re-signed with Paramount—not quite, however, for \$75,000 a picture.

Imagine a picture containing over 50 topnotch stars. That's "The Stolen Jools," to which all the glamorous ones contributed their services, the proceeds to go to the National Variety Artists' Fund.

It opens with Wally Beery as a desk sergeant at the police station, writing a scenario. He's informed Los Angeles is burning down, and absently promises to send a man over. But presently news comes that someone has parked on the wrong side of the street—so the police reserves are called out. The stolen "jools" belong to Norma Shearer, and, after everyone has been a suspect, Mitzi Green proves to be the sinner! It's good fun.

Mae Murray made a sufficiently good comeback in "Bachelor Apartment" to have won a contract with R.K.O.—so now her next will be "High Stakes," again with Lowell Sherman and this time as the lead. Mae is now a sister-in-law of Mary McCormick, who

SCREEN

Inside Talk of Talkie Town!

annexed Pola Negri's ex-spouse, Prince Serge Mdvani, brother to Mae's Prince David. One way and another, the two quiet young Roumanian princes who slipped into Hollywood about five years ago, working in the oil wells, have done pretty well for themselves.

Papa Bennett, father of Constance and Joan, secures the rôle of the poor-rich five-and-ten store owner in Marion Davies' picture, "Five and Ten." We can remember when Richard used to talk wisely about raising the girls in a broad-minded way, answering all childish questions about embarrassing subjects truthfully, and generally permitting them to develop untrammelled. He declines to state whether he is satisfied with the results!

"Never injure your mate's feelings," was the maxim on which dear old James Neill and his wife consummated thirty years of happiness. James was a famous character actor in silents, and died a few days after celebrating that thirtieth wedding anniversary.

Gold fillings in teeth barred actors from studios because they photographed black. Now a new sensitive film overcomes this drawback—and Hollywood dentists are jubilating!

This is the girl Charlie Chaplin discovered in England—Patricia Detering, actress and model. Sari Maritza is her stage name.

Marlena Dietrich visits the Paramount studio in France. With Marlene are Suzy Vernon and Thomy Bourdell, French players.



NEWS

Such a relief to know that Billie Dove is to return to the screen—in, of course, a Howard Hughes production. It is called "The Age for Love"—now, children, make a good guess. What is the age for love?

Paramount has been out on a juvenile signing spree. They have issued contracts to Mitzi Green, Jackie Searl, Jackie Coogan, Carman Barnes and Sylvia Sidney.

Mitzi was dragging down \$625.00 a week but now she commands \$1,250 a week. Jackie Searl's weekly stipend jumped from \$125.00 a week to \$300. Jackie Coogan is to get \$25,000 a picture. Carman Barnes, author turned actress, gets \$1,000 a week. And Sylvia Sidney, from Broadway, has a sliding wage—six months at \$500. a week; six months at \$750. a week; then a year at \$1,000; a year at \$1,500; a year at \$2,000; and a year at \$2,750. Not so bad for youngsters.

Another Cinderella story—little Sally Sweet, an unknown, sang with Eddie Cantor in Miami. Eddie thought she had beauty, personality, and everything, so he asked Samuel Goldwyn to give Sally a screen test. And now Miss Sweet may have the lead opposite Eddie in "Palmy Days." It is whispered that Rudy Vallée is sweet on Sally.

Mitzi Green is insured for \$1,000,000. It costs \$15,000 a year. The doctors said this cute kid was 100% healthy. You should see her tuck away chocolate cake!

South America is trying to lure Lupe Velez. She is turning them down—probably because Gary Cooper has to stay in Hollywood.

S. S. Van Dine, who writes the Philo Vance detective novels, has arrived in Hollywood. His "Blue Moon Murder," will be a movie.

Rennie Renfro, trainer of the Metro "Barkies," giving the canine actors their Saturday night bath. They love it!

Hollywood made a "gangster's moll" out of pretty Sylvia Sidney, from the Broadway stage. This is a scene from "City Streets," in which Sylvia makes her picture debut opposite Gary Cooper.



"An American Tragedy" was one of those books bought for the screen, but never used. Now Phillips Holmes, son of Taylor Holmes, after his success in "The Criminal Code" will play the rôle of the boy who went so bitterly wrong for such desperately natural reasons. Phil is the fastest-rising young man in pictures.

Jetta Goudal has taken to tam o'shanters, with dashing success. She wears her wedding ring on her middle finger, instead of the third like the rest of us. Trust Jetta to be unusual.

Quite an emotional experience for Dolores Costello when she faced a camera for the first time in two years.

What with her marriage to John Barrymore and the baby, Dolores has been considerably pre-occupied since talkies came in, but watch her blossom forth in "The Passionate Sonata" with Anthony Bushell.

Since Edna Best, English actress, ran away from Hollywood ditching a picture with John Gilbert, in favor of returning to her British actor husband, Herbert Marshall, and Marlene Dietrich insists upon returning to Germany after every picture to be with her actor husband and the baby, Hollywood is busy finding local jobs for foreign husbands. It's quite a lark. But MGM wants Edna and they're going to work it, just as Paramount plans to keep Marlene on the job. Those jobs for husbands will surely be forthcoming.

When a lovely young thing asked Edward Everett Horton what was the most essential asset to get into pictures, he replied that a good figure and a pretty face helped a lot but that "an influential relative is much better!"





Evalyn Knapp and John Darrow getting into the swing of the picture, "You and I," with instructions from director Robert Milton.



None of the comforts of home on this location. Ramon Novarro is seen shaving himself for his next scene in "Daybreak."

Norma Shearer says she likes drama best as it keeps her talking—nothing so difficult as comedy which depends more on facial expression. So now she is making "A Free Soul" and her next will probably be Noel Coward's "Private Lives."

Dorothy Mackaill is considered the most recklessly outspoken of all the stars and she loves to give her naughty witty tongue free range. But at that she is artful about it—Dorothy can make naughty remarks with just the right disarming expression, so that people don't know they've been hit. So, notwithstanding, Dorothy has seen stars come and go and she now occupies the most desirable bungalow on the First National lot. As a small girl, going to music and dancing lessons alone in London, Dorothy ditched the classes and got herself a job at the London Hippodrome, some days before mamma and papa knew a word about it.

Hollywood's foreign films are not proving profitable. A Norma Shearer picture with Lily Damita in the leading rôle for Paris audiences, for instance, just isn't a Shearer picture and the fans decline to be enthusiastic. So our stars will simply have to learn foreign languages. The most valuable in future will be those who can both act, look handsome, and do it in several tongues. So far Ramon Novarro and Antonio Moreno, with their Spanish pictures have proved profitable, but they pretty well stand alone. Adolphe Menjou can speak five languages—watch him soar.

So, you ambitious would-be screen luminaries, polish up on your languages!

For that matter, versatility in

Lew Cody and Harry Myers are both popular in the rôles of funny drunks—get chosen for such rôles pretty well every time. Yet both have been on the water wagon for ages—Lew for two years, Harry for six. Never take a drip. But then, you see it takes a fellow who once knew how, but is now dead sober, to be a funny drunk. Real drunks are just a nuisance on the set!

Greta Nissen ignored a speed tag, so they arrested her just like anyone else, and stuck her just about twice as big a fine. That cop cannot have really looked at Greta.

Harold Lloyd's children are to have a proper christen-



"Anyhow, it's a clean picture," remarks Wallace Beery to George Hill, his director, between scenes of "The Secret Six."



Jackie Searl, standing, and Bobby Coogan on the "Skipper" set. King Tut, the dog, is serving as sound mixer.

other lines is precious, too—a fellow like Chaplin who can act, direct, write his own stories, compose his own music, and — ahem — make his own business deals has an edge on most of them. A girl who looks lovely, acts well, sings, plays an instrument, can do either comedy or tragedy, is a good dancer—and is also capable of writing her own scenario à la this new little Carman Barnes, is bound to crow over less accomplished souls.

Even a fellow who can stutter comically, in addition to doing the things the other actors do, gets an extra bit on his salary!

ing ceremony as soon as the incubator baby Harold, Jr., is able to be out and around. It will be a double event, because Marjorie Elizabeth, the new adopted little girl, will also be officially christened and baptized at the same time. It will all take place in the Episcopal church, by the same pastor who married Mildred and Harold. Little Gloria, their own daughter, was christened by him, too. The adopted girl is named after Harold's mother, who left for Europe directly after she knew the new babe was out of danger.

Lupe Velez will appear in the stage play "Argentina" in New York, when she finishes in "The Squaw Man." In the meantime, her Gary Cooper has been warding off a nervous breakdown and may retire to his dude ranch in Montana for a good rest.

At the last Mayfair dance (an exclusive motion picture club) Mary Pickford danced a good deal with Johnny Mack Brown. No, Mrs. Brown didn't mind.

Zion Myers, brother of Carmel, who has made such a hit with his dog comedies, used to be a red-headed office boy on the *Los Angeles Times*. He's still red-headed but he has forgotten all about office boy's duties.



Olsen and Johnson, the stage and screen screams, and their midget horse in a scene from "Gold Dust Gertie."



"Junior, come down off your perch and study your lines," says director Mervyn Le Roy to William Collier, Jr.

Funny to be a raging success in a picture, yet be pretty certain she will never play in another. That is the outlook for Reri, South Sea Island maiden, leading lady in "Tabu" for Paramount. She has any amount of "it," quite a Hollywood sensation—but she is to return to tropical obscurity after the picture is finished. Anyway, that's the plan at present.

Quite an outbreak of unhappy endings in pictures these days: in "Dishonored" Dietrich is shot; in "Sven-gali" both hero and heroine die; in "Woman of the World" Bebe Daniels goes to jail. Both heroes are killed in "Public Enemy," Dick Barthelmess dies in "The Finger Points," and we know what is going to happen in "An American Tragedy."

A mid-western fan of John Barrymore wrote in, criticising his acting and remarking that John needed a haircut.

"I've played in great cities, towns, hamlets," said John, but this is the first time I have ever known the village barber to be a critic."

Of course Norma Shearer, Norma Talmadge, and Colleen Moore all married producers. Maybe Anita Page has the same idea. Anyway, she is around a good deal with Carl Laemmle, Junior. And young Carl is certainly some pumpkins as a producer these days.

Two more sad deaths are being mourned by the film colony. Director, F. W. Murnau, and Robert Edeson, stage and screen veteran.

Murnau, one of the screen's most interesting directors, had just returned from the South Seas where he had spent a year making "Tabu."



Paul Lukas displays some of his versatility—if you don't think it takes technique, try it with your cane.



Rosamond Pinchot, director George Cukor and Tallulah Bankhead on the set of "Tarnished Lady."



Phillips Holmes, his sister, Madeline, and his brother, Ralph. The handsome leading man is just "Phil" to them. "An American Tragedy" is his next, from Theodore Dreiser's sensational novel.

Just before the shooting! Director John Cromwell illustrates a bit of action for Ruth Chatterton while the slate boy registers the scene number. Mr. Cromwell is one of our ace directors.



He died of injuries received in an automobile accident when the car he was driving left the road to avoid a truck.

Robert Edeson died of a heart attack. His wife and daughter and his old friend Edmund Breese were at his bedside when the end came.

When Marie Dressler isn't working on her own lot, she visits on other sets and gives the actors a cheerio. Two of her pets are Johnny Mack Brown and Neil Hamilton—and she always wants to mother them. Any new venturers in screen work from the stage find her most helpful; she minimizes the terrors of the microphone for them and jollies them up in their blackest hours.

Little Mary Brian was having a joyous time the night they held a strictly professional pre-view of "The Front Page" at United Artists' studio—newspaper and magazine writers flocked around to congratulate her. Lewis Milestone got his share of the kudos, too, and was host at a supper party afterwards. Lewis had a hard job trying to seem modest and give all the credit for the picture to Ben Hecht and Charles McArthur, the authors. None of your "Once in a Lifetime" stuff for those authors—Hollywood is theirs.

Marie Dressler entertained lavishly for half a dozen studio press agents recently. And she didn't

have to, since she gets any amount of good publicity anyway, and besides, the studio boys adore boosting her. It must be that she loves them for themselves alone!

We've had horse pictures, dog pictures, monkey pictures (à la "Rango") and now Educational is screening "A Fowl Affair." This portrays the romance between a Plymouth Rock rooster and a white Leghorn hen. A white Mallard duck is the villain of the play. A red rooster is the sheriff, and ducks fill such rôles as a smuggler, a vegetable peddler, a maid, and several cops.

Universal City celebrated its sixteenth anniversary as a picture studio. When Carl Laemmle founded it Henry Ford and Thomas Edison helped with the dedicating ceremonies in 1915. Universal was the very first studio in California, and at one time there were forty-two companies working on the lot. It has turned out over a thousand full-length pictures and shorts galore. The studio grounds cover over 300 acres.

Did you know that Monroe Owsley was once an opera critic in Philadelphia?

That Ricardo Cortez was once general manager of a new York Shipping Company?

That Lew Cody was once a drug store clerk?

That Lawrence Grant was adopted by the Black-foot Indians as a tribesman when he visited their country to get pictures for a lecture?

That one of the best cam-



Picture without words! Six-year-old Jackie Cooper, who plays the title rôle of Percy Crosby's "Skippy," outside Clara's dressing-room. You can write your own caption.

eramen in Hollywood is James Wong Howe, a Chinaman?

That Ina Claire's brother, Allan Fagan, is a director?

That the "sinful" city of Hollywood has 43 churches, 20 schools, and branches of the Y. M. C. A., Boy Scouts, etc?

Norman Kerry is godfather galore to the children of all his servants, past and present. The latest is Norman Kerry Togakawa, son of his Japanese gardener.

Evelyn Knapp, who once packed Christmas cards for a living, soars apace in Hollywood. She's a lovely thing and has the prettiest teeth in all film-land. You'll like her in the George Arliss film, "The Millionaire."

Irving Thalberg carries snapshots of his baby around and makes everyone admire the little son Norma Shearer presented him with.

Louise Brooks returns to the screen in "It Pays to Advertise" and "The Public Enemy." Louise is another girl who felt the talkies had defeated her. Now she hops back into a leading rôle.

Even if Corinne Griffith's voice doesn't seem to register so well, she looked gorgeous in a blue evening gown to match her eyes at a George Arch-ainbaud party. Her spouse, Walter Morosco, is now producing pictures at Columbia. Walter used to sell hot-water heaters, even if papa was a theatrical producer. As Corinne told us when she married him, "They were very good heaters!"

After departing from Hollywood when her contract with Paramount was concluded, Pola Negri is being tempted back to American films by RKO. We missed our Pola, she was always good for copy. No one was ever so frank about love affairs, for instance. We knew when it was Charlie, when it was Rod LaRocque, when it was Valentino, when it was Bill Haines, and just what Pola's reactions to these gentlemen's methods of love-making were. When it was Serge Mdvani, however, we were to understand it was forever and ever. He, it seemed, met all the requirements. But now Serge is married to Mary McCormic, since Pola shed him in Paris.

Pola has never played in talkies, but she's an intensely capable person



Maurice Chevalier with his arms full of beautiful femininity—blonde Miriam Hopkins and brunette Claudette Colbert. This is a scene from "The Smiling Lieutenant" which is directed by Ernst Lubitsch.

and will probably weather any terrors the mike may offer. Anyway, she is coming back.

When Will Rogers appeared at the studio driving a small roadster instead of the usual swanky car, he explained that at his house the guy who got up first snatched the best car. That day daughter Mary had swiped Will's regular car, and Mrs. Rogers had annexed the grand one she gave Will for Christmas to trot off to Palm Springs in and so dad just meekly took what was left.

Talking about cars, Adolphe Menjou used to drive a disreputable old Ford

when he was at the top of his glory in silent films. Later, when things weren't going so well, Adolphe emerged into greater grandeur. Now that he is back, shining triumphantly in talkies, behold the return of the shabby car! It's something or other in psychology.

When Mary Astor was in the midst of a passionate love scene with Ricardo Cortez, and the cameras were grinding away, a wicked little house-fly alighted on Mary's nose. Of course the entire shot was ruined. Now it transpires that nasty little flies can cost the studios as much as \$5000 a day, when they fly into camera range just because of the necessity for re-takes.

Ronald Colman is a wonder at card tricks and kept the party amused at the Dick Barthelmess home recently. That and tennis proved the entertainment of the day. Gloria Swanson, in black velvet with a red coatee, and Corinne Griffith in black crêpe, were two of the charmers looking completely entrancing. Gloria's latest picture is called "Obey that Impulse."

Tony Moreno has only played in Spanish versions since talkies came in, but the fans have been so complimentary that Tony will now play in "The Night Court" for Paramount. Tony married a charming widow, Mrs. Daisy Danziger, several years ago, and so acquired a delightful flapper daughter and a handsome young son right off the bat. Tony is adored by the step-children, who make him do their dares in the swimming pool, help with their Spanish, and dance at their flapper parties.

Did you know that Maureen O'Sullivan owns a chicken ranch in Dublin?



Mrs. Johnny Mack Brown and her father, Judge Foster of Alabama, come to visit Johnny at the studio.

The house of Myrurgia at Barcelona, Spain, makes enticing perfumes, soaps, creams, powders, sachets and other beauty products—all utterly fascinating.



Von Miklos

The TRUTH about COSMETICS

By Mary Lee

I'VE had perfumes from France and perfumes from Araby. I've had eau de colognes from Germany and scented soaps from England, but never until this month have I had perfumes and powders and scents and the most indescribable creams from Spain.

Get set for a rave, for this is going to be a real one, and as sincere as a baby's dislike of creamed spinach!

The perfumes, soaps, creams, powders, sachets and every other enticement you could think of are made by the house of Myrurgia at Barcelona, Spain. It is, so far as I can find out, the first attempt of a Spanish firm to invade the already crowded beauty market, but I would certainly like to advise other Spanish firms to come on in too if they can put out things as utterly, devastatingly fascinating as these Myrurgia products.

They have, to begin with, the most alluring names. One scent, which goes throughout the powder-cream-cologne-soap-perfume stages, is called "Maja," which you pronounce "Maha" which is Spanish for flapper. It has a heavy and insinuating scent, this Maja, with an amber-base, and is dandy if you like amber perfumes. I don't very often. But that's a matter of taste.

Another is "Maderas de Oriente" which means woods of the orient, and in order to prove it to you, has a stick of very rare wood plump in the center of it! It is strong and powerful, and as you might suspect, very woodsy.

There are next four divine flower odeurs—Orgia, which means orgy, just as you'd suspect but which is a delicate, floral bouquet just the same; Flor de Blason, which is a heavier perfume but delightful; Surpiro de Granada, meaning breath of Granada, that lovely Spanish city, a very worldly flower scent; and Clavel, a carnation fragrance, which was my own particular favorite since it smelled totally unlike any other perfume I've ever sniffed.

All these come in the most delightful, almost humorous packages. The creams, for example, are in tiny glass jars, as delicate as Venetian glass and just as

charming. I fully expect to use mine for holding salted nuts and such like, when the cream gets out of them. The creams, too, are tinted in heavenly shades. None of that commonplace white business for this firm.

The Maderas de Oriente comes in a funny little brown wooden box with blue and green woolen tassels all over it. It makes you feel as excited as a two-year-old on Christmas morning. This perfume is \$12.50 the bottle, and the powder \$4.00 the box.

The soaps are fifty cents a cake but as they have been aged for several months—eight months, the company says—before being put on the market they really resemble an economy. And the way those soaps do scent you up! In case you don't know the value between "new" soap and "old," old is that unbelievable kind that never gets gobs of soap jelly all over it, when you leave it in your tub, but which stays beautifully dry always.

None of this Myrurgia line is inexpensive. You can get a small bottle of Maja perfume for \$3.50 and a larger one for \$6.00. You can also pay \$30.00 for the breath of Granada. But honestly, if any perfume is worth such prices—and good perfumes are always expensive—this Myrurgia line deserves your attention. And just the sheer amusement of seeing these charming, utterly different containers dressing your dressing table seems to me worth more than half the price.

Coming back to France from that Spanish tour I'd like to point out to you M. Coty's newest contribution to the girl with the delicate nose. Coty has invented a perfume gadget called "The Diadem" and a little darling it is, too. It is a sort of holder, very much like the "lazy Susan" affairs people used to have on their dining room tables. You remember those things that whirled around, don't you, holding salt and pepper on one side, and catsup, mustard or what have you on the other. Well, the "Diadem" is arranged like that.

It holds five medium-sized bottles of (Continued on page 122)



Coty has invented a perfume gadget called "The Diadem"—holding Coty's different perfumes.

Louise Fazenda is always looking for an excuse for a picnic. It means impromptu fun, but not so impromptu food. For Louise has recipes for the most delicious sandwiches and the most tempting devilled eggs you ever tasted!



Picnicking With Louise Fazenda

Guests at the popular comedienne's picnics always have the most fun—and the best food! Save Miss Fazenda's sandwich recipes

By
Blanche Meredith

THERE is the fabulous phoenix bird said to rise from its own ashes to live again.

And there is the very real Louise Fazenda who views the ruins of her fire-razed Malibu beach cottage from the cool shelter of a neighbor's garden, planning the new construction—and picnicking meanwhile.

Louise Fazenda is always looking for an excuse for a picnic. If it isn't the anniversary of something—or other for her husband and herself, or their immediate families, a perfectly legitimate reason for a celebration can usually be found. Louise is just a picnic hound.

Maybe the next door neighbor boy surprised both himself and his parents by not "flunking" the semester at school. Hurray! We'll have a picnic.

Or Louise has a day off and takes the neighborhood ladies motoring to the beach with her while she discusses plans for the new sea-side home with her architect. Fine! An impromptu picnic.

Or the little daughter of a friend is recovering from an illness and a day of ocean air and sun will do her good. Voila! A *pique-nique*!

So Louise consults Anastasia in her kitchen. Luncheon baskets are teetered off high perches on top shelves. Cupboards are opened and shut with a great bustling. And out of the delightful maelstrom on such a day as this Louise finally emerges with arms laden. The engine of her big sedan whirs, and the picnic has started.

When there are children in the party, Louise always includes a basket of "Diploma Sandwiches." These are made from whole wheat bread, cut very thin, and tied with a bit of ribbon. They can be merely bread and butter sandwiches or can be spread with a thin layer of cream cheese, jelly, ham, or any other sandwich filling.

There is a little ceremony that goes with the distribution of these "Diploma Sandwiches." Louise, looking as much like a high school superintendent and a dignified college president as possible, proffers each child one of the sandwiches, with this remark:

"After four hours of patient waiting, ahem—I present you with this diploma. I hope you will make good use of it and honor your *alma mater*."

Youngsters always give a little crow of delight when they see these sandwiches, says Louise, and it's worth the extra work in preparing them.

"It's most fun to chew these diploma sandwiches from both ends, slipping off the ribbon when you come to the center."

Another kind of sandwich that will please children is called the "Witch's Sandwich." Louise gives its preparation as follows:

Cut out slices of white bread with a round cutter. Have an equal number of slices of Boston brown bread. Butter the white bread. With a thimble, press out circles for eyes in the brown bread. With a sharp knife, make a small triangle for the nose in the brown bread and a slit to represent the mouth. Spread a little orange marmalade on the

(Continued on page 100)



Here's the hostess, la Fazenda, the most beloved comedienne on the screen, presiding at one of her very popular picnics.



ASK ME!

Big Boy Bickford is busy again, having signed a new contract with M-G-M. Here he is between pictures with Mrs. Bickford. You'll be seeing Charles in Cecil DeMille's "The Squaw Man."

Answering your questions about
screen plays and players

By Miss Vee Dee

BICKFORD FAN. There, there—it's all right! Your boy friend, big Charlie Bickford, is working again and regularly. He said for a while there he didn't care if he ever made another picture; but apparently he changed his mind, for he is performing, and quite docilely, too, for Leo the Metro Lion. You'll see Bickford in "The Squaw Man" with Lupe Velez, Warner Baxter, and Eleanor Boardman.

Johnny W. And still they come—queries about Clara. Clara Gordon Bow was born July 29, 1905. Evelyn Brent, whose real name is Betty Riggs, was born in 1899. Joan Crawford, March 23, 1908. Dolores Del Rio, Aug. 3, 1905. Colleen Moore, Aug. 8, 1904; and Norma Shearer, Aug. 10, 1904.

Alice K. You thought I was a "wow" in "Wings," did you? Please pardon the correction but I did not appear in "Wings"—that was two other pretty girls. But to give you the low-down, I'm not an actress, except incidentally. Jack Holt appears in "The Last Parade" with Constance Cummings and Tom Moore. The addresses you asked for will be found in the Write to the Stars Department in this issue.

Etta F. More good old pie and slapstick comedies and less murder and gangster pictures if you had your say about the production end of the business—hurrah and a hoop-de-do for you! Joan Crawford's given name is pronounced as one syllable—Joan. Norma Shearer's new picture, "Strangers May Kiss," will have been released before you read this. Playing with her will be Irene Rich, Marjorie Rambeau, Neil Hamilton and Robert Montgomery.

Corinne of Newark. Charles Delaney's wife is Mary Meek, a professional. He entered pictures in 1923 after working in stock and vaudeville. One of Charles' latest releases is "Millie" with Helen



Richard Dix, one of our handsomest he-man heroes, has that outdoors complexion and the physique of a football player.

Twelvetrees, Lilyan Tashman and Robert Ames. Charles was born Aug. 4, 1907, in New York City.

Nancy H. Sorry to disappoint you but I'm not a male grouch, I'm not waiting for a street car, do not say "and how" and believe it or not, I'm just a little rich girl, poor but honest, trying to get along. You can write to Cecil Blount DeMille at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Billie of B. C. So I'm funny, am I? That's far too mild a word, but don't blame me for the stock market or the price of spinach. If you must have the exact age of Charles Rogers, he is 25 years and about 10 months old when you read this—his birthday was Aug. 13, 1905. He has black hair and brown eyes and he plays with Frances Dee and Stuart Irwin in "Along Came Youth."

A Dominion Girl. Billie Dove's latest release was "The Lady Who Dared," from the story, "The Devil's Playground," by Kenneth J. Saunders. Appearing with Billie were Sidney Blackmer and Conway Tearle. She is one of the screen's most beautiful women and is a charming person to meet. She has hazel eyes, brown hair, is 5 feet 5 inches tall and was 28 years old on May 14 of the present year. Swimming, riding and golf are her favorite pastimes when not engaged in screen work. Her next film will be for the Howard Hughes Company.

Betty from N. J. You ask Bebe Daniels' director to put her in a series of college pictures where she gets her man—doesn't Bebe always get her man, I ask you? She is 30 years old, has black hair and eyes, is 5 feet 5 inches tall and weighs 120 pounds. She is happily married to Ben Lyon. Her new pictures are "Reaching for the Moon" with Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.; and "My Past" with Joan Blondell, Ben Lyon and Lewis Stone. (Continued on page 128)

You'll find the stars' addresses on Page 114. Turn to Page 110 for the casts of current films. Please consult these services before asking questions. Thank you!

"Keep the lure of Youth!"

SAYS
RICHARD
DIX

R.K.O. Radio Pictures'
Star



IRENE DUNNE, R. K. O., says of white Lux Toilet Soap: "For very smooth skin, Lux Toilet Soap is wonderful."

*Learn the Complexion Secret
nine out of ten lovely
Screen Stars know*

"THE woman who wants to keep her charm must keep her youth!" says Richard Dix... star of R.K.O.'s production, "Cimarron."

"And certainly there seems to be no reason these days to lose this endearing charm! Every day here in Hollywood I meet actresses no longer young as birthdays go, but still radiantly attractive."

The fascinating stars do know the secret of growing lovelier each year.

"Regular care with fragrant Lux Toilet Soap is the secret," they will tell you. "This lovely white soap keeps skin youthfully aglow."

Lux Toilet Soap is found in theaters everywhere. It is *official* in all film studios, for 605 of the 613 important screen actresses use it!



ESTELLE TAYLOR says: "Every woman wants beautiful skin but a star must have it. Lux Toilet Soap is a boon to me."

Youth LUX Toilet Soap..10¢

Picture Parties—Continued from page 64

all came," recounted Edna May, "when the parachute became entangled in the tail surfaces, when I stayed out on a wing in a hundred-mile gale, trying to cut the parachute loose. Finally when I was exhausted and there was still a cord or two to cut, I got so tired I had to give up or be blown off, and then—I prayed! And the cords loosened themselves and we were saved!"

Billy Haines, blithe and debonair, arrived just then, and delivered himself of a wisecrack or two, amusing as ever. The party stops, looks, and listens when Bill comes in.

Lowell Sherman and Helene Costello came in soon, and Helene declared she wanted to learn to fly.

Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon came, too. Bebe herself is some sort of courtesy flying officer or other, and really knows how to run a plane. She is expecting to solo any day now and probably has done so before this gets into print. She and Ben hope to take a flying trip one of these days.

Jetta Goudal arrived looking pretty in black and wearing a black hat with a brim and trimmed with feathers. She and her artist husband, Harold Grieve, seem very happy.

Hugh Trevor and John Roche were among the guests, John arriving with Lady Cleaver, whose father is Minister of Finance in Ireland. She and the Honorable Mrs. Victor Bruce are flying around the world in opposite directions and have met in Los Angeles. Mrs. Bruce was to have been present too, but had been delayed in San Francisco on account of bad weather. However, we found out afterward that the two flyers had tea together the next day, along with Edna May and Bobbie.

"Mrs. Bruce," Lady Cleaver told us, "has installed a dictaphone in her plane, her husband having told her she would never be happy unless she could talk!"

Walter Pigeon was there, and Thelma Worth, Betty Compson's cousin, Benny and June Rubin, Howard Greer and a dozen others.

Edna May's and Bobbie's plans include a vaudeville trip for both and quite probably a picture or two, for Edna May at least.

Miss Cooper was a picture actress before doing aviation stunts, you know. She and Betty Compson have been friends ever since the old Lasky days.

We drank deep of the demon tea as we listened to the adventures and plans of Betty's guests of honor, and am afraid that we overstayed the conventional tea hour, we were so charmed.

I MUST confess that Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue* had always sounded to me like a crazy man's idea of grand opera, but all the same I, together with everybody else, was anxious to meet this genius and see what makes the wheels go round. We always imagine we shall find out, but we never do, what it is that is the main-spring of genius.

So when Leonard Sillman, writer and actor of Hollywood, invited Patsy and me to a Sunday afternoon tea given in honor of George Gershwin and his brother Ira, we were very keen to go.

But, alas, the genius was laid low with the flu at the last moment, and it was too late for Leonard to call off his party. However, Ira was a lot of consolation, especially as he is a very charming person, and George sent a nice little letter of regrets.

Our host lives in one of those artistic

Hollywood apartments, that is half studio, half residence, and as he is a lover of statuary, he has many beautiful pieces, besides rare paintings and tapestries brought from abroad.

An especially intriguing object, or rather pair of objects, were two swinging gates, exquisite Italian hand-wrought grilles, representing leaves on a trellis, which were placed in the arched doorway between the drawing room and dining room, and which had been brought from Europe by our host. The gates were carved of wood, but bronzed in some way like copper, and so delicately wrought that you fairly seemed to see the leaves trembling in a breeze.

Suddenly, we caught sight of Mary Miles Minter, and forgot all about every-



Spanish Conchita Montenegro. She is new to Hollywood but one of the most popular and beautiful girls on the cinema coast.

thing else, it had been so long since we had seen her.

Mary was looking very beautiful. She weighs a hundred and thirty-six now, she says, although a few months ago she weighed something like a hundred and seventy.

She told us that she is going on the stage as soon as she finds the right play. It seems that she has offers from both New York and Los Angeles managers. You remember, probably, that she was a child actress on the stage before she became a picture star at the age of fourteen.

Ramon Novarro was there. He had come in his make-up, right from the studio; had been working all night, he said, and was very tired; but when he met his old friend, Frances Beranger, daughter of Clara Beranger, the writer, he pepped up at once for a nice little chat over in a corner.

We spotted an interesting looking man who had just come in, and found out that

he was Prince Jean Chica of Roumania, who has been sent by his country to represent and study aviation. He is at present making an air trip from Budapest to Cape Town, South Africa. This is considered the most difficult air voyage in the world, and Patsy and I got a great thrill as his dark eyes flashed over the remark that "there is a possibility I may never reach my goal!"

Grace LaRue, Laura La Plante, Leni Stengel and all the other charming lady guests were simply hanging on the aviator's words, while just for once the masculine picture stars were being a bit neglected.

Edgar Selwyn, noted playwright, theatrical producer and now motion picture director, brought his lovely wife, who was once on the stage, but who turned producer last year in New York. It does seem too bad that the stage should lose her beauty and vivacity.

Hale Hamilton was among the guests, and King Baggot, the Sisters G, Julianne Johnston—who, by the way, told us she is going to London to dance at the Kit-Kat Club—Mr. and Mrs. Robert Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. Regis Toomey, Mildred Harris, ZaSu Pitts, Lola Lane, Lew Ayers, Tom Douglas, Jobyna Howland, Gavin Gordon, Catherine Dale Owen, Horace Liveright, Sue Carol, Nick Stuart, Richard Cromwell, Mr. and Mrs. James Gleason, John Murray Anderson, and a score of others.

The guests simply overflowed the big rooms, but there was such a spirit of enthusiastic friendliness and interest and pleasure in the gathering, all attributable to our charming host, that nobody minded; indeed, those who did it seemed to enjoy finding seats on cushions on the floor.

We chatted with Ramon Novarro during the buffet tea which was served, and he told us about his first radio work.

"I was all right from my neck up, but my legs were trembling so I could hardly stand," he laughed.

Micho Ito, the noted Japanese dancer, was there with his beautiful American wife. They have two children and are very happy, but when she was first married, we learned, her family were angry and turned her out.

"But inside of two weeks my family met my husband and at once took him to their hearts," his wife smiled.

After tea there was some delightful entertainment. Ramon Novarro sang Spanish songs, Leonard Sillman gave some humorous songs and a dance; Mildred Harris sang two numbers most pleasingly, and the Sisters G sang and danced a couple of cute little numbers and were very amusing.

FOR once a Spanish house in Hollywood is really occupied by Spaniards, and a Spanish party is to be given by the people in it!" exclaimed Patsy, as she glanced up from a letter she had just received, as we were having tea at her bungalow.

"Jose Crespo is giving a party for Conchita Montenegro. Jose, you know, stars in all the Spanish versions of the pictures in which John Gilbert appears."

Jose was giving the party in honor of Conchita's birthday, and it was a Saint's birthday, too; which made it all the more appropriate for our hosts to serve a huge cake, as is done in Spain, filled with all sorts of good luck emblems.

Later that cake was to turn out to be rather dramatic as a prop, but at the time it promised only romance and fun.

THIS TOOTHPASTE

**KEEPS MORE PEOPLE'S
TEETH CLEAN THAN ANY OTHER
DENTIFRICE IN THE WORLD—AND
HAS FOR OVER 30 YEARS . . .**

yet sells for **25c**



See if the seal of
acceptance is on
the toothpaste
you buy

COLGATE'S has *health-fully* and *completely* cleansed more people's teeth than any other toothpaste the world has ever known.

Colgate's has been more universally recommended by dentists through the years than any other dentifrice ever made.

And now—climaxing 30 years of leadership—Colgate's has been accepted by the American Dental Association, Council on

Dental Therapeutics. The seal signifies that the composition of the product has been submitted to the Council and that the claims have been found acceptable to the Council.

Colgate's sells for 25 cents because more people use it than any other make. The price is important—but the quality, not the price, has held Colgate leadership for 30 years.

COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

When you write to advertisers please mention SCREENLAND.

Jose Crespo, handsome and dashing as ever, hastened forward to bid us a cordial welcome, as we came in through the great door of the house, with its veranda which looked out over the city with its million twinkling lights.

Scores of people already were in the big drawing room, but as Patsy glanced up at the graceful, winding stairway, decorated with its gay Spanish shawls, she gasped. Down its steps came a lovely, slim figure.

"It's Conchita!" she whispered. "But just for the moment I felt as if we were really back in the old Spanish days of the dons, especially with Conchita wearing that billowing skirt."

As a matter of fact, nobody had worn a Spanish shawl to the party, however, except Patsy!

Señorita Montenegro speaks very good English, and is brightly witty despite all the dramatic rôles she plays.

Dolores Del Rio was among the gay guests, looking prettier than ever since her illness. Cedric Gibbons, her handsome husband, was with her. They are tremendously in love, you can easily see.

We asked her when she was going to return to work, but she said, with a look at her husband that might easily turn any man's head:

"I'm not thinking of work now. I'm thinking only of love!"

Then her husband finished for her: "We are still honeymooning, you see. Or maybe you might say we are just beginning to honeymoon. My wife has been ill ever since we have been married"—Dolores turned a sad smile to him. "But Dolores was a lovely bride all the time she was in the hospital," went on her husband with gay fondness. "She never did look the least bit sick."

Dolores told us that she wanted her husband to learn to speak Spanish, but he said that he was afraid he couldn't learn. However, he is picking up a word here and there in spite of himself.

Ramon Novarro was there, and Don Alvarado, Ramon having brought his pretty sister, Carmen, whom he won't let to go into pictures, although she has had offers, and his brother, Antonio Samaniego; and other guests included Raquel Torres and her sister Renée, Dorothy Jordan, Alma Real, the Spanish prima donna; and two score of Spanish players now working in Spanish versions of pictures.

Many guests had brought gifts for Conchita, and after she had opened them supper was served.

And then it was time to cut the big cake!

What fun there was as we bit charily but hopefully into our slices, expecting to find a little good luck piece, but hoping not to choke on it!

Raquel Torres nearly swallowed her little lucky piece, which was a tiny replica of the three sacred Japanese mon-keys made of amber. Renée Torres found a tiny gold cross in her cake, and Dolores Del Rio found a half-guinea English gold piece, while other guests discovered tiny rings, and somebody discovered a gold wishbone.

Dolores had cut the cake, and we told her that she, being a banker's daughter, had been able to craftily page the money!

Some way Conchita disappeared, but we paid no attention at the moment, and in the meantime Mrs. Fernando Mignoni, who is a gypsy, and who deserted her clan to be wed, danced a real gypsy dance, with the only music accompanying her the castenet-like finger snapping of guests. It was weird and charming and graceful. Alma Real sang some lovely Spanish songs, and after that there was dancing.

Suddenly Conchita's sister appeared dramatically with a telegram in her hand. She was very white. Conchita had gone home and was wiring that she was ill!

There was a deal of telephoning, but it was learned that nothing serious was the matter—only Conchita feared she had swallowed the little gold four-leaf-clover in her piece of cake!

Next day we met her at the studio, however, rosy and smiling as ever.

Picnicking with Louise Fazenda—Continued from page 95

under side of the brown bread face and place on top of the white bread. The effect is that of a round brown face, with white eyes, nose, and mouth where the butter shows through.

The only drawback to such a sandwich is that they are so interesting to look at that all eating proceedings are held up until the guests decide whether to eat them or take them home as a souvenir! Variations to this sandwich can be had by making some of the mouths smiling, others scowling, and changing the shapes of eyes and nostrils.

One sandwich that Miss Fazenda always includes in her picnic baskets is:

The Sweet Sandwich

The following proportions will make sufficient filling for twenty little sandwiches.

- 1/3 cup soft butter
- 1/2 cup chopped dates
- 1/4 cup chopped figs
- 1/4 cup chopped prunes
- 3 tbs. cream
- 1/8 teasp. salt

Arrange slices of bread in pairs. Mix the chopped fruits with the butter, salt and cream. Stir until the mixture is soft and creamy. When sandwiches have been filled, wrap them in a dampened tea towel until the rest of the picnic luncheon is prepared.

Of course, there are devilled eggs packed away in one corner of a basket. With them Louise likes to serve crisp crackers, or tiny biscuits.

Here is her recipe for making the diminutive biscuits:

- 2 1/2 cups pastry flour
- 5 tsp. baking powder
- 1/4 teasp. salt
- 5 tbs. butter
- 1 cup milk
- 2 tbs. sugar

Mix flour, baking powder and salt. Sift. Cut in butter with a knife until well mixed. Add milk slowly until soft dough is formed. Place on floured board and pat into small mounds. Drop on buttered pans. Mix the sugar with a little milk and spread on top of each biscuit. Bake for 15 minutes.

Devilled Eggs

Remove shells from hard boiled eggs. Cut in two, lengthwise. Remove yolks. For nine eggs, use the following proportion of ingredients:

- 1/2 cup mayonnaise
- 1 tsp. salt
- 1/8 teasp. paprika
- 1/2 tbs. chopped parsley
- 1/2 tsp. chopped green pepper
- 3 pimento-stuffed olives chopped fine

Mix thoroughly with yolks and stuff. Wrap in oiled paper.

The ideal salad for picnic days is one called "The Summer Salad." Louise says it is most refreshing for outdoor serving.

- 3 cups shredded cabbage
- 1 cup shredded lettuce
- 2 cups diced pineapple
- 1 cup red cherries
- 2 tsp. salt
- 1/2 tsp. paprika
- 1/4 tsp. celery salt
- 1 cup mayonnaise or any salad dressing preferred

Mix all ingredients except dressing, which can be added just before serving.

A big platter of chocolate cookies rounds off the menu. And if you would see smiles of contentment settle over the faces of your guests at this last course, Miss Fazenda suggests:

Chocolate Bodies

- 1/2 cup fat
- 1 1/3 cups sugar
- 2 eggs
- 4 tbs. milk
- 2 squares chocolate, melted
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 2 1/2 cups flour
- 1/8 tsp. salt
- 3 tsp. baking powder

Cream the fat. Add eggs and sugar. Beat for two minutes. Add milk, melted chocolate and vanilla. Next add all dry ingredients, which have been mixed and sifted together. Drop from the end of a spoon on greased baking pan, spacing about 2 inches apart. Sprinkle top of each cookie with finely chopped walnuts and almonds. Bake for 15 minutes in a moderate oven.

In that drowsily pleasant hour between luncheon and a swim in the surf, Louise will mentally reconstruct the seashore haven where so many picnic parties have been held in the past. The new home will be under construction soon and there are many gay plans for the summer.

"The kitchen will be started first," declares Louise. "I don't care how long I have to make a bivouac under the stars until my bedroom is finished. But a picnic is so much more fun if there is an honest-to-goodness kitchen stove near by to warm up a final social cup of coffee."

And all the time Louise is talking she will be moving nearer the charred mass that was once a beautiful home, pointing out the proposed location of a sink there and a bedroom window overlooking the Pacific here.

Her friends say that the only reason Louise doesn't simulate the phoenix more completely and lay her picnic cloth right on top of the beloved beach house site is that she is afraid the children will get cinders in their eyes and she herself prefers to include charcoal in her diet in a more subtle form!

The Stage in Review

Continued from page 87

the season in "As Husbands Go." It's a laugh-epidemic from the beginning to the end. John Golden has cast it to the queen's.

A married woman and her widowed friend, both from Dubuque, shake a wild leg in Paris and bring back to Dubuque an English writer—for the married woman—and an international gigolo of an elderly and monocled breed for the widow. The husband is the town banker-Babbitt, but also a wise guy. The drunken scene between England and Iowa is a perfect work of the comic art.

The widow keeps her Boulevard pick-up and marries him. But the English lover likes the husband so well that he streaks it back to London, sinless and conscience-clean.

The dialogue snaps like a Bismarck her-ring. If it wasn't for a bit of a let-down in the third act, I should pronounce "As Husbands Go" a little masterpiece.

Catherine Doucet, gurgling, bouncy, mock-satiric and mock-stupid by turns, was the main works, with Lily Cahill and Jay Fasset as the wife and husband perfect seconds. No one can tell Miss Crothers how to write a play.

"Napi"

Napi is the pet boudoir name of La George, of the *Comédie Française*, for Napoleon, the fellow, as you remember, who continually got his military It mixed up with his primordial It.

Ernest Truex, who plays a double for Napoleon in order to get him out of his trouble with La George, is a funny picture and decants a great many laughs out of the audience, especially in the bedroom scene in the second act. Truex is a fine comedian—he has gusto and a chirrup in his voice and motions.

The play itself is hopelessly thin and bodiless. A corkingly comic idea, there isn't enough action or dialogue to stretch it out for three acts. But Truex as a fake Napoleon is worth the price.

The Misses Frieda Inescourt and Peggy Shannon decorated the stage.

"Privilege Car"

A circus story that is overloaded with color, character and humor, but that wabbles, creaks and flounders in the telling like a bank examiner before a District Attorney.

Foran and Keefe, the authors, have laid their piece in the restaurant car of a travelling American circus—there's the handy shoplifter, the dopey dip, the trapeze performer, who is stooling for another circus, the clean cornet-player, and a lot of other rough-and-tumbles who are well-drilled and quite recognizable.

Paul Guilfoyle, Harry Tyler, William Foran and Lee Patrick get prizes for their acting in this show that will make a rousing picture for the not too-arty zones. But the authors try to tell us too many stories in three acts.

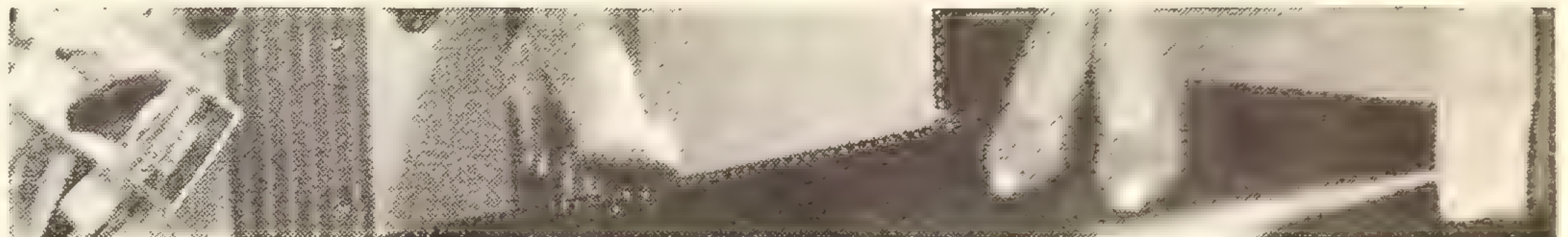
"A Woman Denied"

Mary Nash is good Old Original Sin to the bitter end in this lurid pash play from the Italian of Gennaro Curci.

The yarn runs this way: An artist has a Barbara lying around his studio for art purposes only. But she's on the make by nature and always at It. Nay, nay, says Paolo Vanni (McKay Morris). But it looks as if he couldn't stand the electronic



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tug much longer. *Barbara* nearly has *Paolo* ulriched when the brother steps in to save the wife and baby from what the *Times* would call "undue notoriety."

Well, the brother gets almost tumbled, too, when *Barbara*—flaming with what Buddha calls Desire—necks a shepherd, who eventually chokes her to death while they are both posing for *Paolo*.

I've seen all this before somewhere—was it in *Ouida* or *Archibald Claverling Gunther*?

Miss Nash was good, however; but such caloric rôles must tell on her eventually. The rest were merely g-nashing 'round.

"Give Me Yesterday"

The pediculous drama of Broadway received another solid thumb-crack in Charles Hopkins' production of A. A. Milne's "Give Me Yesterday," a superb play, beautifully produced and acted with rare skill.

It is a satire on Success. In the second

act there is a fine dream scene where *Mannock*, a member of the British Cabinet, becomes a boy again, meets the "Buteus Maiden" and the real flesh-and-blood *Sally* of his boyhood. He discovers he has sold his soul for social and political advancements. The real *Mannock* no longer exists. Resolved to can the whole fake show of his life, he is elevated to be Chancellor of the Exchequer at the moment he is about to return to *Sally*. He surrenders. The real *Mannock* is dead. *Vive la Fake!*

It is a great play with satire and sentiment mixed in exactly fifty-fifty doses, as is proper. Sylvia Field as *Sally* is the most beautiful apparition you ever dreamed of in your most romantic youth. Louis Calhern is a perfect Success-boob. Gladys Hanson is a handsome and vivid *Lady Mannock*.

It is going to be a Prize AA picture some day. It would be nice to see Sylvia Field in the rôle of *Sally* in the screen version. Meanwhile, see this perfect play.

"The Gang's All Here"

Here was something that Russel Crouse aimed at that looked like a bull's eye. But too many people handled the gun, or it was overloaded, maybe. Anyhow, "The Gang's All Here" exploded all over the lot.

It is intended to be a satire on our gang warfare. It becomes a burlesque, almost slap-sticky. There is a rich guy to be knocked off. Of course there's a "goil," too. Atlantic City and Nantucket are the places where these musical comedy gangsters cavort, headed by Ted Healy, who has a smile that would melt to laughter the Great God Cal.

Gina Malo has a hand in the matter as well as Zelma O'Neal. But it is Hal LeRoy, a kid of seventeen, who dances off with the show. Some ankle-shaker!—the latest "find." Lewis E. Gensler wrote what is known as the music, Oscar Hammerstein and Morrie Ryskind directed, and the ballet was staged by Tilly Losch.

Just Fine and Landi—Continued from page 34

whole world in those words. Two very ordinary words, but *Catherine* puts into them everything she would give to her lover. I hardly believe Mr. Hemingway imagined half as much in those words when he wrote it. But each of us building up the part, adding to it, brought more depth and beauty to the character. No. I would rather have someone else act any rôles I might write. Though I doubt if I could do a movie story. The things I write are not very plotful."

Well, what sort of parts do you yearn to do? Dramatic? Ibsen, perhaps? No one has done Ibsen on the screen.

"Ibsen," thoughtfully. "What would you suggest? 'The Dolls' House'? But that could only be done in costume, as a period play. It was, after all, propaganda for the enfranchisement of women. Ibsen is too 'dated'. Shakespeare isn't. He didn't try to point a moral. Ibsen did. 'Hedda Gabler' might be nice to do. Yes, I think I *should* like to do *Hedda*—but when I am older in pictures. I think a part like that should belong to someone like Greta Garbo."

Ah, Greta Garbo! Someone has been

murmuring about Elissa Landi being Fox's Garbo. She might be. Who knows? She's tall, blonde, intense, with amazing green eyes. An English girl—who yet was born in Venice and claims Austrian heritage. That almost makes her a good American, doesn't it? She played in films on the Continent, in England. She played with Lars Hansen in Swedish pictures. With Adolphe Menjou in a French film. Played the lead in "The Storm" in London. Appeared in "Lavender Ladies," "The Constant Nymph." All in all, her career has been seven years long—she's now twenty-four!

She played in several films written by Elinor Glyn—the perpetrator of it, remember? Madame Glyn declared Elissa was the typical English girl, but Elissa smiles about it. She doesn't think she is. The typical English girl is solid, rather large, calm—and well, nothing at all like Landi.

But with her very nice and authentic English accent, how can she help but play English girls?

Elissa doesn't like things just because they are fashionable. She thinks Beverly

Hills is less than nothing. Imagine! Like some clerk's suburban heaven in England, only there are dozens of rosebushes in Beverly Hills front yards, instead of one. It's quite ordinary. Stereotyped. Little homes in the hills that ramble up and down are something else again. She finds Hollywood artificial, adolescent and sophisticated, all at the same time. But where all the orgies and "Queer People" hide out she can't imagine.

She takes long walks, knows the etiquette of riding a horse, and plays a diffident game of tennis. Reducing is just a word in the dictionary to her. She's naturally slim. She loves children and animals. Elissa enjoys motoring and is an expert driver. She's married to an English barrister called "Johnny"—J. C. Lawrence to the public at large.

Her next picture, after a comedy just to show she's versatile—and by the way she admires Ina Claire more than other talking star—will be "The Yellow Ticket."

"Body and Soul" with Charlie Farrell will soon be released and then fandom will know that everything is now just fine and Landi!

Lil Reforms—Continued from page 51

siasm of the audience may be with you in a well-drawn characterization, it is the thought of the heroine who actually gets her man in the final reel, that is left with the audience as they leave the theatre. *That's* why she wants to be good.

Good. But not too good. Lilyan promises to go on being just as chic, as smartly groomed—but with a difference. Being good won't mean Queen Mary hats and muslin underwear. Nunno!

"Certainly there is a difference in the clothes a character wears," says Lilyan. "You instinctively react to the way you are dressed. In my personal life when I get ready to go somewhere, I always try to imagine who will be there and dress and unconsciously react to the part that they expect of me. I have two or three kind of personalities like that—and yet they are all myself.

"So a character in a play will react to the scene she finds herself in and the kind of clothes she wears. Obviously a

heroine, even a 'good' heroine—providing it were a modern rôle, would be smartly dressed. After all you must conform to the rules of good taste to be truly chic. If you try to be too different, you become just frumpy. Naturally a vamp can get away with a more bizarre type of dress than a woman of accepted standing—otherwise there would not be too much difference."

And that's that. Lilyan is the arbiter of elegance and fashion in the movie capital. So in the screen world, what Lilyan wears today, we will try to wear tomorrow. Lilyan started her career in New York. She posed first for a noted artist, then joined the "Follies." Well, didn't they all? Then came a season in stock, where she played everything from old ladies to ingénues. Fine training, she declares. Don't they all?

Then came the romance with Edmund Lowe. Lilyan is just a little worried about what a contract may mean. Her marriage

has always come before her career, she says. She likes to be free to go with Eddie when and where he goes. What Eddie says goes—practically—in the Tashman-Lowe household. Why, just the other day Lilyan yearned to go to Santa Barbara to see some polo matches but Eddie didn't want her too, so she stayed at home.

"And you always mind your husband?"

"Oh, yes," admits Lilyan cheerfully. "Life is too complicated to get into endless arguments. It's much simpler to do what Eddie wants—or doesn't want."

The private life of a vamp!

Lilyan is much smaller, slighter than she appears on the screen, with very bright blond hair—(never mind if it wasn't always that color, it looks swell). And she's as pleased as a child with a pair of shiny red wagons, at being good.

A blonde vamp has made good! And trust her to keep on—even if they make her *be* good!

Mr. Arliss Looks at the Movies

Continued from page 26

velop a theme on the stage, why should we give the film story a less adequate treatment? If the theme is a worthy one and the writing is good, I see no reason why a talking picture need be compressed into half the length of a stage play. There could be intermissions, of course, as in the theatre, to let the audience rest its mind.

I was frankly surprised when Mr. H. M. Warner invited me to make talking pictures for his company two years ago.

I explained to Mr. Warner that I had none of the qualifications for the cinema. My personality does not lend itself to sensational exhibitions of osculation. My kisses are usually fatherly or avuncular. They are of the briefest duration—it is practically impossible to fade in on one of my kisses! I do not ride horseback, nor swim, nor drive a motor car.

Mr. Warner replied that it did not matter, that they wanted me to do "Disraeli."

My next picture is not adapted from a play. I don't quite know how it will turn out. It takes me some time to work into a part. After appearing for many months in a play, it was not difficult for me to act it in the pictures. We simply followed the stage production. This next characterization, however, will be new, one that I have never studied or played before.

But the studio is being most kind to me. I asked for—and they most generously permitted me—a full four weeks' rehearsal. That is most unusual, for salaries must be paid during that time. But in the end it costs no more, for rehearsals are held in private with no need for wasting the time of cameramen and electricians. The actual time spent in production later is cut down enormously.

My experience in the movies has taught me many things that have been useful to me in the theatre as well. First and foremost, it has brought home to me the value of sincerity; I found that every flicker of an eyelash, every shade of thought was registered on the screen, and so I reason that what is seen by the camera may be felt by an audience. The art of restraint and suggestion may be studied by watching Charlie Chaplin on the screen; he is in my opinion the deal picture actor.

I have the greatest respect for the screen and its people. It is unfortunate that the newspapers seem to find so much profit in the reporting of the peccadillos of those who are guilty of spectacular misbehavior, in the quest for happiness or publicity. The public soon believes that the conduct of these few is a fair example of the manners of the movie world.

They do not take into account the thousands of steady, hard workers who are the real backbone of the industry. My acquaintance with the wickedness of the movie actors and actresses has been gained entirely through the press. I have never met any of these people—or if I have, I've been unaware of their wicked ways.

Work in the studios is arduous. To me it is always interesting but rather exhausting. The real fun and pleasure is the outdoor work—in the country on charming, sunny days. I am never happier than on location work in such a picture as "The Millionaire." It is a picture in which I am supposed to work in a garage and when I have on my overalls and am pottering about outside my workshop in real earnest, I begin to realize the pleasures of being a "working man."



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Says Universal's lovely star, LUPE VELEZ

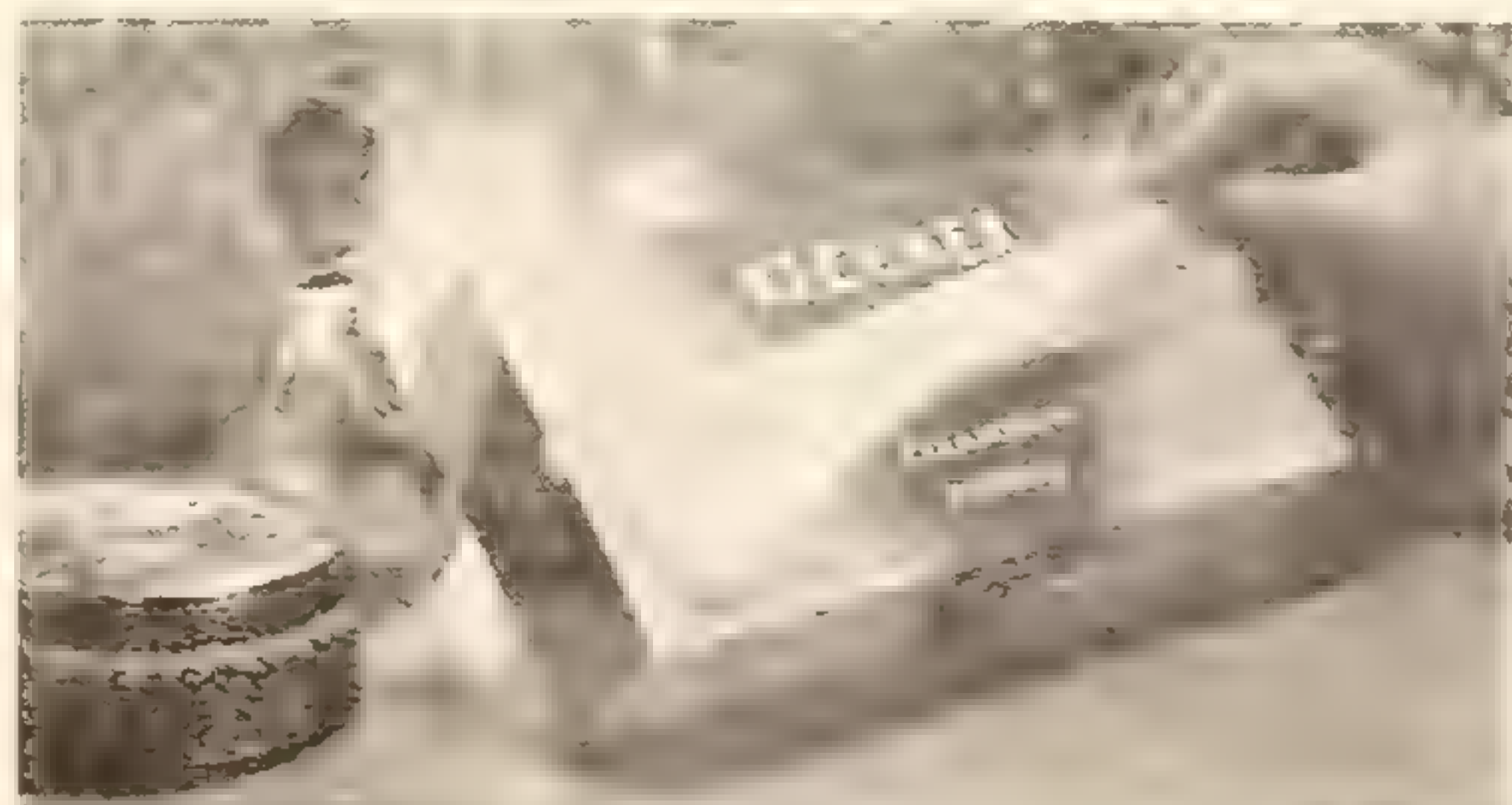
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HOW interesting is this statement from Lupe Velez—the beautiful screen actress who starred so brilliantly in "Resurrection."

She says: "One of the first things we learn in a screen career is the use of Kleenex for removing creams and cosmetics."

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Keeping Cool and Lovely—Continued from page 63

Saturday bath is added to the bath of all the other days in the week, just as it should be. But despite the fact that we are all of us taking more baths than we used to, it is surprising how many of us do not know how to get the greatest benefit from them both for health and appearance.

In winter we should all have at least one bath a day; and in summer, I think, we should all have two—a warm bath on retiring, or a hot bath at the end of our working day—and a cold or a cool shower in the morning.

Men have used shower baths for ages and more and more girls are beginning to use them. But do remember this. A shower is not as cleansing as a tub bath, no matter what anybody tells you, and it is not nearly so good for the skin. Showers are invigorating. If you are one of the lucky people who react to a cold shower, nothing is better for waking you up briskly in the morning, for generally toning the whole body, and for guarding against colds and disease of all types. But if you don't react to cold showers, don't indulge in them. If you find you stay chilled and blue after taking them, no matter how vigorously you use your drying towel, avoid them. They are bad for you. Take warm or hot showers, in those cases, but not cold ones. Either way, use showers in relationship to tub baths. Use them for pepping you up, and when you are in such a rush that a tub bath is impossible. But don't use them exclusively.

Tub baths, besides being the most cleansing baths, have two other values. They are stimulating or relaxing, depending upon how hot you take them.

Contrary to what you might expect, summertime is one of the best times for hot and warm baths and it is the least good time for cold ones. When you come home "hot and sticky" at the end of the day, a warm tub bath will do much more toward doing away with your fatigue than a cold shower. Warm baths are restful, always, which makes them the best baths to take before retiring. Hot baths are stimulating. Jumping into a tub of hot, sudsy water just before dressing for dinner is one of the surest ways of pepping yourself up for the whole evening. And always remember to use soap. Slightly scented soap is very nice, as it is both cleansing and acts as a pleasant deodorant, but soap



Lillian Roth's brunette beauty is a joy forever. She is making short features now.

of some kind is imperative. The body is an oiled surface, you know, and just plain water slides off of it as easily as from the proverbial duck's back. Lots of girls, during the summer, have the mistaken idea that a dip in the ocean or a swim in some rippling lake are sufficient for cleansing. They're not, unless you take your soap with you and use it vigorously. One more rule about baths and I'm through.

If you are so situated that a quantity of water, either hot or cold, is difficult to attain, here is a bath which you'll find very refreshing. Fill a large bowl with very hot water. Immerse a huge bath towel and sponge the body with it, having already covered it with suds. Rub until the towel becomes cool. Dip it once more in the hot water and wash off the soap. Dip a third time, in cool water this time. Pat your body dry, instead of rubbing vigorously.

After bathing, you should always add two special summer time refinements. One is a dusting with lightly scented powder, or a rub down with a good eau de cologne; and the other is the use of a deodorant as a check against excessive perspiration. You may have to shop a bit to find the right deodorant for yourself—just as you have to shop to get the correct depilatory. Deodorants come in varying strengths, however, so I know you can find the right



Joan Crawford always wears galoshes when it rains. Wonder if that's one of her beauty secrets?

one for yourself. At first you may need to use them every day or so. After a bit you will find twice a week enough and if you use them properly they are quite harmless.

Bobbed-haired girls will find it wisest, I think, to cut their locks a bit shorter during the heat of midsummer. It is terribly important to look neat, and scraggly locks will defeat this. When one looks very spotless on a hot afternoon one gets the constant compliment, "How cool you look!" and after a bit you begin believing it, no matter what the temperature. Long-

haired girls should dress their hair close to the heads with every last lock of it in place. And naturally the hair should be washed more often. There's only one word of caution about that. Protect the scalp from sunburn, just as you do your face. When you are going out in the brightest sun, wear a hat, I beg you.

For summer gloves I always choose cotton or fabric ones—cotton is ever so much cooler than silk, you know. They are very smart and quite cheap and my own experience is that my hands, remaining unsoiled, seem cooler wearing them than they would if I went without them. You don't have to wear long gloves with your short



Clara Kimball Young made a nice comeback in "Kept Husbands." She dieted intelligently and always dresses well.

sleeved dresses, either. Short gloves and short sleeves are a very chic combination.

Finally your make-up itself can give you that fresh, dainty look. During the "dog days" you will want to use less cream and substitute in its place, more astringents and cooling lotions. There are many fine ones on the market. Use more powder than you wear in winter and abandon your dry rouge for a cream one. Perspiration will disturb your make-up, of course, but if you put a good light cold cream foundation underneath, add cream rouge, applied delicately, then lipstick, and then powder very carefully and quite heavily over it all, I think you will have little trouble. Working girls will find it very valuable to keep a cleansing lotion and a box of face powder with, above all things, spotless powder puffs, in their lockers.

It sums up to the fact that you do need to spend more time on your appearance in summer than in winter—and it also follows that you won't want to. You'll want to succumb to the languid, lazy feeling, but please don't. From June until September you need both the ounce of prevention—against too much sun, too much exposure and too much relaxing—as well as a half a pound of care. So do invest it, you girls who want to be not only pretty but charming. You'll find it quite the best investment you ever made. For I promise you you'll hear said of you (in strong, masculine voices) "Oh, she's a great girl! She always looks so fresh and charming."

Revuettes

Continued from page 6

THE SOUTHERNER. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* Lawrence Tibbett scores in a modern story about a prodigal son. Esther Ralston is lovely. Cliff Edwards and Roland Young earn the laughs.

THE SPY. *Fox.* Reconstruction days in Russia, with dreaded secret police system and their spy operations. Neil Hamilton and Kay Johnson give performances well above par.

UNFAITHFUL. *Paramount.* Another Ruth Chatterton winner. An English society story well acted by the cast including Paul Lukas and Paul Cavanaugh.*

WAY DOWN EAST. The old D. W. Griffith melodrama continues to hold interest. This revival has sound effects. Richard Barthlemess and Lillian Gish are the stars.

WOMAN HUNGRY. *First National.* You'll recognize this as "The Great Divide," and it's old and weak with age. Lila Lee, Sidney Blackmer, Fred Kohler and Kenneth Thompson do their best with the familiar plot.

Short Features:

A FOWL AFFAIR. *Educational.* A grand new novelty with chickens of the barnyard variety performing. Clever "dialogue"—see it.

BE BIG. *Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.* This one isn't up to the usual Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy standard. A marital yarn sprinkled with laughs.

CHASING AROUND. *Tiffany.* The Chimps are better actors than human beings. This one is a domestic comedy packed with howls.

CRASHING HOLLYWOOD. *Educational.* A snappy yarn about three girls trying to crash the studio gates. Lots of comedy and studio atmosphere.*

LA PASTORALE. *Cines-Pittaluga.* One of the finest European shorts to date. Thirty women harpists are shown playing Bellotta's *Pastorale*. For the music lovers.

LEGEND OF THE SKIES. *Ideal.* Gorgeous panoramas of clouds with Frank Ormton describing the mood of the celestial vista. Enjoyable.

MODEL WOMEN. *Paramount.* A funny idea with all the action taking place in front of a shop and the wax models coming to life and wise-cracking.

PARTNERS. *Vitaphone.* A fast moving sketch with Billy Gaxton, of the Broadway stage, piling up the laughs with his clever patter.

PETE AND REPEAT. *Educational.* A black face team on the Amos 'n' Andy order. All about a blacksmith's shop and escaped convicts with the duet as the fall guys. Not so good.

RODEO DOUGH. *Columbia.* A good Krazy Kat cartoon. All about a dude ranch. Funny situations and clever gags.

SCREEN SNAPSHOTS. *Columbia.* T. Roy Barnes introduces places and people of interest in Hollywood—such as Mary Pickford's golf course and Dorothy Sebastian and Bill Boyd. Mildly interesting.

SHE WENT FOR A TRAMP. *Radio.* This comedy involves a railroad president, two tramps and two bank robbers and lots of fun. Hugh Herbert and Roscoe Ates are the tramps.

TIGERS IN THE DEEP. *Pathé.* Whether you are a fisherman or not you'll enjoy this Grantland Rice Sportlight. It combines beauty and excitement.

TONS OF TROUBLE. *Paramount.* The youngsters will like this. All about a boy who is an animal fan—the climax comes when he tries to get an elephant in his home.

UNDER PAR. *RKO-Pathé.* Johnny Farrell, the golf champion, explains some new golf pointers. Recommended to the golf enthusiast.

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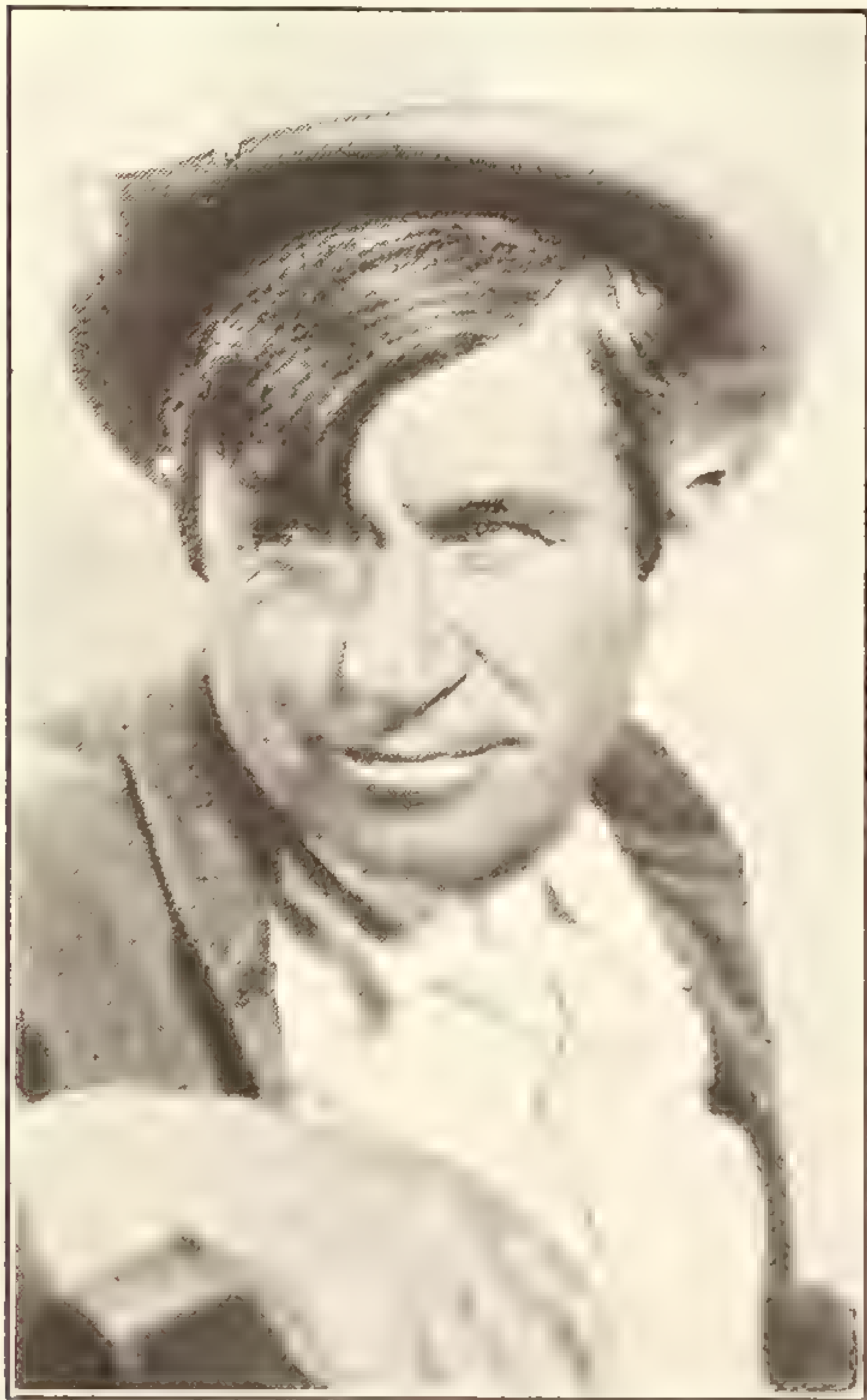
Read our Revuettes and keep informed about the pictures to see or not to see!



The bathway to a soft, smooth skin

Mexican Divorce—Continued from page 25

to appear unconcerned, "it's purely a business proposition. If you're determined, go ahead and marry Montgomery; I'll see what can be done about ameliorating the financial consequences. If things go pot you can live on your alimony and I have a job open any time as business manager for Joe McGinnis, a trained ape whose affairs of the heart will have nothing whatsoever to do with his value as a



"A Cure for the Blues" is the title of Will Rogers' next picture and an appropriate one at that.

featured player. Remember I warned you, you stubborn, fuzzy-headed little sap, you!"

"All right," said Iola as she walked toward the door. "And if you talk to the ape like you do to me, I hope he goes in for a carnivorous diet with both your ears as the menu. Goodbye, Horses; I'm having tea this P. X. with Mr. Montgomery; we're planning a rather significant party. You might drop around and make a face at him. He'll be delighted to meet you."

She was gone but Horace stared morosely at the space she had occupied, breathed the perfume of her late presence and heard the echo of her voice.

Horace really didn't believe Iola was dumb. He thought her quite intelligent—except for the Montgomery matter. His brusque attitude and unkind phraseology had been adopted as a sort of conversational cloak for the feeling that he was afraid some one might detect.

A year before Horace had started handling Iola's Hollywood film career, manipulating things so successfully that she was a star before he realized it. And, so intent had he been upon his task that he did not realize that he was in love with her until she became a success. Then it was too late to declare himself. He had gazed with unsentimental eyes upon the girl during her incumbency as an unknown. Now that she was a success no one, least of all Iola, would believe that his motives weren't mercenary in case he proposed wedlock. He was determined to save his pride the sting of rejection.

"And now," he muttered gloomily, "she's going to marry a man to whom she'll mean

no more than another name on the register does to a hotel clerk. I ought to trade my brain for an extra pair of lungs and become a train announcer. There I was head over heels in love with her and my brain didn't have sense enough to find out what was going on in my heart until it was too late for my tongue to do anything about it."

He moped about the office for a while, then pulled on his hat and walked down the corridor, his hands in his pockets and his head lowered. He bumped into some one.

"Sleep in bed," suggested that individual. "Oh, it's Randolph! Just coming to see you, Randolph. About Miss Lane."

The speaker, a pudgy little man, was Sem Hodges, president of Ace Films, to whom Horace had contracted Iola.

"What about Miss Lane?" Horace asked crossly.

"About this marriage business," answered Sem. "Marriage is all right, you understand, but it's got to be committed with somebody that enjoys more public respect than a hi-jacker. This here Montgomery isn't any president of the Christian Endeavor, you know. I don't like the idea of Miss Lane marrying him."

Horace spat his cigarette to the floor



Frank Albertson on the sands at Malibu beach. Frank and Maureen O'Sullivan were the romance in "A Connecticut Yankee."

and ground it beneath his heel, wishing it were Sem's nose.

"Oh, you don't like the idea?" he snapped. "What does it matter what you like or don't like? Listen, you just hired Miss Lane; you didn't buy her. I think she's capable of handling her own private affairs."

Sem wriggled his hands angrily.

"But the contract," he spluttered. "I'll cancel it if——"

"Think you're the only producer in Hollywood?" inquired Horace. "Well, you're not. I'm handling Miss Lane's business affairs and for her I'm telling you to take that contract and set fire to your lot with it."

Whereat Horace stalked away, thinking acrid thoughts about people who couldn't

mind their own business. Sem proceeded in the other direction, laying the groundwork of an elaborate plot whereby he was determined to maneuver Mr. Randolph into a strategic position and then kick him in the trousers, figuratively and financially speaking.

In the solitude of his apartment, Horace prepared to dedicate an evening to nursing vain regrets. But fate, perfumed with a faintly alcoholic breath, intervened. Alvin Young, gag man, arrived unannounced and uninvited. He found Horace slouched in a chair, holding his head in his hands.

"Come on and let's manufacture another," Alvin suggested cheerfully.

"Another what?" inquired Horace without looking up.

"Hangover," explained Alvin. "Isn't that what's the matter with you? No? Well, no matter. The proceeds of acquiring one'll be good for what ails you. Big whoopee party tonight. Somebody asked me to see that you attended in person. Come on, get on the old bike and let's go away from here."

"Beat it," suggested Horace. "I don't want to go on a whoopee party. Neither do I wish to entertain guests. I'd like to be left alone. Who's giving the party?"

"Montgomery," stated Alvin. "Kergan Montgomery. At his country home back of Beverly. Coming?"

"I wouldn't even attend his funeral," Horace declared. "Did he ask you to invite me?"

"No," said Alvin, a look of keen disappointment crossing his face as he tipped a cocktail shaker and found it empty. "Iola Lane did. You'd better come. Montgomery's going to announce his engagement to marry your meal ticket."

Horace sat upright, portraying active interest at last.

"You mean——"

"Surely," stated Alvin. "He's going to marry her. You don't think he's been sticking around her for an autograph, do you? Tonight's the night. It's going to



Freddie and Florence. Or Mr. and Mrs. Fredric March, returning from a vacation cruise.

be some party. The bootleggers'll date time by it."

Horace Randolph had never been shot in the pit of the stomach by a Krupp gun, but he knew now how it would feel. He had known that it was going to happen but subconsciously he hadn't believed it. Hope had struggled for existence like a weed growing from a brick wall. And now the announcement was going to be made this very night! Hope began to wither and in its stead came despair.

"Well," urged Alvin, "coming?"

Horace's first impulse was to toss Alvin out of the apartment by way of saying no. Then he suddenly decided to go. The thing developed a morbid fascination for him. He wanted to hear the announcement for the same reason that crowds rush to watch police drag a body out of the river.

"All right," he said listlessly, "wait while I get dressed."

"Shake a leg," advised Alvin. "Tomorrow I'm going to pay like thunder for the fun I have tonight so I want to have enough fun to compensate me for the inevitable hangover."

Horace went to his room and removed his clothes. He caught his reflection in the mirror and walked closer. He wasn't bad looking, he decided. Black hair, grey eyes and a jaw that was firm. Funny looking nose, but one couldn't have everything. He wagged his chin aggressively and drew his eyebrows into twin black lines. Then he smiled. More of a grin, but not bad. What could Iola see in Montgomery? A stuffed shirt, that's what Montgomery was. Horace studied himself to ascertain what could be wrong with him. He found nothing outstandingly defective. He practised a wan, suffering look with some success.

"Now imitate a tomato that's been stepped on by a truck," suggested Alvin from the doorway. "That was fine but glycerine'd have improved it some. What you doing, rehearsing for an attack of pneumonia?"

"Shut up," snapped Horace, turning his face to hide the angry blush. "Shut up and clear out before I rattle a shoe tree off your skull."

"All right, all right," agreed Alvin hastily. "But no more bedroom dramatics. I'm in a hurry. I want to get there before the drug store tea runs out."

Horace completed the business of dressing and descended to Alvin's roadster; Alvin piloted the car into the flowing streams of light that marked the evening traffic and headed west. Horace slumped down into the seat and chewed a cigar.

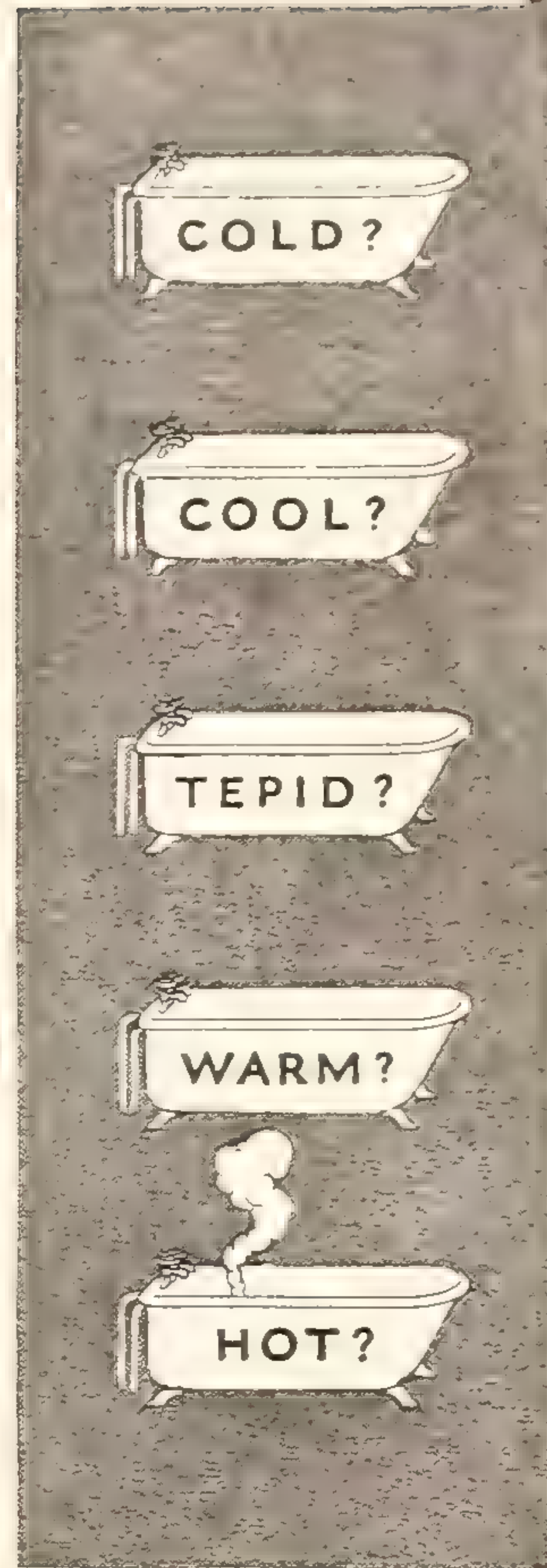
"I'm thinking of promoting a pool on the marriage," commented the driver as he dodged between two trucks and flicked the fenders of an old woman's slow-moving coupe. "We'll all draw tickets on the number of months Montgomery'll stick it out. Number six ought to win."

"If you haven't any other use for your wind, whistle," suggested Horace sourly. "Why don't you let your brain collaborate with your tongue on your conversation? As it is your brain hasn't the slightest idea what you're going to say until your mouth opens and wind starts rushing past your ears."

Alvin cocked his head sideways and digested this.

"Pretty good," he finally conceded, "but you could never use it against a truck driver. Make your insults explicit, my lad, so that the lowliest of creatures may know the proper moment to slap you down. What's eating on you, anyway? Somebody steal your skates or swipe your favorite agate?"

"When one goes to a funeral," blurted Horace, "one doesn't appreciate having a



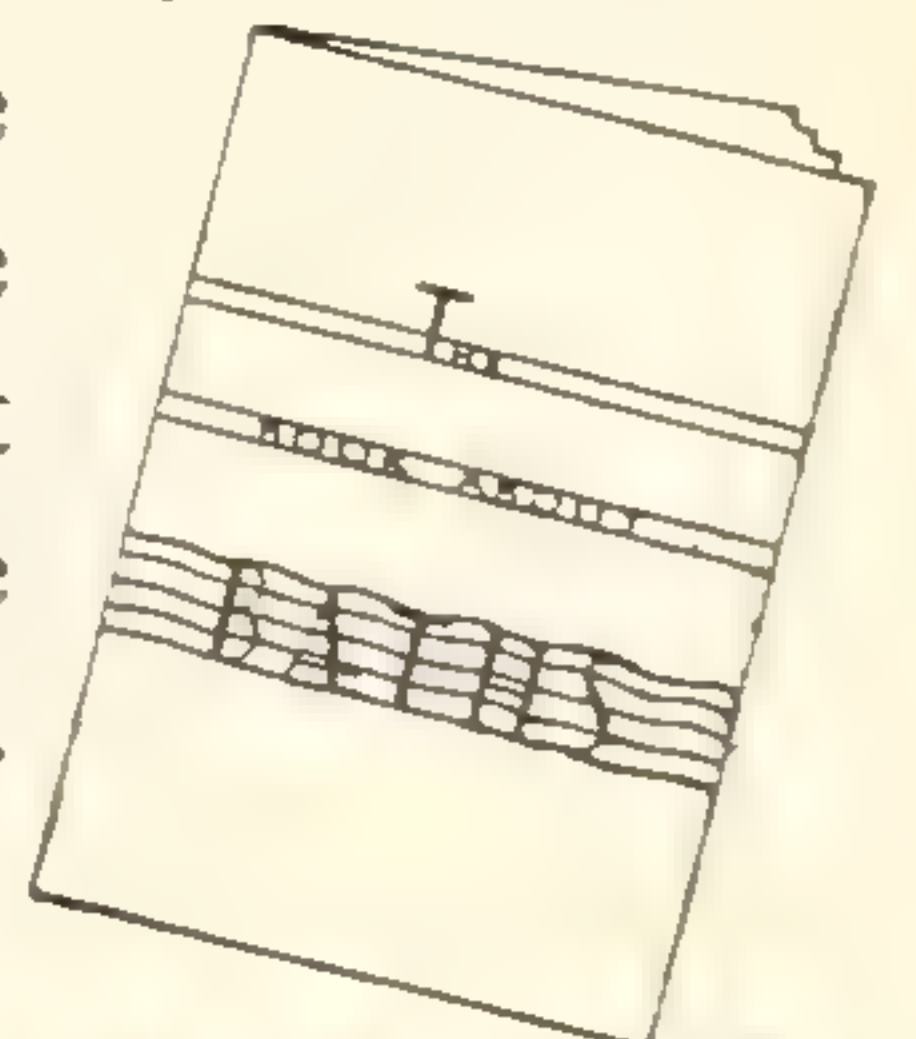
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tow-head wise-cracking by his side."

Alvin whistled. Then he chuckled delightedly.

"Funeral!" he repeated. "Oh, oh! So that's it? I can't see your eyes, but I'll bet they're green. Wanted her, yourself, eh?"

"No," snapped Horace. "It'd take a sap like you even to think of that. I meant the funeral of her career. Does that explain things and will you quit your infernal giggling? I don't and never did want her."

"The explanation," stated Alvin, "shall be given a file number and placed on the shelf next to that made by the fox in regards to his inability to pluck the grapes."

"Fool!" commented Horace.

"A frank confession," applauded Alvin. "The fox at least snapped at the grapes, but I've never seen you make a pass at Iola."

Horace, not wishing to give Alvin further openings, discontinued the verbal sparring match, maintaining a sullen silence until they reached Montgomery's estate.

After parking the car Alvin went in search of the drug store tea. Horace seated himself in the shadows on the porch and brooded until the business became tiresome. Inside there was music, the soft shuffle of dancing feet and occasional bursts of laughter. He went inside and took a seat, partly concealed by a palm. Couples on the floor were dancing quite decorously for this late in the evening. Horace thought everybody too serious. Gaiety would have been a better background for his sombre mood. He had a vague desire to stand out as a sort of Banquo's ghost at the feast.

"Oh, you're here?"

Horace glanced up. Iola was standing before him dressed in something as golden as her hair, a shimmering, flowing thing that gave off a shower of sunbeams under the light. The sight of her sent a rush of elation coursing through his being. Realization of his impending loss coated his heart with black ice.

"Yes, I'm here," he muttered. "Annoyed?"

Iola grimaced.

"Don't be that way," she pleaded. "This is supposed to be a happy night, you know. Please don't be a wet blanket. Come on over and meet Kergan."

"Don't want to meet him," Horace grumbled.

"All right, be stubborn," said Iola pleasantly. "I'll bring him over here. I just want you to see that he isn't an ogre; that he hasn't scales and that he's really quite nice."

She departed and came back with a tall, sallow man whose main claim to distinctive looks was a bored expression. As Iola led the fellow toward him Horace decided that she looked amazingly like a lily pad floating downstream towing a frog.

"Kergan," said Iola, "this is Mr. Randolph, my business manager."

"A pleasure," declared Montgomery, bowing from the waist and studying Horace intently. "I suppose you know that she is going to have a new manager soon, eh?"

"Heard Iola say something about it," answered Horace as he rose to give the man an unenthusiastic handshake. "Congratulations."

"It's a habit I have," said Montgomery boastfully. "I just can't resist marrying beautiful young ladies."

"So I hear," remarked Horace. "Something like collecting postage stamps, eh?"

Montgomery's rather thick lips twisted into a pleased smile.

"Yes," he admitted, "only I concentrate on modern issues, so to speak."

"And when you get old," snapped Horace, "I suppose there'll be plenty of ancient Norwegians on the market."

Montgomery's smile sagged in the middle. Iola glanced swiftly from one man to the other. Obviously they did not like each other. She didn't seem particularly displeased.

Montgomery's retort was lost when three girls, whom Horace knew casually as featured extras, fluttered up, clustering about the somewhat shopworn Romeo.

"Monkey's a hero," said one of them gravely. "Aren't you, Monkey? Did you tell 'em about the airplane crash, Monkey?"

The man gestured impatiently.

"It was nothing," he muttered.

Iola caught him by the sleeve.

"Do tell me," she pleaded. "I haven't heard it. You've done so many thrilling things."

"Trying to show him off before me," Horace muttered under his breath. "Probably that's why she asked Alvin to bring me."

"Oh, it was nothing," stated Montgomery uncomfortably. "Just one of the miracles that saved my life, sweetness. I was up in my mono' one day and a strut or something broke while I was in a tail-spin. I couldn't pull 'er out, so I kept on falling. I fell a couple of thousand feet and I would have been killed save for the fact that the tail absorbed the shock. I came out unscratched."

"Oh, that was wonderful!" gasped Iola, eyeing Horace covertly. "But I do hope you quit flying, Kergan; I'm so afraid you'll get hurt."

Horace had decided to keep his mouth shut, but Iola's last remark infuriated him.

"I'll say it was wonderful," he stated pointedly. "Astonishing, in fact."

Montgomery sent him a quick, questioning glance.

"Think so?" he asked.

"Sure do," said Horace, lighting a cigarette. "Especially when you consider the fact that a tailspin does not mean that a plane falls tail first; it falls nose first and the wings spin about the axis of the epinage. What you accomplished was something like dropping a rock tied to a string off a roof and having the string hit the ground first."

Montgomery's face flushed and there was a gleam of white as he bit his lower lip. His hands clenched and his eyes narrowed but he said nothing.

"Aw, what do you know about airplanes?" demanded one of the featured

extras, a blonde. She turned from Horace to Montgomery. "Don't you believe him," she advised. "He's probably spoofing you. Maybe an ordinary pilot couldn't make a plane fall on its tail, but I'll bet you could. Anyway, don't take it so seriously. Come on over and buy Georgine a snort before those cannibals that crashed the gate get it all."

The other two featured extras, blondes, also desired snorts and Montgomery allowed himself to be dragged toward the place where snorts could be had. Apparently he was glad thus to remove himself from an embarrassing situation.

"I think you're a beast!" asserted Iola, who had not gone shopping for snorts. "You're behaving like a cad. Why don't you fool people and act like a gentleman?"

"If he'd said a word I'd have poked him," growled Horace. "He's a liar and a fool and I wouldn't be surprised if he's yellow. And you're marrying him; for what reason I wouldn't try to guess."

Iola's anger faded and in its place came an amused sort of tolerance.

"Listen, Horses, old dear," she said calmly, "please don't make a fool of yourself any more. People'll know what's the matter with you. Can't you forget that I'm a piece of money-making machinery for one night? Did it ever occur to you that I'm a human being and that I want happiness just like other people? Don't you think you might help make things pleasant for me, just for old times' sake?"

A wistful appeal lived in her eyes. Instead of melting Horace it infuriated him further against Montgomery.

"If you were going to be happy—but you're not," he declared. "I can't work up any more enthusiasm about what you're going to do than I could over watching a kid crawling forward to stick its hand in the fire. Why in the world did you choose that ape, Iola? Lord!—him standing here, grinning like a codfish, bragging about all the women he'd married and comparing you to a postage stamp! And you taking it all! Then he goes rambling off with three dumb bottle-blondes and you don't bat an eye. Are you hypnotized or just a darned sight sillier'n I suspected?"

Iola sighed and shrugged her shoulders.

"All right, big brother," she said with an air of resignation. "I see that you'll not sanction the marriage, but that won't make it illegal, so I don't care. Now go out into the light and mingle with the others before people think you're the detective hired to watch the silver cocktail shaker."

Horace obeyed ungraciously. He walked across the room, nodded to a few acquaintances and sat beneath another potted palm. After a while he noticed that Montgomery had eluded the featured extras and was standing with Iola. By his gestures Horace could tell that he was angry. Even from where he sat, Horace could catch the sharp, impatient inflection of the man's voice.

Montgomery suddenly pointed toward him and Horace realized that Iola was being criticized for having invited him. Seething rage possessed him, but he could think of nothing definite to do. Iola shrugged, placed her arms about Montgomery's shoulders and drew him onto the dance floor, pressing her face against his breast.

"Maybe that's the secret," Horace guessed. "Talk rough to 'em and they like you for it."

He forgot that he had long since adopted the same attitude toward Iola and that it had borne no apparent fruit.

By dinner time many guests seemed to have a goodly supply of assorted intoxicants aboard. Noisily they gathered at



Frank Eastman is Educational's gift to the feminine contingent—and does he slay 'em!

the table and the sound of their chatter drowned out the clatter of knives and forks. Iola sat directly across from Horace. Beside her sat Montgomery. His face was flushed and his conversation was fuzzy. He divided his attentions between Iola and Myrna Gregory, leading lady for a pie-throwing comedian. Iola seemed to care not in the least.

"Guess that's another of his secrets of success with empty-headed women," Horace told himself. "Don't let 'em know you're crazy about 'em."

Once again he forgot that he had been employing the same tactics with no startling success. He left his food untouched and gazed at Iola. Never before had she appeared so enticing, so desirable. A queer feeling possessed him, causing acute suffering. He sought to analyze the sensation.

"Feels like my heart hasn't had anything to eat for a century," he finally decided. "Gosh—here I am talking like a theme song writer!"

Horace's nerves were vibrating like harp strings as time for the inevitable announcement drew near. He deliberately insulted an assistant director sitting next to him and so brusquely answered an innocent remark from a bathing beauty at his right that the poor creature was forced to flee to the haven of the room wherein the drug store tea was brewing in a large punch bowl.

Finally Montgomery rapped for silence and slowly rose to his feet. He swayed slightly.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "inasmuch as there are no parents here to do the honors I shall do them. Perhaps you have suspected it, but I will make it conclusive. Miss Iola Lane, the little lady on my right, is to be my bride—soon."

There was a perfunctory patter of hand-clapping. The eaters went on about their business. Montgomery was annoyed.

"The little lady," he said in a louder voice, "the little lady will be my sixth—no, seventh—no, sixth—" He laughed loudly. "Seventh," he pronounced. "Seventh's right. Sometimes I forget. Drink to number seven!"

Horace held his glass aloft and wondered if he could splatter Montgomery with its contents without hitting Iola. Then he decided not to make a fool of himself. In order to carry out that resolve he knew that he'd have to remove himself from Montgomery's vicinity. Unnoticed, he left the room.

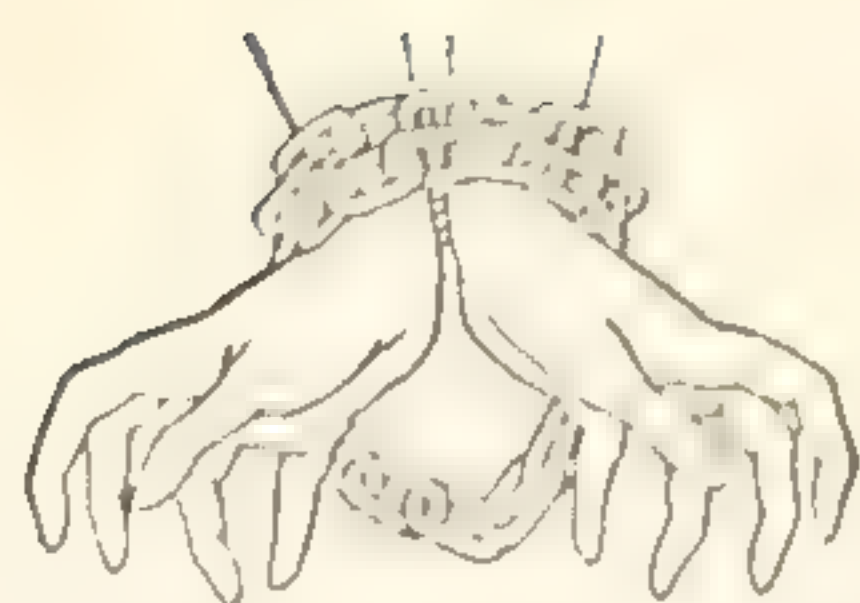
He made his way to a darkened corner of the porch and sat with his head bowed low. The last vestige of hope had given up the ghost! He sat motionless for an hour. Then he started nervously. From the darkness came a familiar musical voice, a scared "Oh!" and the slam of a car door. There was a subdued roar, the clash of gears and a long blue sedan shot past. Montgomery was driving. The interior of the car was resplendent with flashing rays of light beaten back from a shimmering golden dress. Iola was with him!

Horace required no explanation of the sudden departure. It had entered Montgomery's head to be married that night. Iola had agreed. Horace leaped to his feet with some vague notion of running after them. He took a step forward, then sank back to the bench. It was too late.

A vague shape weaved through the blackness across the porch.

"Halloo," said a voice. "Dark, isn't it? Darker'n the inside of a goat's belly. Who're you?"

(Does Iola Lane, the screen beauty, marry Kergan Montgomery — or does Horace change the scenario to suit himself? You'll find out next month—and there are lots of laughs before "Mexican Divorce" whirls along to an exciting finish.)



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Casts of Current Films

* Films Reviewed in this issue

"A CONNECTICUT YANKEE." Fox. From the story by Mark Twain. Adapted by William Conselman. Directed by David Butler. The cast: *Hank (Sir Boss)*, Will Rogers; *King Arthur*, William Farnum; *Alisande*, Maureen O'Sullivan; *Clarence*, Frank Albertson; *Queen Morgan Le Fay*, Myrna Loy; *Sagrador*, Mitchell Harris; *Merlin*, Brandhurst.*

"A TAILOR MADE MAN." Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. From the play "A Tailor Made Man." Directed by Sam Wood. The cast: *John Paul Bart*, William Haines; *Tanya*, Dorothy Jordan; *Huber*, Joseph Cawthorn; *Kitty Dupuy*, Marjorie Rambeau; *Jellicott*, William Austin; *Dr. Von Sonntag*, Ian Keith; *Mrs. Stanlaw*, Hedda Hopper; *Mr. Stanlaw*, Hale Hamilton; *Peter*, Henry Armetta; *Abraham Nathan*, Walter Walker; *Pomeroy*, Forrester Harvey; *Bessie*, Joan Marsh; *Corrine*, Martha Sleeper.*

"BACHELOR APARTMENT." Radio. From the story by John Howard Lawson; Adapted by J. Walter Ruben. Directed by Lowell Sherman. The cast: *Wayne Carter*, Lowell Sherman; *Helene Andrews*, Irene Dunne; *Agatha Carraway*, Mae Murray; *Lee Carlton*, Norman Kerry; *Lila Andrews*, Claudia Dell; *Henri De Maneau*, Ivan Lebedeff; *Janet*, Noel Francis; *Whoopee Girls*, Roberta Gale, Arline Judge; *Henry Carraway*, Purnell Pratt; *Rollins*, Charles Coleman; *Miss Clark*, Kitty Kelly; *Charlotte*, Bess Flowers; *First Drunk*, Arthur Houseman; *Mrs. Halloran*, Florence Roberts; *Brown*, Boston Winston.*

"BEHIND OFFICE DOORS." Radio. From a story by Alan Brener Schultz. Adapted by Carey Wilson. Directed by Melville Brown. The cast: *Mary Linden*, Mary Astor; *James Duneen*, Robert Ames; *Ronnie Wales*, Ricardo Cortez; *Dolores Kogan*, Kitty Kelly; *Daisy Presby*, Edna Murphy; *Ellen Robinson*, Catherine Dale Owen; *Ritter*, Charles Sellon; *Robinson*, William Morris.*

"BODY AND SOUL." Fox. From the play, "Squadrons," by E. W. Springs and A. E. Thomas. Directed by Alfred Santell. The cast: *Mal Andrews*, Charles Farrell; *Carla*, Elissa Landi; *Jim Watson*, Humphrey Bogart; *Alice Lester*, Myrna Loy; *Tap Johnson*, Donald Dillaway.*

"CAUGHT CHEATING." Tiffany. From a story by Scott Darling. Directed by Frank Strayer. The cast: *T. McGillicuddy Hungerford*, Charles Murray; *Sam Harris*, George Sidney; *Madelynn Cabrone*, Nita Martin; *Joe Cabrone*, Robert Ellis; *Tessie*, Dorothy Christy; *Lena Harris*, Bertha Mann; *Tobey Moran*, Fred Malatesta; *Guiseppa*, George Regas.

"CHARLIE CHAN CARRIES ON." Fox. From the novel by Earl Derr Biggers. Directed by Hamilton MacFadden. The cast: *Charlie Chan*, Warner Oland; *Mark Kennaway*, John Garrick; *Pamela Potter*, Marguerite Churchill; *Max Minchin*, Warren Hymer; *Sadie Minchin*, Marjorie White; *John Ross*, C. Henry Gordon; *Patrick Tail*, William Holden; *Captain Ronald Keane*, George Brent; *Inspector Duff*, Peter Gawthorne; *Dr. Lofton*, John T. Murray; *Elmer Benbow*, John Swor; *Mrs. Benbow*, Goodee Montgomery; *Walter Honywood*, Jason Robards; *Inspector Hanley*, Lumsden Hare; *Mrs. Luce*, Zeffie Tilbury; *Sybil Conway*, Betty Francisco; *Kent*, Harry Beresford; *Martin*, John Rogers; *Eben*, J. G. Davis.*

"CIMARRON." Radio. From the novel by Edna Ferber. Adapted by Howard Estabrook. Directed by Wesley Ruggles. The cast: *Yancy Cravat*, Richard Dix; *Sabra Cravat*, Irene Dunne; *Dixie Lee*, Estelle Taylor; *Felice Venable*, Nance O'Neil; *The Kid*, William Collier, Jr.; *Jess Rickey*, Roscoe Ates; *Sol Levy*, George E. Stone; *Louie Heffner*, Robert McWade; *Mrs. Tracy Wyatt*, Edna May Oliver; *Mr. Bixby*, Frank Darien; *Isaiah*, Eugene Jackson; *Ruby Big Elk (eldest)*, Dolores Brown; *Ruby Big Elk (younger)*, Gloria Vonic; *Murch Rankin*, Otto Hoffman; *Grat Gotch*, William Orlamond; *Louis Venable*, Frank Beal; *Donna Cravat (eldest)*, Nancy Dover; *Donna Cravat (younger)*, Helen Parrish; *"Cim" (eldest)*, Donald Dillaway; *"Cim" (younger)*, Junior Johnson; *"Cim" (youngest)*, Douglas Scott; *Yancey, Jr.*, Reginald Streeter; *Felice, Jr.*, Lois Jane Campbell; *Aunt Cassandra*, Ann Lee; *Dabney Venable*, Tyronne Brereton; *Cousin Bella*, Lillian Lane; *Jocett Goforth*, Henry Rocqyemore; *Arminia Greenwood*, Nell Craig; *Pat Leary*, Robert McKenzie.

"CITY LIGHTS." United Artists. From an original story by Charles Chaplin. Directed by Charles Chaplin. The cast: *Tramp*, Charles Chaplin; *Blind Girl*, Virginia Cherrill; *Her Grandmother*, Florence Lee; *Eccentric Millionaire*, Harry Myers; *His Butler*, Allan Garcia; *Prize fighter*, Hank Mann.

"CRACKED NUTS." Radio. Screen play by Douglas MacLean and Al Boasberg. Directed by Edward Cline. The cast: *Wendell Graham*, Bert Wheeler; *Zander Ulysses Parkhurst*, Robert Woolsey; *Betty Harrington*, Dorothy Lee; *Carlotta*, Leni Stengel; *General Bogardus*, Stanley Fields; *King Oscar*, Harvey Clark; *Revolutionist*, Boris Karloff.*

"DANCE, FOOLS, DANCE." Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. From an original story by Aurania Rouverol. Directed by Harry Beaumont. The cast: *Bonnie*, Joan Crawford; *Bob*, Lester Vail; *Bert Scranton*, Cliff

Edwards; *Rodney*, William Bakewell; *Stanley Jordon*, Quilliam Holden; *Jake Luva*, Clark Gable; *Wally*, Earle Foxe; *Parker*, Purnell B. Pratt; *Selby*, Hale Hamilton; *Della*, Natalie Moorhead; *Sylvia*, Joan Marsh; *Whitey*, Russell Hopton.

"DISHONORED." Paramount. From the story by Josef von Sternberg. Directed by Josef von Sternberg. The cast: *Lieutenant Kranau*, Victor McLaglen; *X 27*, Marlene Dietrich; *Colonel Korvin*, Lew Cody; *Secret Service Head*, Gustav von Seyffertitz; *General von Hindau*, Warner Oland; *Young Lieutenant*, Barry Norton; *Court Martial Officer*, Davison Clark; *General Dymov*, Wilfred Lucas; *Manager*, Bill Powell.

"DON'T BET ON WOMEN." Fox. From a story by William Anthony McGuire. Adapted by Lynn Starling and Leon Gordon. Directed by William K. Howard. The cast: *Roger Fallon*, Edmund Lowe; *Herbert Drake*, Roland Young; *Mrs. Drake*, Jeanette MacDonald; *Chipley Duff*, J. M. Kerrigan; *Tallulah*, Una Merkel; *Butterfield*, Henry Kolker; *Mrs. Doris Brent*, Helene Millard.

"EAST LYNNE." Fox. From the novel, "East Lynne," by Mrs. Henry Wood. Directed by Frank Lloyd. The cast: *Lady Isabel*, Ann Harding; *Captain Lewison*, Clive Brook; *Robert Carlyle*, Conrad Nagel; *Cornelia*, Cecilia Loftus; *Jocye*, Beryl Mercer; *Lord Mount Severn*, O. P. Heggie; *Barbara Hare*, Flora Sheffield; *Sir Richard Hare*, David Torrence; *Doctor*, Eric Mayne; *William*, Wally Allbright.

"GENTLEMAN'S FATE." Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. From the story by Ursula Parrott. Directed by Mervyn Le Roy. The cast: *Jack Thomas*, John Gilbert; *Frank*, Louis Wolheim; *Marjorie*, Leila Hyams; *Ruth*, Anita Page; *Mabel*, Marie Prevost; *Florio*, John Miljan; *Mike*, George Cooper; *Angelo*, Ferike Beros; *Dante*, Ralph Ince; *Francesco*, Frank Reicher; *Mario*, Paul Porcasi; *Tony*, Tenen Holtz.

"GOD'S GIFT TO WOMEN." Warner Brothers. Suggested by the play, "The Devil Was Sick," by Jane Hinton. Directed by Michael Curtiz. The cast: *Jacques Duryea*, Frank Fay; *Diane Churchill*, Laura La Plante; *Doctor Dumont*, Arthur E. Carewe; *Mr. Churchill*, Charles Winninger; *Florine*, Louise Brooks; *Fifi*, Joan Blondell; *Tania Daniloff*, Margaret Livingston; *The undertaker*, Charles Judels; *DeGoncourt*, Armand Kaliz; *Other girls*, "G" Sisters, Nena Quartaro, Ethlynne Claire, Hazell Howell.*

"JUNE MOON." Paramount. From the play by Ring Lardner and George S. Kaufman. Adapted by Keene Thompson. Directed by A. Edward Sutherland. The cast: *Frederick Martin Stevens*, Jack Oakie; *Edna Baker*, Frances Dee; *Eileen Fletcher*, June MacCloy; *Paul Sears*, Ernest Wood; *Maxie Schwartz*, Harry Akst; *Lucille*, Wynne Gibson; *Sam Hart*, Sam Hardy; *Goldie*, Ethel Sutherland; *Window Cleaner*, Frank Darien; *Young Goebel*, Harold Waldrige; *Miss Rixey*, Jean Bary.*

"KIKI." United Artists. From a Broadway play. Directed by Samuel Taylor. The cast: *Kiki*, Mary Pickford; *Paulette*, Margaret Livingston; *Victor Randall*, Reginald Denny; *Fred Warren*, Joseph Cawthorn.

"LAUGH AND GET RICH." Radio. From the story by Douglas McLean. Directed by Gregory La Cava. The cast: *Alice Austin*, Dorothy Lee; *Sarah Austin*, Edna May Oliver; *Joe Austin*, Hugh Herbert; *Hepburn*, John Harron; *Larry*, Russell Gleason; *Vincellini*, George Davis; *Miss Teasdale*, Maude Fealy; *Biddle*, Charles Sellon; *Phelps*, Robert Emmett Keane.

"LONELY WIVES." Pathé. Based on A. H. Woods' stage play. Directed by Russell Mack. The cast: *Mr. Smith*, Mr. Zero, Edward Everett Horton; *Mrs. Smith*, Esther Ralston; *Diane*, Laura La Plante; *Minter*, Patsy Ruth Miller; *Andrews*, Spencer Charters; *Mrs. Mantel*, Maude Eburne; *Wuzette*, Georgette Rhoades.*

"MAN OF THE WORLD." Paramount. From an original story by Herman J. Mankiewicz. Directed by Richard Wallace. The cast: *Michael Trevor*, William

Powell; *Mary Kendall*, Carole Lombard; *Irene*, Wynne Gibson; *Harold Taylor*, Guy Kibbee; *Frank Thompson*, Lawrence Gray.*

"RANGO." Paramount. An Ernest B. Schoedsack Production. The cast: *The man*, Claude King; *The boy*, Douglas Scott; *An old hunter*, Ali, *His son*, Bin; *An old ape*, Tua; *His son*, Rango.

"RIVERS END." Warner Brothers. Based on James Oliver Curwood's story of the same name. Adapted by Charles Kenyon. Directed by Michael Curtiz. The cast: *John Keith*, Sergeant Conniston, Charles Bickford; *Miriam*, Evalyn Knapp; *O'Toole*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Colonel McDowell*, David Torrence; *Louise*, ZaSu Pitts; *Mickey*, Junior Coghlan; *Martin*, Walter McGrail.

"STRANGERS MAY KISS." From the novel by Ursula Parrott. Directed by George Fitzmaurice. The cast: *Lisbeth*, Norma Shearer; *Steve*, Robert Montgomery; *Alan*, Neil Hamilton; *Geneva*, Marjorie Rambeau; *Celia*, Irene Rich; *Andrew*, Hale Hamilton; *Spanish Dancer*, Conchita Montenegro; *Harry*, Jed Prouty; *De Bazan*, Albert Conti; *Walter*, Henry Armetta; *Walter*, George Davis.*

"TABU." Paramount. A story of the South Seas told by F. W. Murnau and R. J. Flaherty. Directed by F. W. Murnau. The cast: *The Boy*, Matahi; *The Girl*, Reri; *The Old Warrior*, Hitu; *The Policeman*, Jean; *The Captain*, Jules; *The Chinese Trader*, Kong Ah.*

"TEN CENTS A DANCE." Columbia. From the story by Jo Swerling. Directed by Lionel Barrymore. The cast: *Barbara*, Barbara Stanwyck; *Carlton*, Ricardo Cortez; *Eddie*, Monroe Owsley; *Molly*, Sally Blane; *Mrs. Blanchard*, Blanche Frederici; *Eunice*, Phyllis Crane; *Smith*, Victor Potel; *Jones*, Al Hill; *Leo*, Jack Byron; *Casey*, Pat Harmon; *Nancy*, Martha Sleeper.*

"THE FINGER POINTS." First National. From a story by John Monk Saunders. Adapted by Robert Lord. Directed by John Francis Dillon. The cast: *Breckenridge Lee*, Richard Barthelmess; *Marcia Collins*, Fay Wray; *Charles Russell*, Regis Toomey; *Frank Carter*, Robert Elliott; *Louis Blanco*, Clark Gable; *Managing Editor Wheeler*, Oscar Apfel; *Larry Hays*, Noel Madison.*

"THE FRONT PAGE." United Artists. From the Broadway play by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur. Adapted by Bartlett Cormack. Directed by Lewis Milestone. The cast: *Walter Burns*, Adolphe Menjou; *Hildy Johnson*, Pat O'Brien; *Peggy*, Mary Brian; *Bensinger*, Edward Everett Horton; *Murphy*, Walter Catlett; *Earl Williams*, George E. Stone; *Molly*, Mae Clarke; *Pincus*, Slim Summerville; *Kruger*, Matt Moore; *McCue*, Frank McHugh; *Sheriff Hartman*, Clarence H. Wilson.*

"THE LAST PARADE." Columbia. From an original story by Casey Robinson. Adapted by Dorothy Howell. Directed by Erle C. Kenton. The cast: *Cookie Leonard*, Jack Holt; *Mike O'Dowd*, Tom Moore; *Molly Pearson*, Constance Cummings; *Larry Pearson*, Gaylord Pendleton; *Marino*, Robert Ellis; *Lefty*, Earle D. Bunn; *Vivi*, Vivi; *Rosenberg*, Jess De Vorka; *Chief of Police*, Ed Le Saint; *City Editor*, Edmund Breese; *Alabama*, Clarence Muse; *Joe*, Gino Corrado; *Danny Murphy*, Robert Graham.

"THE RIGHT OF WAY." First National. Based on the novel by Sir Gilbert Parker. Adapted by Francis Edward Faragoh. Directed by Frank Lloyd. The cast: *Charles "Beauty" Steele*, Conrad Nagel; *Rosalie Erantural*, Loretta Young; *Joseph Portugas*, Fred Kohler; *Billy Wantage*, William Janney; *The Cure*, George Pearce; *The Judge*, Emmett King; *Kathleen*, Olive Tell; *Gosslin*, Harry Cording; *Crown Attorney*, Brandon Hurst; *The Siegmund*, Holliwell Hobbes; *Suzon*, Yola D'Avril; *Louis Trudel*, Snitz Edwards.*

"THE SOUTHERNER." Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. From an original story by Bess Meredyth and Wells Root. Directed by Harry Pollard. The cast: *Jeffry*, Lawrence Tibbett; *Antonia*, Esther Ralston; *Doc*, Roland Young; *Snipe*, Cliff Edwards; *Rodman*, Purnell B. Pratt; *Christine*, Hedda Hopper; *Mrs. Farraday*, Emma Dunn; *Hokey*, Stepin Fetchit; *George*, Louis John Bartels; *Carter Jerome*, Theodore Von Eltz; *Peter*, Wally Allbright, Jr.; *Elsbeth*, Suzanne Rensom; *Naomi*, Gertrude Howard; *Jackson*, John Larkin.

"TRADER HORN." Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. From the story by Ethelreda Lewis. Adapted by Dale Van Every and John Thomas Neville. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. The cast: *Trader Horn*, Harry Carey; *Nina*, Edwina Booth; *Peru*, Duncan Renaldo; *Rencharo*, Mutia Omoolu; *Edith Trend*, Olive Golden.

"UNFAITHFUL." Paramount. From an original story by John Van Druten. Adapted by Eva Unsell. Directed by John Cromwell. The cast: *Fay*, Ruth Chatterton; *Colin Graham*, Paul Lukas; *Ronald Kilker*, Paul Cavanagh; *Gemma Houston*, Juliette Compton; *Terry Houston*, Donald Cook; *Auntie Janie*, Emily Fitzroy.*

The picture producing companies, each month in SCREENLAND, announce new pictures and stars to be seen in the theatres throughout the country. Watch this announcement. This month they will be found on the following pages: Radio Pictures, page 3; Paramount, page 5; Warner Brothers, page 7; First National, page 9; Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, page 11; Columbia, page 13.

What About Carole Lombard?—Continued from page 83

and not a little disappointed when her mother placidly assured her that no interference would be forthcoming from her, and the brothers "ribbed" her nonchalantly about her career.

Now, the Lombard mere is just about 100 years ahead of her time in the job of mothering. She does not believe in that sacred thing called parental rights. She is satisfied with the sincere friendship and love that her children offer her, and refuses to block with advice, tears or commands any course they care to follow.

Her platform of "I do not choose to interfere" is the scandal, so I'm told, of all the Lombard relatives, and nourishing gossip for the neighborhood sewing clique.

"You simply couldn't go wrong with a mother like mine," Carole told me one day when the subject of progeny *versus* parentage was food for discussion. "I think the 'life of the Lombards' is the real reason for my shying from the matrimonial leap.

"Our house is usually ringing with laughter. My brothers are wits in their own right and they do a good deal of practicing about the house. Freddie and Tutti always bring home a few friends apiece for dinner, and those added to a few of mine makes the Lombard mansion a little like a madhouse. But I love it. I am afraid that when I leave home for one of my own I'll be gnawed with homesickness and loneliness."

Due to brotherly interest, no doubt, Carole goes about the business of being a motion picture player with a masculine deliberation that is amazing in one so blonde, so blue-eyed and so fragile.

She studies the intricacies of make-up, coiffures, diets, exercises, gestures, voice pitches, clothes and mannerisms as methodically and thoroughly as an income tax collector.

She believes that a flawless figure and plu-perfect grooming are far more essential on the screen than mere beauty. And I, for one, say the Lombard girl is right.

Carole has trained her figure into a symmetry of liquid lines that nettles fifty percent of Hollywood's feminine population. She does not diet, but she does believe in sensible eating and plenty of outdoor exercise.

Her hobbies are interior decoration and perfumes. She is reluctant to admit to the latter interest, since ninety percent of the film colony claims the same avocation.

"I really love perfumes," Carole said on one occasion when she returned from Mexico with twenty bottles of rare scents. "I don't buy the stuff for the bottles to be used as decorations on my dressing table. I open every bottle the moment I get it home and use it until I tire of it. I change perfumes on an average of once a week, returning to old favorites or new possibilities, and the stimulating effect of this variety in aromas is quite pleasant."

At this writing, Carole's home is the ultimate in Colonial furnishings, drapes and things. It will remain Colonial until she can afford to sell out the entire house and start from the ground up creating a new and exciting domicile.

When she has finished her last scene in "Up Pops the Devil," she will make a speed-limit trip to Los Angeles' largest

furniture establishment and, aided with an army of rug-men, chair-men, table-men, drapery-men and lamp-men will "do over" the house in French Provincial style.

To the suggestion that clothes should be added to her list of hobbies, Carole is scornful.

"Clothes a hobby?" she echoes incredulously. "Clothes should be a business, a very serious business to every woman, whether she likes it or not.

"Shopping is never a pleasure for me. Keeping one's mental balance in a sea of eager saleswomen calls for every ounce of sales resistance and poise."

Having won sartorial laurels right along with Kay Francis, Lilyan Tashman and Norma Shearer, with no obvious effort, Carole admits that no woman is smart by virtue of talent or bank account, but by gruelling toil and exhaustive study.

The fact that she now is riding on the crest of a very well behaved wave has not stirred Carole's equilibrium. Her contract with Paramount is just six months old, and she has been assured that stellar rôles are in the very near offing.

Carole says that she always knew she'd make good. You see, she's not inhibited by inferior complexes. Even when she was lying in a hospital after a severe motor accident, and doctors were indefinite when asked about her return to the screen, Carole never doubted her destiny for a moment. When a numerologist advised her to final the "e" to her first name she did that calmly, too.

Freddie and Tutti still "rib" her for being an actress, but they are terribly proud of her.

after this

or this

or this

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A New Slant on Greta Garbo—Continued from page 21

together, looking out over the water, and talking Swedish most of the time," Ploen related.

"One afternoon one of the fellows got out a revolver and several of the company started shooting at a five-gallon can on shore, but they were all missing it. Besides being an electrician, I am also a gunsmith," Ploen explained, "so one of the boys brought the revolver to me and asked me to see what was wrong with it. I aimed at the can and hit it three times in succession. 'The gun's all right,' I told him, 'what you fellows need is practice.'"

"Garbo, sitting away from the group, seemed suddenly interested. 'Can you show me how to do that?' she asked me.

"Sure, but don't let these fellows onto the trick," I told her. We walked away from the group and I explained how to aim and fire correctly.

"Oh," she said, "then there is a trick to it!"

"She watched closely and then very earnestly took practice shots at objects in the water. Then she walked back to the waiting group, and tried her aim at the target on shore. Over-anxious, she missed in her first attempt, but then hit it three times straight," Ploen recalled.

"She thanked me, and laughing heartily, handed the gun to one of the boys and walked back to her seat to see whether any of the fellows could beat her mark. None could—and she seemed as genuinely 'tickled' with her performance as a youngster would be with a new toy."

"Everyone trembled when Garbo first came on the lot," Dorothy Sebastian, who played in "A Woman of Affairs" and "The Single Standard" with Garbo, informed me. "That is, everyone but I," she amended. "I decided that I would just 'be myself'; that Greta must be only human and that she probably disliked all the kowtowing that greeted her from all sides. So, when our director introduced us, I said, 'Hello' casually, for I was actually not much impressed.

"I must have betrayed my feelings, because Greta inquired: 'How do you feel?'

"Tired," I answered.

"I do, too," said Greta.

"Good," I grunted. I am afraid that I was almost rudely laconic, for I was really dead tired.

"I'm glad that you are tired," Greta went on; "I like tired people."

"We seemed to get along famously from then on. A few minutes later it was lunch time, and Garbo invited me to eat with her, in her dressing-room. I had lunch with her often, after that.

"When we had finished 'A Woman of Affairs,' I rented a new house and started in to re-furnish it. Greta asked to come over and see the place. I told her to come right along, but warned her that everything was terribly topsy-turvy.

"When Greta dropped in, my chairs hadn't yet arrived and so we ate our luncheon—baked beans and Boston brown bread—sitting on the floor. Greta seemed to enjoy the grand confusion. It was really a lark for her, as she enjoys herself most when she can romp about and not have to give a thought to how she looks.

"Mentally, she is very bright. She is stimulating to talk to. She enjoys a good joke, even when it is on herself, which is, after all, the acid test for a sense of humor.

"From a professional angle," Dorothy went on, "I believe Greta is born with the gift of genius and that as a film star she hasn't yet scratched the surface of the

glorious future that awaits her. I think her rôle in 'Anna Christie' came closest to showing us what the real talents of Greta Garbo can do."

"She is original. Her acting finesse is very nearly perfect. Although the term is popularly misused, I must say that Greta Garbo is a genius," is Gavin Gordon's tribute to the star of "Romance," in which he played opposite the glamorous Greta.

He, like Dorothy Sebastian, believes that Garbo is merely at the beginning of her success. "I have never worked with anybody that I thought was a finer artist. She has a terrific personality which she carries into her work; and she does not take the easy road to success. Usually genius goes hand in glove with laziness, but Miss Garbo is the very epitome of hard work and conscientiousness," says Mr. Gordon.

"Her thorough understanding of acting technique is amazing. It is second nature to her. In talking over the script of 'Romance,' I thought she showed more brains and good judgment than anyone on the set. I believe no one on the screen today approaches her for sheer acting knowledge and ability."

"Unassuming, yet strangely fascinating," said Gustav von Seyffertitz, when questioned upon the subject of Greta Garbo.

"When I first met her," he recalled, "she was very, very shy. We were making 'The Mysterious Lady' and American picture-making methods were strange and complex to her.

"Although I had a big part in that picture, I had little chance to become acquainted with Miss Garbo, for between scenes she would sit away somewhere by herself, a bit scared, I believe, by the unfamiliar surroundings. In our few contacts between scenes, I found her to be most unassuming and fascinating, with a peculiar flavor of *recherche*.

"I do not believe you can call Greta Garbo a 'popular' actress, even though she is universally acclaimed," said Mr. von Seyffertitz. "She is, instead, an intriguing personality and her tremendous appeal is largely due, I think, to the aura of foreignness which envelops her.

"Her low, rumbling voice, which has occasioned widespread comment, is rather characteristic of Continental women, I believe, and is a great asset toward maintaining that foreign atmosphere about Garbo. In Europe, you know, we all speak like that, from away down deep in the throat."

"Have you noted any great improvement over Miss Garbo's work from when you first worked with her up to the present?" I asked him.

"I don't believe she has changed her style materially," von Seyffertitz replied. "She was a star when we made 'The Mysterious Lady,' only the producers hadn't realized it yet. Garbo has her own methods of portraying characters; her technique is individual, and so I do not believe she has changed much. She is essentially the same actress: original in her art and possessed of that magnetic attraction, mystery."

"She's a peach!" enthused Lew Ayres, when I called upon him for his opinion of his heart's desire in "The Kiss."

"'The Kiss' was my first picture," Lew told me, "and in my one big dramatic scene with Garbo, she threw the action so entirely my way that I actually dominated the scene."

"She's a good business woman, then,"

I suggested, "for being willing to pass up self-glorification for the sake of the picture."

"Maybe," Lew reflected, "but I can't help but feel that she did it for me. Throughout the picture she gave me hints that I could have known otherwise only through long experience. Greta is my favorite actress and I shall always be grateful to her, for she helped me over the hurdles when I was just learning to toddle in this business.

"She is the most even-tempered star I have seen so far. Even in the most trying situations she was always serenely calm, complete mistress of whatever problems came up. She is a delight to work with, because she appreciates sincere effort from her co-workers and she is wholly unselfish in giving credit where it is due. I hope some day I may play in a Garbo picture again."

"I have watched Greta Garbo's steady rise in pictures with great satisfaction," said the Reverend Mr. Neal Dodd, pastor of St. Mary of the Angels Church in Hollywood.

"When I worked in 'Flesh and the Devil' with Miss Garbo, she was not yet a recognized star, but I considered her an actress of great potentialities. She was very quiet but cordial, and I noticed particularly that she had no exalted opinions of herself," continued the leader of Hollywood's "Little Church Around the Corner."

"I found her to be a very pleasant person, and ever since I worked in that one picture with her, I have watched her progress by dint of excellent performances to the position in screenland she now enjoys."

"It is the secret wish of every young actor to play in a picture with Greta Garbo," says Robert Montgomery. "You can imagine how excited I was when I was assigned a part in 'Inspiration.' To work with Garbo is an education in screen art. I thoroughly enjoyed every minute of the making of the picture. Miss Garbo is not only a real actress, she is a remarkable woman with a keen sense of humor and a sympathetic understanding of life."

"I have worked with Greta Garbo in many pictures and each one has been an enjoyable experience. Miss Garbo is an artist and she gives to her work an enthusiasm which communicates itself to the other players. As a woman she is ever-changing in her moods and is, therefore, always interesting and charming." That's what Lewis Stone thinks of her.

And so it goes!

Phlegmatic, enthusiastic, helpful, indifferent, shy, cordial, friendly, aloof, a worker, a genius: Greta Garbo is each and all of these.

Each of her co-workers recognizes another facet of the sparkling jewel which is Garbo's many-sided personality. All of them love and admire her.

Watch for the lovely portrait of Greta Garbo, which you will want to keep, which will appear in the rotogravure art section of SCREENLAND next month—the July issue, on sale June first!

We Want Blondes!

Continued from page 33

blonde—and a very fascinating blonde, too. Bebe decided that the contrast of her dark hair against her face was not as flattering as the luminous chestnut red she has adopted; and as always Bebe is right. Why are blondes so successful in pictures?

Loretta Young, one of our most preferred blondes, has this to say: "Blondes are more feminine. More beautiful, perhaps. And beauty means a great deal to the screen. I always think of blondes as dainty, ethereal, like Dresden china figures." (Loretta does not consider herself a blonde, by the way.)

"Blondes," says Lilyan Tashman scornfully, "are clinging vines, dependent on men for support. They are fluffy and frilly and delicate." Is that the reason so many are successful in pictures? Lilyan is not at all that type, but Lilyan is one of those blondes by preference. For professional purposes, she admits, because the "other woman" had always before been dark and she was the first blonde vamp on the screen. Lilyan claims she is a blonde with a brunette character, so that explains everything!

Dorothy Mackaill says that blondes just naturally attract attention, and therefore experience, and it is the woman with experience who can play the emotional rôles on the screen. Men always turn to look at a blonde blonde. They may not look twice, but they always take the first look. And if this is natural for men, and men are fans and women want what men want—then everyone wants to see the heroine a blonde. And that's that. When you say "blonde" you think of women, not men, she says. Most women prefer dark men, and since dark heroes are the rule, blonde women playing opposite are preferred. Then Mary Pickford, the first big hit in pictures, was a blonde. She thinks that blondes are apt to be more modern, can change moods more rapidly, and, too, that cameras prefer them.

Perhaps this is the era of gentlemen preferring blondes. Perhaps in another



Max Factor, wizard of beauty, makes up Dorothy Mackaill.

era there won't be so many gentlemen. But the movie lots are full of ambitious mothers dragging about blonde infants, the casting office registers more blondes than brunettes. Max Factor must be right. And it hardly looks as if there would be a slump in the blonde market very soon!

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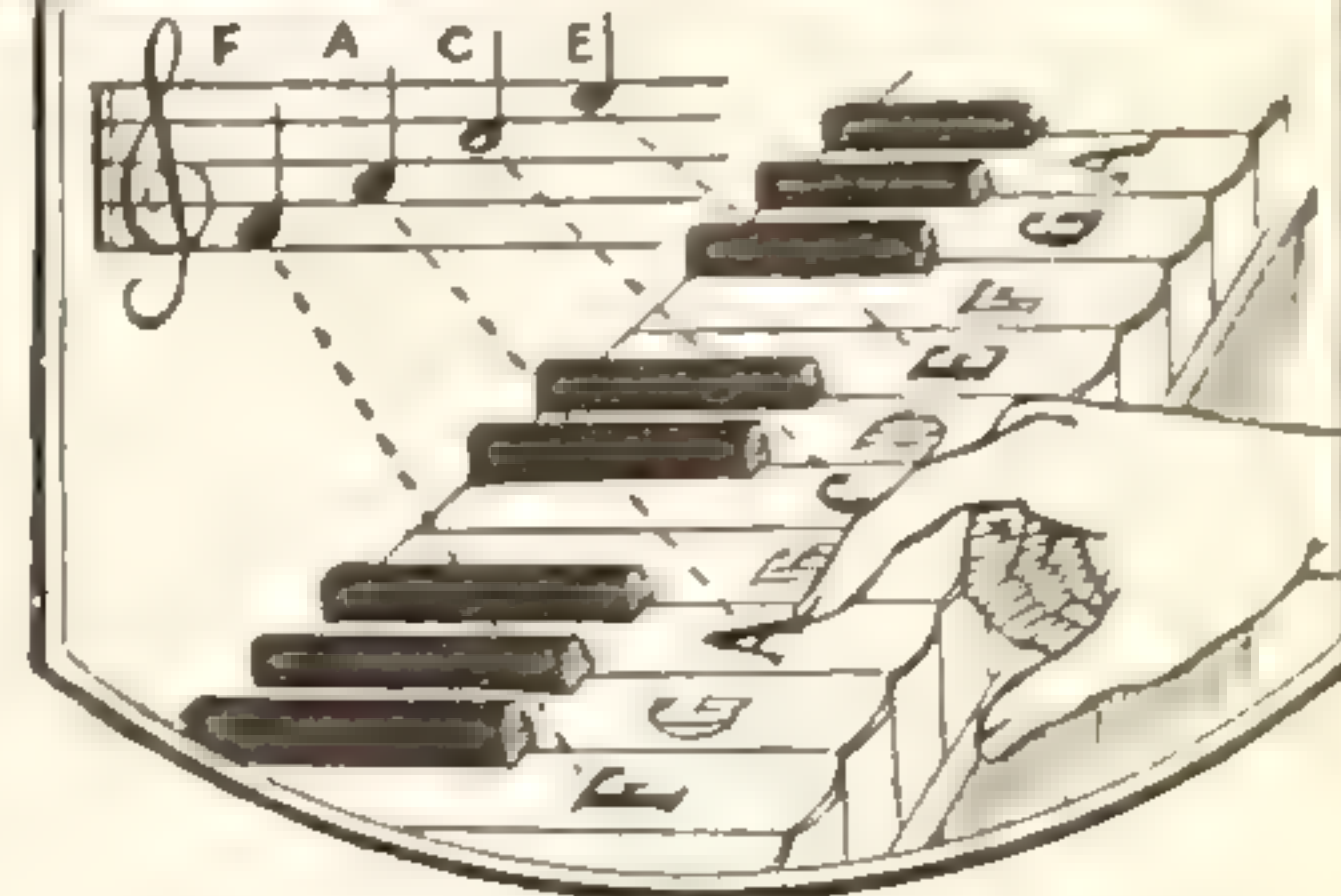
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Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

William Bakewell	Barbara Leonard
Lionel Barrymore	Joan Marsh
Wallace Beery	Adolphe Menjou
Charles Bickford	John Miljan
Lillian Bond	Ray Milland
Edwina Booth	Conchita Montenegro
John Mack Brown	Grace Moore
Harry Carey	Polly Moran
Joan Crawford	Karen Morley
Marion Davies	Conrad Nagel
Reginald Denny	Ramon Novarro
Kent Douglass	Ivor Novello
Marie Dressler	Edward Nugent
Cliff Edwards	Anita Page
Julia Faye	Marie Prevost
Clark Gable	Esther Ralston
Greta Garbo	Duncan Renaldo
John Gilbert	Norma Shearer
Gavin Gordon	Gus Shy
William Haines	Lawrence Tibbett
Hedda Hopper	Lewis Stone
Leila Hyams	Ernest Torrence
Dorothy Jordan	Raquel Torres
Buster Keaton	Lester Vail
Gwen Lee	Roland Young

Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, Cal.

Richard Arlen	Wynne Gibson
Jean Arthur	Harry Green
William Austin	Mitzi Green
George Bancroft	Phillips Holmes
Carman Barnes	Miriam Hopkins
Clara Bow	Carole Lombard
Mary Brian	Paul Lukas
Clive Brook	Fredric March
Nancy Carroll	Rosita Moreno
Maurice Chevalier	Barry Norton
Claudette Colbert	Jack Oakie
Jackie Coogan	Warner Oland
Gary Cooper	Eugene Pallette
Frances Dee	Charles Rogers
Marlene Dietrich	Jackie Searl
Leon Errol	Sylvia Sydney
Stuart Erwin	Charles Starrett
Norman Foster	Regis Toomey
Skeets Gallagher	Fay Wray

First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Robert Allen	David Manners
Richard Barthelmess	Marilyn Miller
Sidney Blackmer	Mae Madison
Joe E. Brown	Ona Munson
James Cagney	Dorothy Peterson
Frank Fay	James Rennie
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.	Vivienne Segal
Gladys Ford	Otis Skinner
Fred Kohler	Jack Whiting
Laura Lee	Edward Woods
Dorothy Mackaill	Loretta Young

Fox Studios, 1401 North Western Avenue, Hollywood, Cal.

Frank Albertson	Robert Ames
Luana Alcaniz	Warner Baxter

Rex Bell	Edmund Lowe
Joan Bennett	Myrna Loy
Humphrey Bogart	Sharon Lynn
El Brendel	Jeannette MacDonald
Marguerite Churchill	Kenneth MacKenna
Joyce Compton	Mona Maris
Donald Dillaway	Victor McLaglen
Fifi Dorsay	Lois Moran
Charles Farrell	George O'Brien
John Garrick	Maureen O'Sullivan
Janet Gaynor	Will Rogers
Warren Hymer	David Rollins
Richard Keene	Rosalie Roy
J. M. Kerrigan	Lee Tracy
Marion Lessing	Spencer Tracy
Cecilia Loftus	John Wayne
	Marjorie White

Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Cal.

Henry Armetta	Ivan Lebedeff
Mary Astor	Dorothy Lee
Evelyn Brent	Everett Marshall
Sue Carol	Joel McCrea
Joseph Cawthorn	Jack Mulhall
Betty Compson	Edna May Oliver
Bebe Daniels	Roberta Robinson
Richard Dix	Lowell Sherman
Irene Dunne	Ned Sparks
Jobyna Howland	Leni Stengel
Arline Judge	Hugh Trevor
Arthur Lake	Bert Wheeler
	Robert Woolsey

Warner Brothers Studios, 5842 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal.

George Arliss	Leon Janney
John Barrymore	Evalyn Knapp
Joan Blondell	Winnie Lightner
Ruth Chatterton	Lucien Littlefield
Claudia Dell	Lotti Lodi
Irene Delroy	Ben Lyon
Kay Francis	Marian Nixon
James Hall	Walter Pidgeon
Walter Huston	William Powell
	H. B. Warner

Pathé Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Robert Armstrong	Bill Boyd
Constance Bennett	James Gleason

Russell Gleason	Eddie Quillan
Alan Hale	Fred Scott
Ann Harding	Helen Twelvetrees

Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

Lewis Ayres	Myrna Kennedy
John Boles	Barbara Kent
Kathryn Crawford	Mary Nolan
Robert Ellis	Eddie Philips
Sidney Fox	Slim Summerville
Jean Hersholt	Genevieve Tobin
Rose Hobart	Lupe Velez
Dorothy Janis	John Wray

United Artists Studios, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Cal.

Don Alvarado	William Farnum
William Boyd	Al Jolson
Eddie Cantor	Evelyn Laye
Charlie Chaplin	Chester Morris
Ronald Colman	Mary Pickford
Lily Damita	Gilbert Roland
Dolores Del Rio	Gloria Swanson
Douglas Fairbanks	Norma Talmadge

Tiffany Studios, 4516 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal.

Gertrude Astor	Lloyd Hughes
Mischa Auer	Paul Hurst
Leo Carrillo	Ralph Ince
Helene Chadwick	Jeannette Loff
Helen Chandler	Wallace MacDonald
Dorothy Christy	Ken Maynard
June Collyer	Blanche Mehaffey
Marion Douglas	Una Merkel
Robert Edeson	Geneva Mitchell
George Fawcett	Charlie Murray
Albert Gran	Sally O'Neil
Ralph Graves	Jason Robards
Carmelita Geraghty	George Sidney
Hale Hamilton	Bob Steele
Neil Hamilton	Thelma Todd

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Cal.

William Collier, Jr.	Bert Lytell
Constance Cummings	Joan Peers
Richard Cromwell	Dorothy Revier
Jack Holt	Loretta Sayers
Buck Jones	Barbara Stanwyck

Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Charley Chase	Harry Langdon
Mickey Daniels	Stan Laurel
Oliver Hardy	ZaSu Pitts
Ed Kennedy	Our Gang
Mary Kornman	Thelma Todd

Educational Studios, 7250 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, Cal.

Marjorie Beebe	Eleanor Hunt
Ann Christy	Patsy O'Leary
Andy Clyde	Daphne Pollard
Harry Gribbon	Lincoln Stedman
	Nick Stuart

Sono Art-World Wide, Metropolitan Studios, 1041 Las Palmas Street, Hollywood, Cal.

Ruth Roland	Edward Everett Horton
-------------	-----------------------

Send Birthday Wishes to These June Stars:

June MacCloy	June 2nd.
Davey Lee	June 3rd.
Lane Chandler	June 4th.
J. Farrell MacDonald	June 6th.
William Austin	June 12th.
Ona Munson	June 16th.
Barry Norton	June 16th.
Vivian Duncan	June 17th.
Ivan Lebedeff	June 18th.
Edmund Breese	June 18th.
Jeanette MacDonald	June 18th.
Gladys Ford	June 22nd.
Jack Whiting	June 22nd.
Ernest Torrence	June 26th.
Mary Lawlor	June 28th.
Lester Vail	June 29th.

Is Hollywood a Godless Town?

Continued from page 53

June Collyer, Junior Coughlan, Trixie Friganza, Eric Von Stroheim, Eddie Dowling, John Ford, Winfield Sheehan, William K. Howard, Leo McCarey and Sam Taylor. Polly Moran is a member, too, and declares herself "rabid Catholic"—although, interestingly, she sometimes listens to Rabbi Magnin's Liberal Jewish sermons over the radio with particular interest.

There are not nearly as many Jewish actors as one might suppose, although several of the producers embrace that faith. Norma Shearer adopted Judaism when she married Irving Thalberg, and both she and her husband are steadfast churchgoers. Carmel Myers is the daughter of a Jewish Rabbi. And of course, everyone knows Charlie Chaplin is of the Jewish faith, but not, perhaps, that he is a deep student of the Bible.

The Christian Scientists can claim a great many Hollywood followers. Corinne Griffith attends this church and her recent testimony appears in *The Sentinel*. Conrad Nagel was an usher in the Fifth Church of Christ, Scientist, in Hollywood for some years, and is now a regular attendant at the one in Beverly Hills.

Mary Pickford was formerly a Catholic, but after her divorce from Owen Moore, became a deep student of Christian Science. She often attends the Wednesday night meetings at Santa Monica, and at one time testified frequently. When in town the Beverly Hills Church sees her an attendant. Douglas Fairbanks was once an altar boy in a Denver church, but is now interested in Science with Mary and occasionally accompanies her to services.

Doug, Jr. and Joan Crawford attend the Christian Science Church and are also deeply interested in Metaphysics. The first Mrs. Fairbanks, young Doug's mother, is earnest in Metaphysical belief, and it is through her that this young couple have taken up its study. Joan and Doug were married in a Catholic church in New York, Joan being a Catholic at that time. Since their Metaphysical interests, however, both have changed markedly in their attitude on all phases of life and work, and have forged ahead amazingly. They credit their religion with making these new successes possible.

Belle Bennett has been an earnest student of Christian Science for the past three years and proclaims that she has found it a great solace during her many sorrows. There have been six deaths in Belle's family during that time and she tells how Science saved her from insanity.

Little Philippe de Lacy attends Christian Science Sunday school regularly. Through Philippe, his foster mother also began attending the church, since she noted the self-control and serenity her boy was gaining from this teaching.

Other Scientists are Leatrice Joy, a member in good standing, Charles Ray, Enid Bennett, Charlotte Greenwood, Fanchon and Marco, Ernest Torrence, Nigel de Brullier, and DeWitt Jennings.

The Episcopal Church, also known as the Church of England in that country, boasts a number of regular members. Joan and Constance Bennett are both Church of England, and Victor McLaglen's father is a bishop in that creed.

Richard Barthelmess was raised in the Episcopal Church, later went to a Chris-



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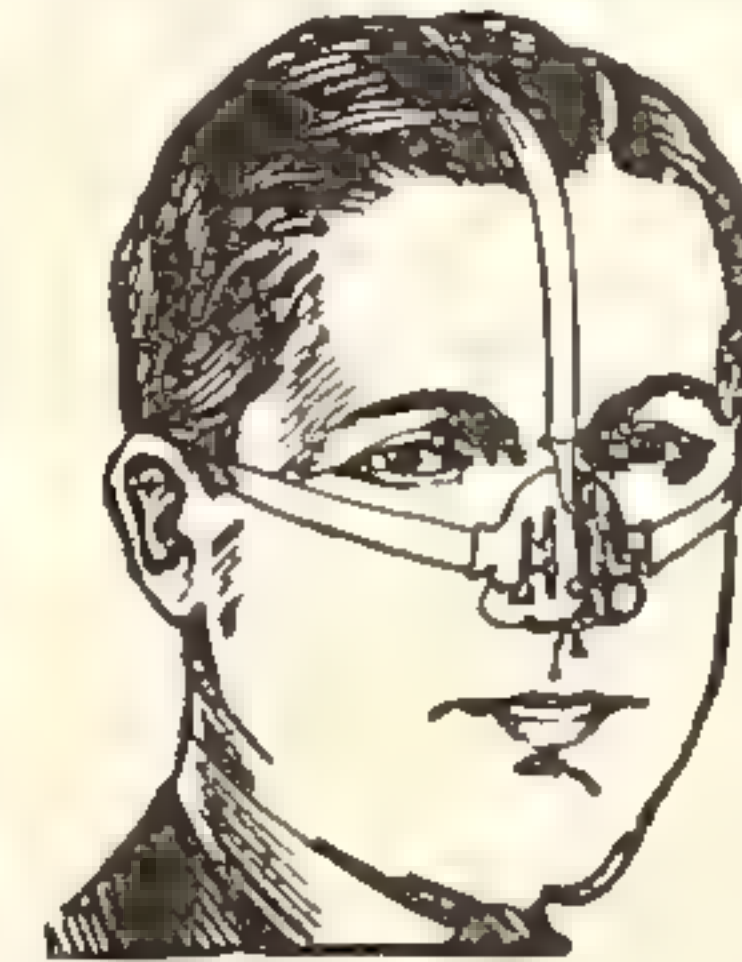
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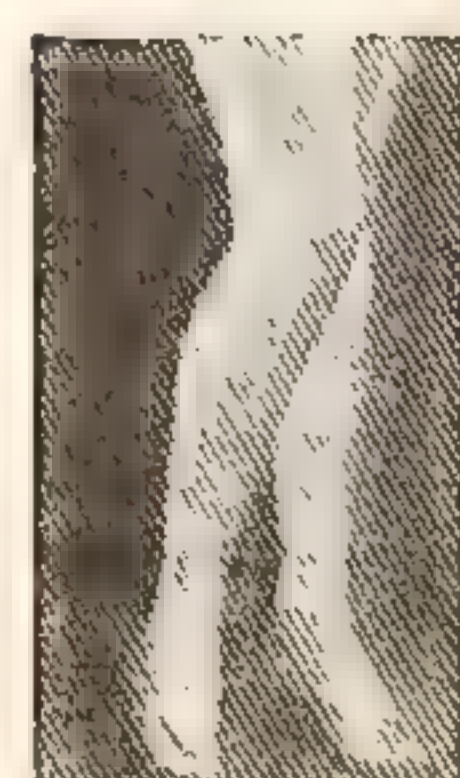
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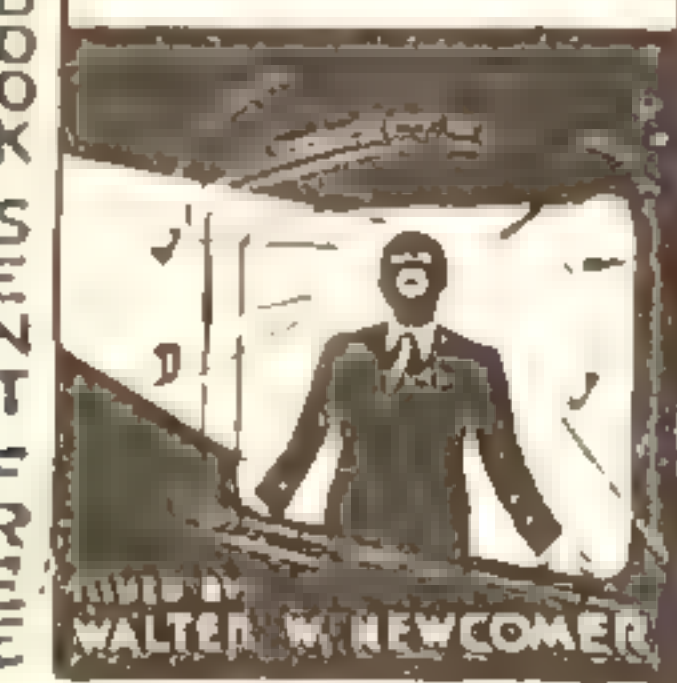
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tian Science boarding school, and from thence back to an Episcopal college. "Mix them in a hat and you have my religion," says Dick. "I just try to practice simple Christianity."

Irene Rich was brought up in the Episcopalian church, but is not now a regular attendant. She says she feels nearer to God now when she is swimming far out into the ocean, or taking long walks in the woods—out in the heart of Nature, from which she has evolved a simple philosophy of her own.

Virginia Cherrill, Charlie Chaplin's leading lady in "City Lights," is Church of England and was educated in Episcopalian convents. Edna Purviance, his former leading lady, started out as an Episcopalian, and loves the ritual of that church, but she, too, has acquired a "personal, private religion" of her own now.

Joseph Cawthorn, who may be starred as the male Marie Dressler, belongs to a long line of Church of Englanders, and has a brother who is an Episcopalian rector. But Mrs. Cawthorn is a Catholic, so he frequently accompanies her to her services. Mrs. Cawthorn says that Joe is "a Christian gentleman through and through."

And the same may be said of dear old Alec B. Francis, who attends church regularly, speaks before the Church Fellowship, and is a personal friend of the Bishop of his Diocese.

Other faithful Episcopalians are Esther Ralston, Ronald Colman, and Anthony Bushell—Anthony having several clergymen in his family back in England. George Arliss is also Church of England.

George Fawcett says he was a faithful Episcopalian for years, but now simply reveres all religions, observes the Ten Commandments, and earnestly believes in prayer. Ethel Wales began as an Episcopalian, but says she has marked leanings toward Christian Science now, and believes in the power of the mind over destructive thought. Doris Lloyd belongs to the Church of England but often attends Unity lectures. Clive Brook, Mary Forbes, and Ralph Forbes all profess the Church of England faith.

Clara Kimball Young tells me that she has studied all religions, oriental and occidental, and is more partial to that of the old Persians, which is similar to the Unitarian. She believes that "all conceptions are immaculate," *vide* Bernard Shaw, but does not accept the power of prayer. Her husband, Dr. A. S. Forman, however, insists that he is an Atheist; that all life will soon be created in a laboratory.

Joe E. Brown favors the Golden Rule as his fundamental creed, and Mrs. Brown says he lives up to it. Little Evalyn Knapp also holds for the Golden Rule, and believes in a God which might also be called the "Creative Mind." She talks of "our individualized universal mind" and believes that we are all the result of our thinking.

Louise Fazenda is an ardent Golden Rule and successfully works out a practical line of conduct for herself. Lawrence Tibbett believes in a religion of joy and beauty and our duty thus to express life.

Will Rogers is deeply religious although he marches under no specific label. Marie Dressler's religion is the simple creed of doing as one would be done by. Greta Garbo was raised as a Swedish Lutheran. John Wayne attended Methodist schools and colleges. Little 17-year-old Barbara Weeks feels that Universal Love is the essence of religion. Barbara also takes astrology very seriously as a guide in her career.

Harold Lloyd was brought up in the Christian Church and was married to

Mildred Lloyd in it, but he, too, says the Golden Rule is his essential creed. Noah and Wallace Beery were both raised in the Christian Church; Noah was married to his Marguerite in her Episcopalian church. Charlie Farrell comes from good old Quaker stock. He and Hedda Hopper are the only two Quakers among the screen stars. Charlie Mailles and Claire McDowell are earnest Presbyterians and attend church regularly with their boys. Lawrence Grant says he dislikes the word "religion," as he thinks it is tinged with satisfied dogma. "Faith," too, he feels indicates a blind acceptance of the improbable. But a well-grounded "belief" is important to us all. "There is no material waste in the world. Life is everlasting," he says reverently.

Nor does this list include them all. Several, like Ann Harding, preferred not to discuss their religion for publication, and yet have abiding faiths. Even Lilyan Tashman, who always plays somewhat hard-boiled rôles, says she earnestly believes in the essential importance of doing unto others as one would be done by. All those who wished to be omitted from this story, nevertheless held to various religious faiths, while preferring to regard them as a strictly private matter.

The Catholics are so strong in Hollywood that they even publish a fan weekly, surely the only one under church auspices.

The next strongest faith is Christian Science, the third Episcopalian, with the individualists a close fourth. Next come Judaism, the Christian Church, Presbyterian and Methodist, in that order, with only two discoverable Quakers in Hedda Hopper and Charlie Farrell. The first two named are the most regular and earnest attendants at their churches and the most willing to proclaim their faith.

The reason given by some picture players for not wishing to make known their religion was "the narrow-mindedness of the fan readers" whose prejudices might be aroused. We are confident that no such fears are justified. Americans have long since agreed that there are many roads to Heaven!



Tom Meighan comes back. Here he is with Mrs. Meighan—Frances Ring. Tommy will be in "Young Sinners" for Fox.

Marie Dressler's Own Story

Continued from page 55

chines must be adjusted and synchronized. After it has taken two hours or more to get ready to shoot a scene and one is feeling more shot against than shooting, the director says, "Everybody ready! I will take the scene!" Jaded from the preliminaries, but still anxious to do a good job, the actors get set. It's like a race. We get all our sinews and all our biceps ready. We spurt and put all we have in the run and just as we are congratulating ourselves on how truly magnificent we are and this picture is going to knock 'em cold, the camera man says, "Sorry, but I was out of focus on that."

We go through the focusing again and the "cuss" in focus is accented this time. By now I'm so tired that I think of myself as "The Two Orphans."

You can't get through it again. You won't. This is intolerable. You look around. Everybody is taking a long breath and moving into position, so you think of the bread-line and gird up whatever one girds up. You crawl on the floor or up the ladder or put on the fur coat or do whatever you have to do that you'd rather not, and everybody starts again from the judge's stand. We are even more determined. "We'll do it this time, by George!" Our enthusiasm by now is somewhat forced, but still, second wind, like second thoughts, may be best. When we are well on our way toward the home stretch, the light man electrocutes us by saying, "Sorry, there are shadows in that. We'll have to try again." Hell's bells and Christmas trinkets! You can see that the goings-on at Culver City make it no place for the fellow who boasts he'll "try anything once." If one wants to be Alice-in-Movieland, one will do it "again and again."

More focusing. The camera men welcome the interruption to do a little more experimenting. Finally we are off on a new gallop when the sound man stops us. "Sorry, I didn't get that last." In the pause the director achieves an inspiration. There is a general conference. When we finally begin the scene again for recording, the actors have said their lines so many times and gone back and jumped and received so many instructions, that they can't remember their lines. This time we are allowed full authorship for the fault. It is brought home to us that the delay is all ours. We old-timers take it with an alleged grin—the young ones with not so good a grace. By this time nobody feels as if he had a feather left to fly with. The only consolation is that it happens to everybody, novices and veterans alike, but it hurts just the same when it happens to you.

In "Caught Short" I sang *I'm Going Spanish Now*. My goodness, by the time I got that one off my chest, I could have gone any nationality and been buried as the unknown soldier! You see I had to go back for one thing or another so many times that when the music finally started, I couldn't remember *I'm looking for a treader*. I was looking for any old door, the wider the better. When I could work, old man Mike couldn't. By the time he was on the job, again, my mind was a cipher with the rim left off. Then I just slunk right out in the alley with tears of rage and humiliation in my eyes. If I had let loose the volcano inside it would have blown up Culver City. As I paced up and down calling myself everything from a jellyfish to the best words found

in a pirate's vocabulary with a few dough-boy terms thrown in, I asked myself, "What made you think you could play in the pictures? Why didn't you bake buns for a living?" Tum-tidi-tum-tum—*Looking at the pedigree of my famous family tree*—suddenly the words came back to me. I rushed back and announced that I was ready if the mike was, and it was. We snapped into it and I had as much fun as you thought I was having if you saw "Caught Short."

The mike and I get along very well these days because it is now so arranged that the actor is less hampered by the little sound-demon. Nobody knows what a strain it used to be to try to look and act natural, realizing that it was possible to move only in a limited space and hold one's head at a certain angle in order that the sound could be properly reproduced. In "Anna Christie" I told the director that the mike would have to follow me instead of my following the mike. As a result a man shadowed me wherever I went and carried that little instrument which recorded *Marthie's* words to film lovers throughout the country. The result was good because I was not worrying about mechanical conditions and trying to pull my stuff at the same time.

After a hard day on the lot, I don't dress up in my best clothes and parade Hollywood Boulevard or go to an all-night party as many suppose. Instead, I am put to bed at nine o'clock, my windows opened so that I get the fresh fragrance of my garden and the sound of the sea, and I am asleep. I don't even need nightingale songs and scented breezes to induce sleep. Yes, I have that kind of a conscience. I have learned that the only thing to do when there has been a hard day behind and a bad one ahead is to put water on the slate and sponge out all mistakes and worries. After all, we never do say any of those scathing things to the other fellow that we so carefully plan during a pillow conference with ourselves.

I do not alternate work and play. When I work, I work; and when I play, I play. In the days when I made "Tillie's Punctured Romance," we took our picnic pails along, had a lark of a time, and spent some fourteen weeks producing the picture. Today some of our biggest and most expensive films are started and completed within four weeks. While we are working, I give all that I have to the job. If it's necessary to stay over time at night, I never whimper. I'm on the job promptly in the morning because punctuality is my greatest virtue or sin, whichever you consider it. I never have been able to understand or forgive the many people who are so inconsiderate of the time and pocket books of others as to appear for appointments with lame excuses of slow clocks or unexpected callers. I am sure that I have just as many interruptions and know just as many people, if not more, than the average person, but if I can say to a dear friend, who has just come to see me on her return to the city, "I'm terribly sorry, but I have an engagement in ten minutes," I do not see why others can't pursue the same tactics. As it is I give up something that means a good deal to me to keep my appointment only to find that the other person keeps me waiting half an hour. We ought to get together on this and change things for the better! Time in George Washing-

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by

Mildred Hadley



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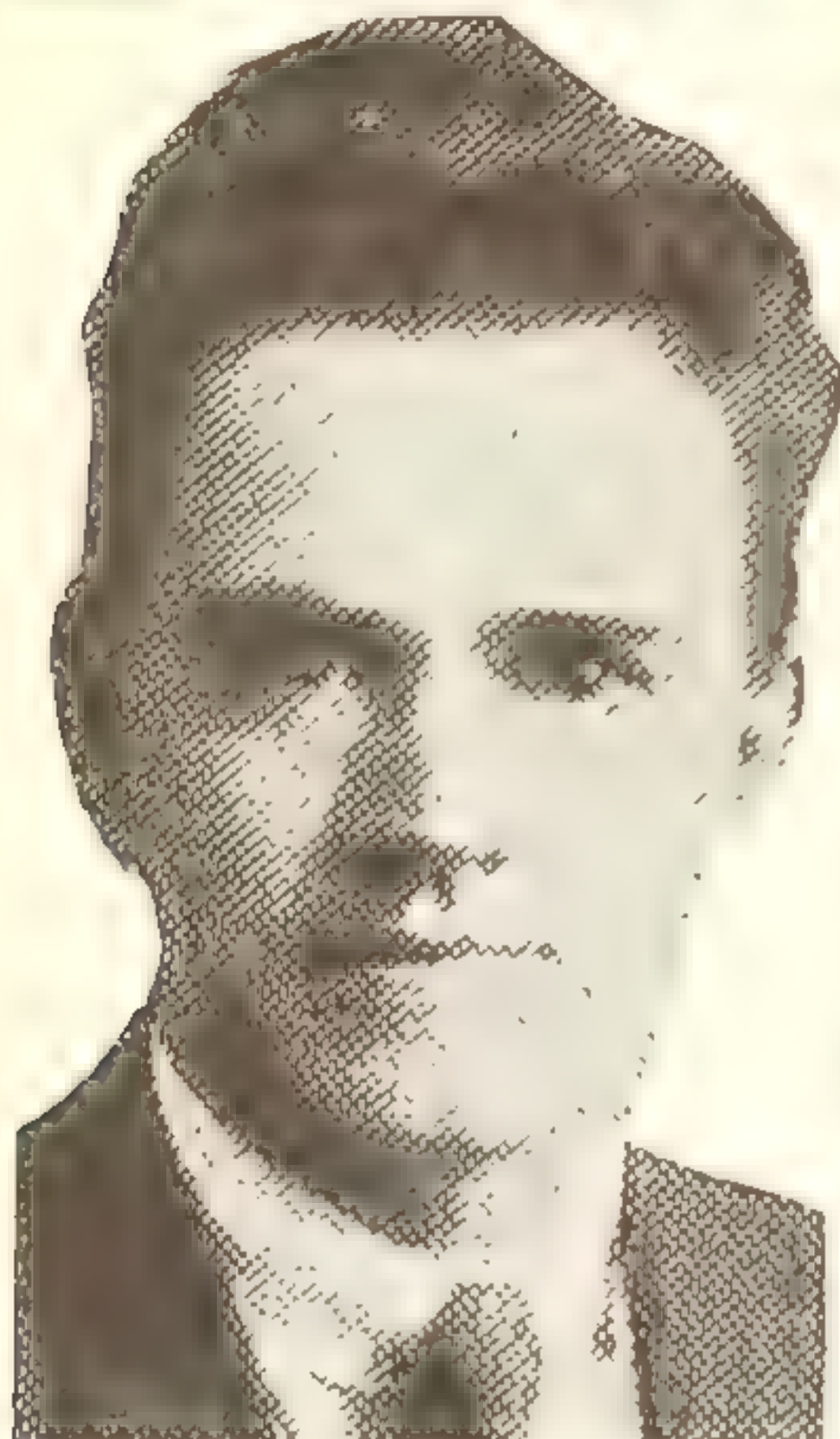
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ton's day meant very little; today half an hour is part of a lifetime.

While I'm prompt on the job and slow to quit, I'm a strictly union man at noon time. My breakfast is so light that I am roaring by twelve and by now everybody begins to look at me when the hunger hour strikes. No matter what the director is doing, he says, "Let her out of her cage. She's growling again," and I'm off.

They treat me like a child and often say, "Don't hurt her," as if I were easily breakable. As a matter of fact, I've encountered only the greatest kindness and consideration in Hollywood, which is contrary to the generally accepted notion that everybody is indifferent and hurried. This impression is gained from the fact that literally hundreds of persons, often with most mediocre talent, come to Hollywood expecting to be met with contracts on silver salvers and the proverbial brass band. Few of these aspirants would have sufficient stamina to stand the gaff if they did get in, but while they are on the sidelines, they rail because they do not receive instant reception. As a matter of fact, everybody in Hollywood who is working, is too busy to be on a reception committee.

Take the director, that much feared and much maligned man. He certainly earns his salary, no matter how fabulous it may seem to fans who are merely reading about it. When a story is sold to the lot, it is immediately adapted by special writers to some particular star or stars. The director is then chosen. The moment he is called, he takes the veil, so to speak. He hasn't a minute, an hour, or a day to himself. He is obliged to go over the script, familiarize himself with it, plan what he can do with it and what it is possible for the cameras to do. This is where experience plus artistic feeling is essential. After hard creative labor on the script and in casting, he gets out on the lot, and goes through the work we have already noted of coping with balky machinery, varying temperaments of both mechanics and stars. In general, the director's job is to take a green gooseberry and inflate it into a luscious melon. Despite rumors to the contrary, he is expected to consider expense and other factors. When he has completed the difficult work of assembling and directing a large cast so that there is that perfect team work which is essential to any success, the job is not over.

No, indeed! While the rest of us are hitting our beauty rest mattresses, the director is sitting up laying out our hurdles for the next day. He is sort of a bandmaster reducing a chaos of assorted notes into rhythm and harmony. When the last scene has been shot, the director cannot pack up his camp outfit and go trout fishing. The previews of the picture are shown, the supervisors arrive and announce to the sleepy-eyed director that the picture of which he is so proud will never do for the moving picture public. With the words, "If you believe me, it's terrible," ringing in his ears, the director girds up whatever one girds up, orders strong coffee, shouts for all hands and goes at the picture again, re-shooting much of it and swearing through his teeth because some of the points that pleased him most must now be eliminated.

Originally directors had a worse time than they do today because people used to have little patience and everybody, particularly the new actors, was thinking of himself and feeling that he could not be really great unless he splashed temperament and ideas all over the place. Today not only the actors, but all concerned are showing greater tolerance and under-

standing. This is partly because there are now so many legitimate actors in the talkies and they all know what it means to be good troupers. Their acceptance of unpleasant situations has, I feel, steadied the colts in the profession very often.

Of course the public sees only the actors, but they are only a small part of the making of a picture. There are the scenic men and the light men who lie all day on their stomachs on the rafters, working with the director. There are property men who can get you anything from a peanut to an express train on a moment's notice; electricians who have long ago mastered dimmers and spots and borders and have climbed to the zenith of their art; construction experts who know how to build mountains and cities with magical ironwork so that the actors are safe while fake earthquakes or volcanoes or sea storms apparently work havoc. There are engineers of all kinds, technical directors, camera men, designers, make-up men, even men who do nothing but "age" costumes and make them look old, and nursery men who furnish gardens and trees. There are authorities on every subject, from men who know where to find a snowstorm if it's wanted or a desert scene, to women who can tell without hesitation whether Queen Victoria wore garters. Many of the people composing the huge staff of the behind-the-sceners must reach the lot as early as seven in the morning to get things ready for the rest of us.

Of course each department in Hollywood is a city in itself. The wardrobe department is perhaps one of the most interesting. The one which furnishes me with most of my clothes is three stories high and quarter of a city block in length. In one end hang the new costumes and in the other, the old, both totaling well in the neighborhood of five thousand complete gowns or suits of all periods. It is not unusual for our dressmaker to be called upon to outfit a mob of one thousand characters on twenty-four hours' notice, so it is necessary to be prepared.

I am often asked where I get my clothes. I don't know whether this is criticism, flattery, or curiosity. As a matter of fact, it all depends on whether I am depicting rags or riches or whether I am in my own home or one made of board. When I am supposed to be regal, I go to the costume department and say, "I'm a queen," and they say, "We know it," because they already know the story and what is wanted. The probability is that my gowns and accessories are all laid out, or if my raiment is to be new, it is ready for fitting.

When I want character stuff, I go to the other end where Mrs. Coulter, formerly of the Coulter Opera Company, has charge. She, too, knows what the play is about and has dug out old sweaters, dilapidated hats, worn shoes, and every article that she thinks I could or would use. I go through her selections and we try this and that until, between us, we achieve an effect that is the part. I not only feel it, I am it.

For my own clothes—well, I don't buy them in Paris! And I don't patronize expensive shops in America. This is not the kind of presidential hokey where the candidate poses before the camera milking the cow. I just don't spend money on clothes. I do one of two things: when the wardrobe I have gets down to the place where the soup rights are of no value, I either go to a dressmaker or hat maker who suits me and put myself in his or her hands, knowing that the expert in the craft will do better for me than if I try to mess in—or, now get this, I make my own!

Scissors intimidate some people, but I

am in the garden of Eden, almost literally, when I get hold of a pair!—some good-looking cloth, and then lie on my stomach on the floor. I never let the goods know that I am afraid of it so that it does not take me long to whittle out covering, though I admit that I sometimes feel as if I were trying to dress the statue of Liberty. I have started a gown in the morning and worn it at night, and I haven't looked like the covered wagon, either!

Women who have clothes sense can dress on less than the alimony they collect. Many of my sex can stand lots of scenery—even need it. As for me, if I get dolled up too much, I look like a cozy corner in the 90's, a Mardi Gras, or Pioneer Day in Salt Lake City. To the woman who says wistfully, "I wish I could make my own clothes," I can only say what a bearded native said to a tourist who stated that he certainly would like to see Hollywood Boulevard, "Who in hell's stopping you!"

Curiously enough, the screen is very hard on clothes. One picture will leave gowns in a worse condition than a long run for stage wear. The black velvet dress which I wore in "One Romantic Night," the stage version of "The Swan," cost four hundred dollars. The first time I put it on the lights burned holes in it and left it in such a rotted condition that I was afraid it would fall off of me before the picture was finished. I have been asked if these same lights which burn the clothes off our backs won't burn our skins. All I can say is that God gave us our skins and the manufacturers give us our dyed clothes. The camera has a very searching eye and we have experts who do nothing but note incongruities in costume. You probably hadn't thought of it, but there is always somebody to see that if you go out of a door in white shoes, you don't re-enter in black ones just because the scene happens to be shot the next day. This is as important as that the same flowers are not left on the piano for both April and October. Every little detail is watched by somebody.

Yet careful as we are about detail, no point is ever missed by an audience. A colored porter stopped me in a station one day and told me how much he liked "Anna Christie." He said that he had been to see it three times. "The point that got me," he said, "was when the old man gave you the gate outside the saloon and you took your mad out just standing there picking at your cuff. Gee, I got a kick out of that and it taught me a lot. After that I started taking my mad out on my cap. I've worn out two."

Next to clothes, people are most curious about make-up. Their favorite question is, "Who puts on your make-up?" If it didn't sound as if I had the big head, I would answer, "God." My face may not be much, but I don't do anything to it to make it either worse or better. I wear very little make-up as a matter of fact, particularly in character parts. I believe that make-up takes character away and is, therefore, a serious handicap. A face like mine has tremendous advantages. I don't have to park it in a cold cream jar. I don't have to spend two hours nightly ironing out the day's wear and tear. If I worried as much about my face as some folks do, I bet I could get the prize as Miss Coney Island. I used to cry as a little girl when I realized that I wasn't pretty like my sister and other children. It really hurt. Then I began to find that I could do many things that the beautiful ones could not do.

I have learned since to be sorry for a beautiful woman—yes, really. You see,

we all start in life with some personality, but when we don't use it, it goes. The creature who is good to look upon makes people so happy just to be near her that they wait on her and spoil her and soon the personality goes, leaving nothing behind. I saw the beautiful Langtry once at a gaming table in Monte Carlo and, believe me, I was glad I had a rubber face that was still an asset. Langtry's beauty was gone; her face was vapid, expressionless, inert. There are, of course, exceptions. Lillian Russell, on the other hand, was always beautiful, because her nature was generous and lacking in ego. Her personality developed and enhanced her beauty which otherwise would have withered.

As a matter of fact, I have no idea what I really look like. With an acrobatic face like mine, I never look twice alike either in a photograph or in a part. If a chameleon were asked for its picture, it would not know whether to give its admirer one of the pink or plaid photos. I am in the same fix. When I'm asked for my photograph I wonder whether I shall send myself as a queen or a derelict. "Caught Short" of queens, I send *Marthie!*

Another question is, Do I like animals? Sure! I can make elephants do things that nobody else can make them do. Elephants understand me and I understand elephants. I've owned every breed of dog and even parrots. At present I have no animals, but I'm scared to death for fear I shall fall for something. Some day my



Marie Dressler is not only adept at acting but she can crochet, too—exhibit A.

sales resistance may be low and I'll walk home with a giraffe, but in the meantime I avert my eyes when I pass pet stores. I think that every house on the ground floor should have a dog, a cat and a parrot—the dog to keep the burglars away, the cat to keep the mice away, and the parrot to keep callers away!

A car? Yes, I have two, but there is no use rousing you by telling you their makes. An auto is the same as your religion. The one you understand is the one you like.

What do I read? Histories and biographies chiefly. I like to know about the people who messed up the world for us. I get a great kick out of French history. I read it and read it. By the end of a page I've killed off a family. At the end of a chapter a city is gone. It's as good as fly swatting when your nerves are on edge and you want to commit murder.

My vacations? I spend them abroad be-



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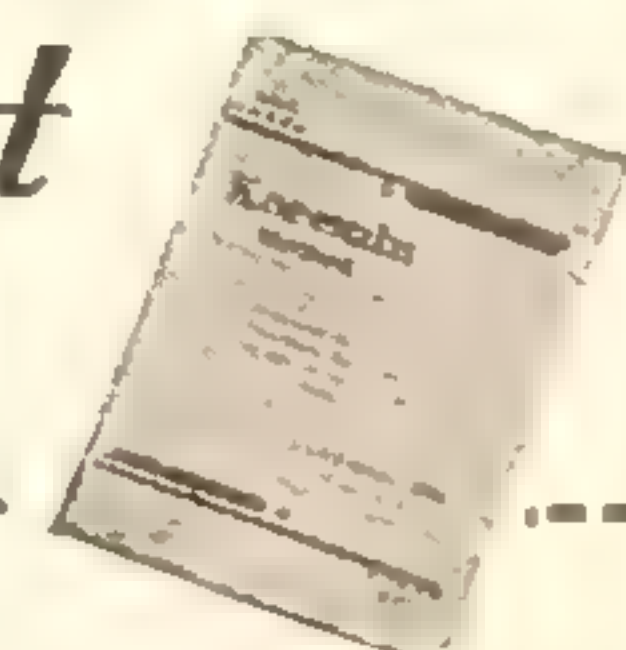
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cause every time I come home, I like to find how much my own country has improved. Yes, I am able to afford vacations again. I have climbed off the Burning Deck into a house with a garden; my name again gleams in front of theatres from Maine to California and greets all my friends when they cross to the other side of the Atlantic.

What is my suggestion for making good? Don't expect to succeed over night and be assured that if you do, the result may not be lasting. Don't get the idea that the world owes you a living. You owe the world something and if you make good you can collect. Keep trying, keep smiling, and never forget that there is no part too small to play and to play well—and there's no age limit. Never be jealous

of the man higher up, the star of your organization; your bit can stand out, too, and may lead to something better. Many people in all walks of life work industriously in small parts for a certain length of time without murmuring and then because they are not noticed when they feel the reward is due they kick over the traces just as they are spotted for promotion. Then they lose out entirely and blame their plight on bad luck, woofing that the world is against them when in reality they simply aren't stickers.

Whale bait is courage, hard work, friendliness, coöperation, and patience. With these the whale will ultimately land at your feet. My whale has been washed up at last and with your help I am now eating him!

The Original Chanel—Continued from page 27

Or the kind of wife who always remains the mistress of her husband's love.

On the Bois, along the boulevards, they'll tell you that Mademoiselle might have been Madame the Duchess of Westminster. And that her corsage of the evening like as not was presented by the Grand Duke Dmitri. Had her courage not been equal to her charm, she might have been a modern du Barry. But her talent, and her will to win—alone, have lifted her from the lowly estate of a little milliner to national and international pre-eminence.

War, the ruiner, was in some measure the maker of Chanel. She sensed the fitness of severity in times when the enemy pounded at the portals of Paris. She observed the war-time popularity of the smart uniforms worn by all of France. And she capitalized the vogue by inaugurating a fashion of mannish materials and tailored things which spread like good news to an emancipated womanhood that stood shoulder to shoulder with its men against the invader.

War passed. But the new liberty symbolized by Chanel lived on amid a world of sports clad women—short-skirted—bobbed-haired—free! The responsibility for the entire revolt of women against a tradition symbolized by stays and bustles and binding swathings of the sort rests upon the shoulders of Chanel. For the mode reflects the life of its time. When women sat back and rested on their—shall we say—laurels, fainted now and then for *divertissement*, and were given to fits of "the vapors," the stifling styles of the period were satisfactorily imprisoning. But today the girls enjoy a free-limbed liberty—morning, noon, night—in business, in pleasure. And Chanel has dressed them to enjoy the new life to the limit.

Mademoiselle *no spik l'Anglaise*. But although grandpa did little in the Great War, he has, none the less, read sufficient books, seen sufficient plays, heard sufficient talkies—and enough stories about dough-boys and French girls to know the proper approach.

So "Parley-voo Française?" said I.

Now, had Mademoiselle responded "wee, wee," I would have caught the cue and come back with the proper snapper about "Then why don't you give the guy his change"—or perhaps one of those "voulez-vous avec moi" things.

But, apparently, they don't speak French in France any more, because Gaby looked a little blank and turned to the interpreter. My French was Greek to her. Thereafter the dialogue became an animated conversation with the svelte Miss Davidow giv-

ing us both an even break, and not being in the least perturbed by being caught in the middle.

And this is what I learned.

You will not be wearing prints this season. But vivid color schemes will be *de rigueur*. And please be careful of your color combinations. See, too, that the hues you effect become your complexion.

In the evening your gowns may reach the ankles. But while the sun is up—your skirts must be likewise. A full four-teen inches from the ground.

Mademoiselle's styles will be introduced through Goldwyn pictures six months in advance. Her creation of special costumes suited to star personalities is vitally different from the practice of her establishment in the Rue de Cambon where her work is purely impersonal.

Fashions are made for you, and you and you—for the multitude, not for the exception; for the many, not for the few. Most girls look well in the current styles—else the mode would change.

Although Gaby has never been here before, she is familiar with New York through motion pictures. She can call its tall buildings by their first names. Like Ed Wynn, she "loves the woods." After a strenuous season in Paris she seeks rest in the country.

She doesn't know many movie stars. But she likes Marlene Dietrich.

To her, the present flair for pajamas for formal wear is "destestable." The place for pajamas is in the home.

Styles are created for Youth. And the dowagers may look out for themselves. The trick is, of course, that fashions designed for youth lop off years from the age of maturity.

A good figure is more to be desired than a pretty face. Which is a break, the former being more easy of attainment. And, incidentally, it is as easy to dress a "stylish stout" as it is a boyish form.

Red is her favorite color. It is the shade of happiness, gaiety, life. It exhilarates. But—be careful—black is safer. Most girls may look *très snob* in black without risking colors. Mademoiselle prefers white flowers.

Perfumes must be mysterious—subtle—vague. They must not be recognizable. Upon smelling "Jockey Club" one should never be able to say, "Phew, there's Cruikshank." Be vague, intangible in your perfumes—and they must be faint, suspected.

Wear jewelry as junk. No foolin'. Its function is to "amuse," to be decorative. This regardless of its intrinsic value. In fact, an expensive jewel may be a bore—like, if you'll pardon the interpolation, an

expensive woman. When Chanel is "carelessly" dressed in the daytime, she wears a profusion of jewelry. But for formal wear—little or none. Perhaps a single jewel. Something to frame, or enhance the beauty of the wearer.

A friend says that Gaby once objected to her "funeral appearance" and draped a rope of jewels about her neck. Later she found them to be worth almost a half-million—dollars, not francs. Chanel has a remarkable collection of the most precious stones—but treats them as of no importance.

Nothing, she says, is interesting to her after midnight. Ah, ah!

Fashions, like loves, are never revived. Fashions become costumes. Loves—customs.

Chanel likes the "long bob"—the little knot at the back of her head.

She is casual about everything—except her work.

She has factories manufacturing the fabrics she sponsors.

She exports millions of dollars' worth of perfumes all over the world.

She owns an artificial flower factory.

And manufactures costume jewelry and glassware.

Her establishments give employment to 9,000 workers. She is reputed one of the wealthiest women in France. And is

famed for her philanthropies.

Her age is *trent-et-sept*—thirty-seven to you. She doesn't look it.

She has no recreations. Only work—and rest in the country. No hobbies.

She's frank as only the French can be, and refuses all pose and posture. Thus she means it when she says American women have fine taste, invariably selecting models she, herself, would choose for them.

Because of her employees, she will never retire.

Five is her lucky number. She calls all her perfumes and dresses by number only. Titles—"Keep the Husband at Home" and so forth, are vulgar, she says. Five is the number of her most popular scent, and the best of her models.

The gowns to be created for the Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists stars are to be made by her own fitters from sketches sent by her from Hollywood.

She declares her fame in fashions is based upon her simplification of women's clothes.

And by then I had gained courage to try my French again.

I said "adieu," which seemed to be the only word of French Mademoiselle understood. At any rate, her radiant smile showed it was the most pleasing word I had spoken!

Her Best Friend Won't Tell Her!

Continued from page 57

story from her without her suspecting.

It was from another source that I learned the Fairbanks picture never materialized because Fairbanks had sold the rights of it, "Monsieur Beaucaire," to Paramount for Rudolph Valentino. Furthermore, since I had met Betty, she had married and her husband was a producer in Hollywood. So she settled here and at the moment was engaged in making a series of pictures for Fox.

I have known Betty six years, now, but there are many cubby-holed yesterdays that are new to me. She is no patroness of the personal pronoun. What she has accomplished is in the past and remains in the past. She can't be bored cluttering up the present with it. At rare intervals, I have heard her say that she considers her performance in "The Showdown" one of the finest she has ever given. That she enjoyed making "Underworld" and "The Last Command." But this is said as though it were about another person entirely.

She is skittish of friendships. The word, to her, touches the idealistic. It is expressed by silence or by actions; it is a mutual "going to bat"; it is sympathetic understanding to the most minute detail. She has been hurt often by "friends," hurt in funny little ways that perhaps were unintentional. She is sensitive to the *nth* degree. Why one so sensitive should have entered on a motion picture career is surprising. Heaven alone knows to the full the exquisite brutality of this industry. But she entered upon it because, as she says:

"It was all I could do. Many was the time when work was nothing but a hope and I was down to my last nickel that I wondered if I could do that." Her sensitivity, her shyness of people made me realize that the cool indifference of that first meeting was not intended as such at all. But she is still that Betty Brent. I

have heard people characterize her as "high hat" and even "snooty." She isn't. They appreciate this when they know her.

She enjoys having people come to her home, people who enjoy being there. She serves a meticulous dinner. Her appetite is small but she insists upon a tastily appointed service. Before going to bed, she likes a cup of tea, regardless of the hour, and, sometimes, a sandwich, preferably an egg sandwich. She invariably adventures to the ice-box, and after scrutinizing it invariably spurns what she sees with:

"There! Nothing to eat in this house again!"

Bridge is the only "social" card game she really likes. She will play for the amusement of it or for whatever stakes her guests decide upon. She is thoroughly miserable when accidentally enmeshed in a serious game. She plays bridge to have a good time, not to be on the defensive, if she by chance bungles a hand.

Solitaire is her particular sport. Betty knows more games of solitaire than any human extant, I do believe. She has learned two new games which she plays with two decks of cards. She likes them because they take longer to play! Rummy and Russian bank are favorites. Also casino!

She loves books. She has a standing order with a local bookstore and receives all the new novels, plays, and biographies as they are issued. First editions mean little to her, yet among her most prized possessions is a first edition of Mark Twain's "Huckleberry Finn." She gets a chummy feeling from having books around her. People who borrow them and neglect to return them are among her particular aversions. She also has an autobiography by Sarah Bernhardt, now out of print, that is a favorite. Finding space for her rapidly increasing library has become one of the lively bugaboos of the maid.



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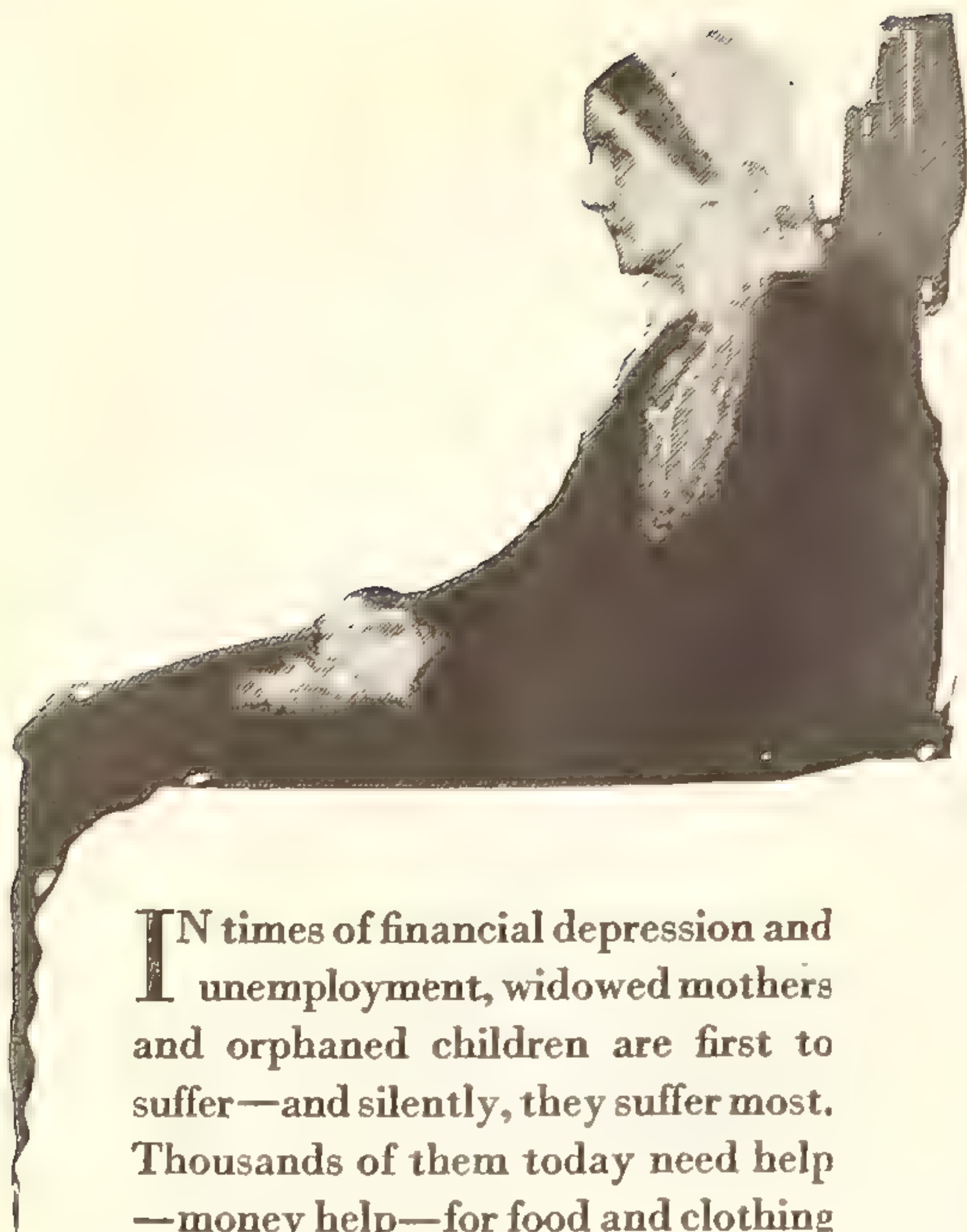
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The collecting of perfumes and lovely bottles is a pet pleasure. Betty has a three-shelfed perfume table crowded with almost every make of perfume manufactured.

She has an amusing fad of purchasing pencils that boast enormous lead. She has been known to write letters but she is a zero correspondent. "I write enough checks to keep my hand in!" she defends herself.

Clothes lure her. One closet is devoted to evening gowns alone. She doesn't fancy herself in sport attire. Semi-sport is the nearest she comes to this phase of dress. Hats and slippers she is also most fastidious about. She recalls with a shadowy smile that her mother used to tell her:

"If you are well shod and well gloved, you are well dressed."

The beach is her paradise. She feels stifled living the year around in a house or a hotel apartment. When near the water, a buoyant, untrammelled freedom possesses her and one comes to know the real Betty Brent in this environment. She likes to get sunburned and is systematic about it, careful to burn evenly on back, front, and sides. She would stay in the water the day long if some one didn't literally chase her out. Her beach house is always a cheery place to be. You come and go as you please. You can walk through the place in wet feet, dripping salt water. At night, a talkative log fire crackles in the grate and Betty either reads, plays bridge or solitaire, or talks.

She's a night owl. When she isn't working in a picture her day really begins after luncheon. She likes to sleep late. In the afternoon she will go shopping, or keep appointments with furriers or modistes or something of the sort. She is home about five, however, and ready for tea. She prefers getting into lounging pajamas, rather than staying in street clothes. She relishes dancing and going with a congenial party of four or six to the Mayfair or the Embassy more than

any human I have ever known. In New York, she completes an evening with a sandwich and coffee at Reubens. In Hollywood, she has been known to finish it with bacon and eggs in B. B. B.'s Cellar or at the Brown Derby.

She has little desire for week-ending. "By the time I pack a bag and unpack it it's time to come home," she dismisses such a notion.

The beach, however, is different. She can slip into a sweater and coat, a beret, wooly socks and sport shoes and that's all there is to that. She likes to drive to the beach in her Packard phaeton, but she loathes driving in town.

She lives a curiously comfortable and evenly organized life. She refuses flatly to be rushed. Time, as time, has little significance. She is usually late for appointments, but to any voiced complaint she retorts above her surprise:

"What is half an hour more or less?"

Yet, irrelevantly enough, she is religiously prompt for studio calls. If she happens to be a few minutes late, she apologizes to her director and to the company.

Most everything of moment that she has done in her life has been done on a "hunch." She is strongly intuitive and psychic to a distressing extent at times. She is highly strung. A little incident may set her nerves awry. Her nervousness is inward. To the obvious glance, she is cool as a cucumber always.

An intriguing personality, Evelyn Brent. A curiously lonely personality with a little-girl love for life and a natural woman's realization of its callousness. At moments, a cynic; at other moments, an optimist. Moody. Fascinating depths. The genius of "wearing well" when her interest has been stirred. A straightforward down-to-earth attitude toward existence and people. Restless, nomadic by temperament, stationary by necessity. A one-hundred-percent person to have as a friend!

Truth About Cosmetics—Continued from page 94

Coty's different perfumes and its cost depends upon which perfumes you select. You can get a very nice assortment for \$5.00 or if you want to be careless with your change you can pay \$10.00 or \$15.00 for it. Again, something grand for gift giving, for bridge prizes, and to lead young men up to when they are having a bad attack of generosity.

Coty also has a new indelible lipstick—priced one dollar or one fifty, depending upon the case. It is a swell lipstick, really indelible, and not so sticky as lots of the indelible kind are. Coty guarantees that it isn't made with aniline dyes, which is important, and that it won't wrinkle the lips. The more expensive case is a flat, modernist one, very chic if you can afford it. As I got mine free, that is the one I instinctively selected.

Somebody wrote in to me and told me I seemed enthusiastic about most things. I'm not. But the ones I don't care for in a big way I don't write about. So you may draw your own conclusions.

Finally this month a little note of apology. I wrote two months ago that the nice Lydia O'Leary, who invented that miraculous cream that covers ugly birthmarks, was selling the cream for two dollars. That was wrong. The price is three dollars a jar, but at ten times that, for people who need it, I'd consider it a bargain.



The glamorous Constance Bennett divides her movie activities between Pathé and Warner Brothers. Her next picture is "Born For Love."

When the Movies Demand Brains More Than Beauty

Continued from page 30

kind of brush the actor was using, and so on.

"Well, my notes fortunately covered such details pretty thoroughly, and I told Mr. Milton to go ahead. Everything was ready, all the actors were ready, and the shooting was about to begin. I sat beside Mr. Milton and waited for him to give the signal.

"Suddenly I felt a cold chill. Instinctively I reached out and tapped Mr. Milton's arm. 'Wait!' I said.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

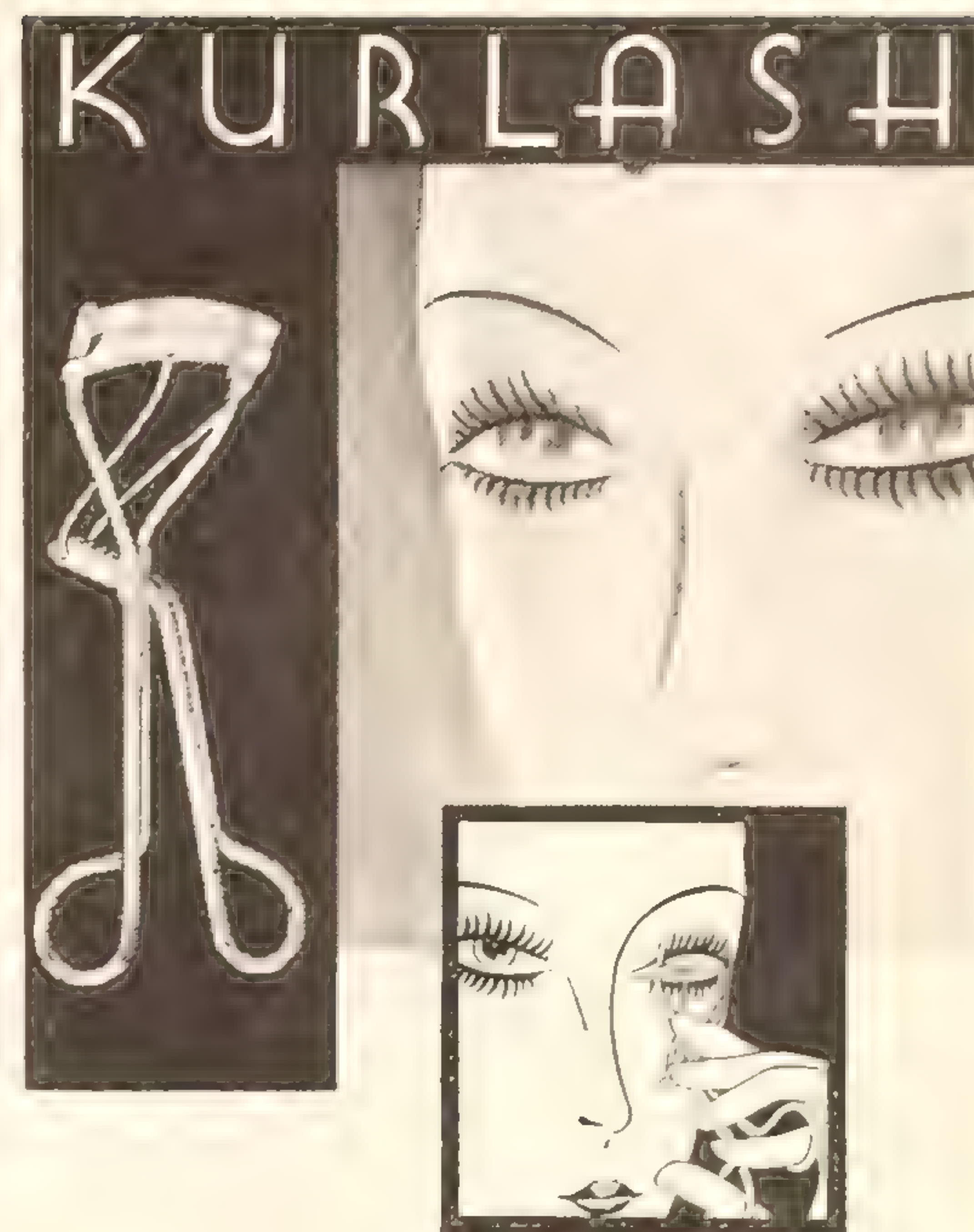
"Mr. Stone," was all I could say. Then I got up and examined Lewis Stone's smock. From where I'd been sitting it seemed that he had lost a button. And I had a momentary vision of a stack of letters from neat women all over the country, who would remember that in one scene the buttons on Mr. Stone's smock were intact, and a second later a button was missing. Oh, women notice those things, and they write letters about them.

When the script girl makes a slip she hears from her own sex. Of course she doesn't write to the script girl, but to the director, but the director isn't responsible for those details, and the kidding and razzing and indignant letters come from girls and women all over the country.

"However, I soon saw that the buttons were all right. The smock merely had rolled back and hidden the button that I thought was missing. The scene went on.

"The directors get used to these interruptions on the part of the script girl. It's annoying, of course, to be all ready to take a scene, only to have the script girl put up her hand in the signal to halt. But it's more annoying to have to take a long scene all over again because of an irregularity of detail."

The script girl is responsible for more than meets the eye. Her duties do not begin or end with remembering the length of star's cigarette or the kind of shoes that were worn by an ingénue. Far from it.

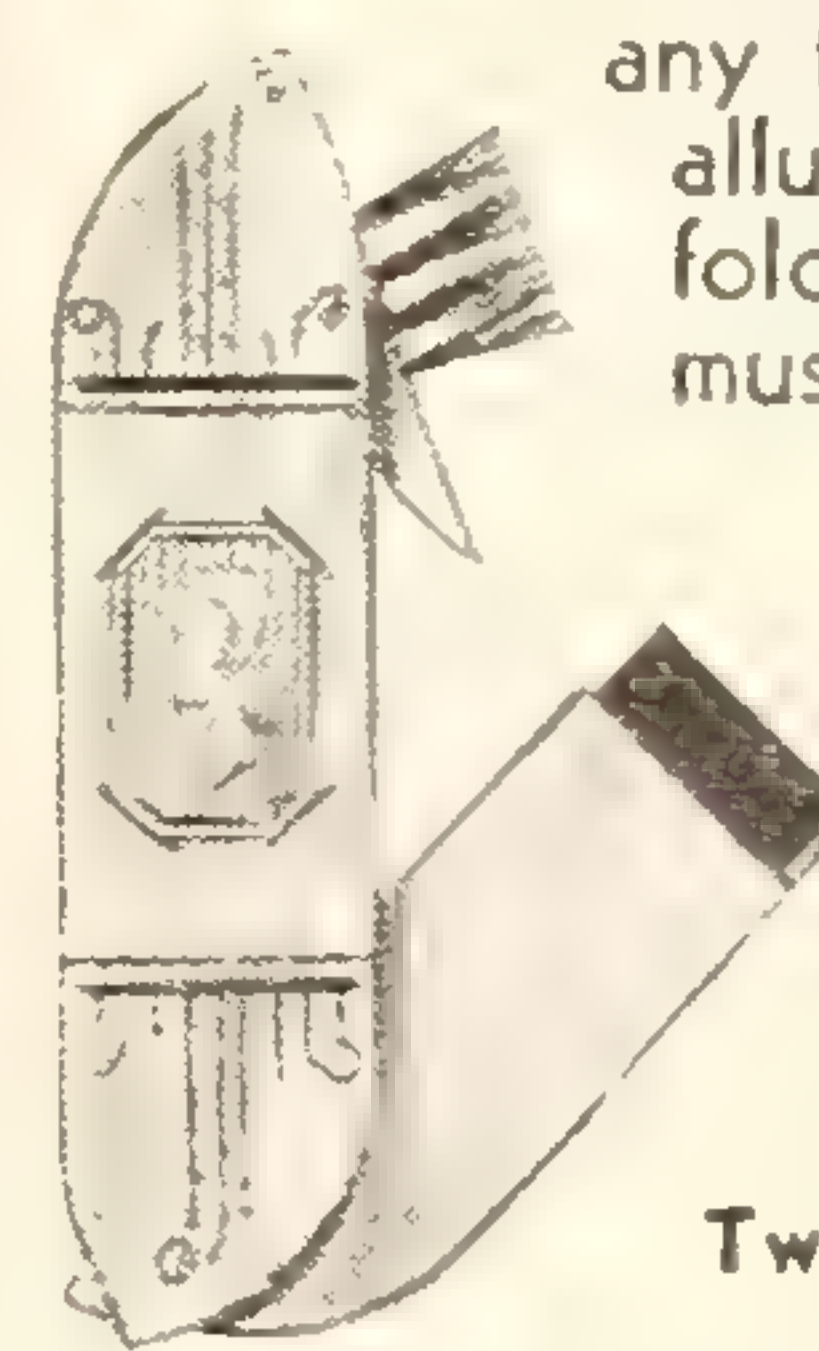


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R-617-1 camera- Ext House
E-40" Trolley.
1-0'50" x Lewis Stone and Butterworth
2-0'50" enter c.l. and exit into house.
FADE IN:

23. INT. HALL WHITE HOME.
A colored attendant, in a white jacket, is taking Matey's and Nichols' coats and hats. Matey has a flat package. Roderick enters.

R 521 Hello, Dad! RICKY
1 camera E-3"
C.U. Ricky. HI, Rick, my boy -- MATEY
1-0'15" x (To Geoffry)
2-0'20" print Geoffry -- meet Ricky.
RICKY
How do you do, sir. I've ~~once~~ heard some of your --
NICHOLS
Don't! You can't prove anything!
Nancy enters. b.g. stairs.

NANCY
Geoffry! Let me look at you --

NICHOLS
Hello, Mrs. Matey! Still sorry about the punch bowl I broke --
By Jove -- you don't look two years older -- instead of --
(covers his eyes in mock dismay)
Oh, I mustn't say it -- I can feel my shroud if I do --

NANCY
(laughing)
Same old Geoffry. (goes to Matey &)
(kisses Matey)
Hello, darling -- grand to have Geoff with us.

MATEY
(returns kiss)
I literally dragged him, Nancy -- He wanted to go back to his hotel for a suitcase and all that -- I told him I'd loan him some silver clothes and present him with a toothbrush.

NANCY

R 520 1 camera E-2"
Love Shot.
1-0'55
2-0'55 x
3-0'55

R 522 3 cameras
E. Trolley
40"
D-3" C.U.
L-3" C.U.
1-1'00"

This is what a script page looks like. The lines mark off the length of the different shots with notations as to the camera's use, the number of minutes and seconds consumed by each shot, etc.

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SILVER SCREEN

The June issue is out May tenth. Buy a copy and judge for yourself. You'll never be without it again.

As a matter of fact, one of her most important duties is to write down the exact location of all the cameras and lights used in the filming of a scene. Cameramen sometimes are pretty hard to deal with, because most of them have a very high opinion of their ability to tell, by looking through the lens, the distance from a table or a chair or a tree or an automobile when the scene was shot for the first time.

"Some of them are troublesome," according to Miss Thompson. "When we take one part of a scene, I measure out the exact location of every camera, down to the last inch. Then if we come back to that scene, I order the set-ups to be made as I had measured them. Of course if the cameraman wants to be malicious, he can move the lens without moving the camera. But there is a way of telling when a lens has been moved, and it doesn't take me long to find out. To tell the truth, though, there isn't as much friction between the cameramen and the rest of a staff as there used to be. Most of the oldtime

hostility was caused by the cameramen's penchant for practical jokes, but the modern studio has no time for that sort of thing on a set. Studios today have achieved a degree of efficiency that makes a veteran of a decade ago wonder how we ever got out a picture.

"And with the increased efficiency of everything else about the studio, the script girl has had to stay awake and to progress accordingly."

So that's the kind of job a girl with brains can get in Hollywood—one of several that are open to girls who haven't been endowed with extraordinary good looks. But good looks do not bar a young woman from a script girl job. Alice White was a successful script girl and learned a great deal about acting technique while holding down that job, long before she ever had appeared before the camera as an actress.

So pretty features and a well-shaped head neither help nor hinder a script girl.

All a young woman needs is an encyclopedic head for detail!

Is Romance Synthetic in Hollywood?

Continued from page 29

love, we are so used to the other one that we do this or that without thinking. It might tell, instead, *pass the potatoes* or *wash the dish*. No, making love in pictures is just business to us!"

It is reported that Gary Cooper refused to do "Dishonored" with the gorgeous Marlene Dietrich. It wasn't because he didn't like the lady, but because he thought the director gave her the best of the picture in "Morocco."

Love scenes had failed to create even synthetic romance between Marlene and Gary. But then, they got in their work with Gary in "The Wolf Song" where he met Lupe Velez.

Lupe, it seems, keeps him from noticing other screen sweethearts, though June Collyer was mentioned rather widely as a possible rival when she and Gary made their first picture.

The Jack Gilbert-Greta Garbo romance became almost an idyl after their performance in "Flesh and the Devil." I remember being on the set when they did the dancing scene in which the young soldier falls madly in love with the siren, and thinking: "If that isn't real, nothing is!" It raged wildly while it endured, at any rate.

If propinquity and the constant necessity for registering love for a beautiful co-worker tended to enhance this widely-publicized affair, the same condition had no effect when Jack Gilbert played opposite Lillian Gish in "La Boheme." Report had it at the time that one or other of the stars walked off the set every second day. It couldn't have been as bad as that, but at any rate it was no secret that neither Jack nor Lillian felt even tepid enthusiasm for his or her co-star.

Another of the Great Lovers of silent days found himself incompatible with the fair one to whom he had to profess undying adoration.

Perhaps the antipathy between Lily Damita and Ronald Colman dated from the day of her arrival in Hollywood. In the interests of publicity, Sam Goldwyn requested Ronald to meet the beautiful Lily at the train, present her with flowers and proceed to a feast in her honor at the Roosevelt Hotel. Ronald was on his vacation; to break into it involved inconveniencing his friends as well as himself, but his objections were over-ruled by Mr.

Goldwyn and Ronald duly appeared at the train to present the flowers and be photographed greeting his new leading lady.

After that, however, he considered that the job was done and proceeded to fulfill his interrupted personal plans, while Lily was escorted to the feast minus her expected starry partner.

Lily is a girl accustomed to having men fall at her feet at first sight and this cavalier treatment made no hit with her. Thereafter it was war—and I mean war.

Sometimes the rosy haze engendered by youth meeting youth under the kleigs and indulging in murmured tenderness accompanied by uncounted clinches departs after the two have been separated a while.

Russell Gleason and Marguerite Churchill thought it must be love when they played opposite one another in "Seven Faces." But Marguerite went out on "The Big Trail" for months and now Russell seems to be rushing June Collyer.

After "Harold Teen," if you mentioned "she" or "her" in the hearing of Billy Bakewell he thought you were talking about Mary Brian, but there has been a succession of girls in his life since then.

Mary Brian is a sort of ideal girl to nearly all young males who play with her; there was a picture—"River of Romance"—in which Mary and Charles "Buddy" Rogers believed for an interval that they had found the thing the river was named for, but they are just good friends now.

Clara Bow and Gary Cooper got "that way" during "Children of Divorce," their first picture together. Clara is anything but the personification of the constant nymph, however, so Rex Bell is the way to spell her current fiancé.

Hugh Trevor was cast as the devoted swain of Betty Compson in "Midnight Mystery," and no matter how many screen sweethearts he's had to make love to before the camera since then, he's remained devoted to Betty outside.

Betty has had that effect before. Wasn't Grant Withers romantically upset about her while they were playing in an early talkie, before Grant had met Loretta Young?

When Ramon Novarro requested that Dorothy Jordan should be his leading lady for the second and even the third

time, people began to wonder if the sweet little Southerner had accomplished the seemingly impossible and won the heart of this elusive bachelor. But there seems to have been no cause for agitation. Ramon and Dorothy are not and declare they never have been in love.

Richard Arlen often remarks that two who play love scenes together should indulge in at least a mild flirtation in order to put over the illusion of reality, but Richard has never been even mildly affected by the screen heroine since that time, years and years ago when he played a small part in a picture featuring Lois Moran. All three young men in that film thought Lois, with her long curls and baby face, just about perfection. Who were those other two, anyway? I used to meet the three of them, escorting Lois and her mother, wherever I went.

During the filming of "Her Man," Helen Twelvetrees became almost certain that Phillips Holmes represented the answer to the well-known maiden's prayer. The illusion has faded, though.

A good many maidens are credited with

feeling the same way about this tall fair youth, and he seems to have had moments of thinking them right. But a boy's will is still a wind's will, and Phillips isn't grown up yet.

Whether or not Edwina Booth and Duncan Renaldo imagined themselves in love while they were on location in Africa for "Trader Horn" seems to be a question for the courts, but after seeing the picture, I should think that if there were any members of the company, the crew or the denizens of that continent who were not smitten with the gorgeous blonde they ought to have their heads examined.

Going into the infant class, we have Mitzi Green, aged eleven, admitting the attentions of Leon Janney, aged thirteen, although she says nothing may come of it. An older but still juvenile romance is that between Joan Marsh and Billy Janney begun during a picture of last Fall, and still holding out.

Is romance genuine or synthetic in Hollywood?

I don't know! Do you?

Are Women Less Faithful Than Men?

Continued from page 59

woman's life is an open book. Always someone wants to know where she is going, how long she will be gone and what she expects to do while away. When she returns she is asked hundreds of questions as to whom she saw, what she did, where she went, why and what of it? A man, married or unmarried, has long spaces of uncounted time. Not one thinks of questioning him."

"I've hired and fired many an actor in my long stage experience," contributes Jimmy Gleason. "In all the years, I never saw an actor dragging a bunch of kids around the country, yet many an actress has done it. Faithful to the last ditch, I've found women, but a man won't inconvenience himself for anybody."

"For years my mother was president of the Orphans' Home in Oakland," adds Mrs. Gleason. "In it were some 250 small children. During the whole time of my mother's connection, there was no case of mother desertion; always it was the father who had deserted the family. Up to the point of starvation the mother would try to keep the family together, faithful to the wretch who had left, in case he should some day return."

Richard Dix wags his head "Yes" and shakes his head "No."

"Where her man is concerned, a woman is likely to be the acme of fidelity," he explains. "A man can love a woman and become at the same time infatuated in another direction—and recover at will. If a man has any principles at all, he is likely to adhere more strictly to them than is a woman. We run in circles when we discuss this subject abstractly. A better answer would be 'Every human being is an individual case.'"

Supporters of the theory that faithlessness is about evenly distributed between the sexes are Irene Rich and Louise Fazenda.

"It depends on how much they have to do," remarks Louise. "If a woman has a lot of money and plenty of time, she likes to wander. If both she and her husband work, they are apt to be glad to see each other at the end of the day and to feel that their meeting is more of an

adventure. A husband seems like a new person when you have been deprived of his company.

"But a woman is unconsciously cruel when she falls out of love, especially if there are no children. Sentiment means so much to her, and when romance is gone, the once beloved is just another man and rather annoying at that—and she shows it."

"Women have come to feel that old standards have fallen and they have as much right to wander as men," observes Irene Rich. "It has become a fifty-fifty affair. Women without much to occupy them, often drift into flirtation because they enjoy thrills. I don't mean to imply that these flirtations are neces-



Edmund Breese, veteran actor, says that women are more faithful than men. 'Ray for our side!



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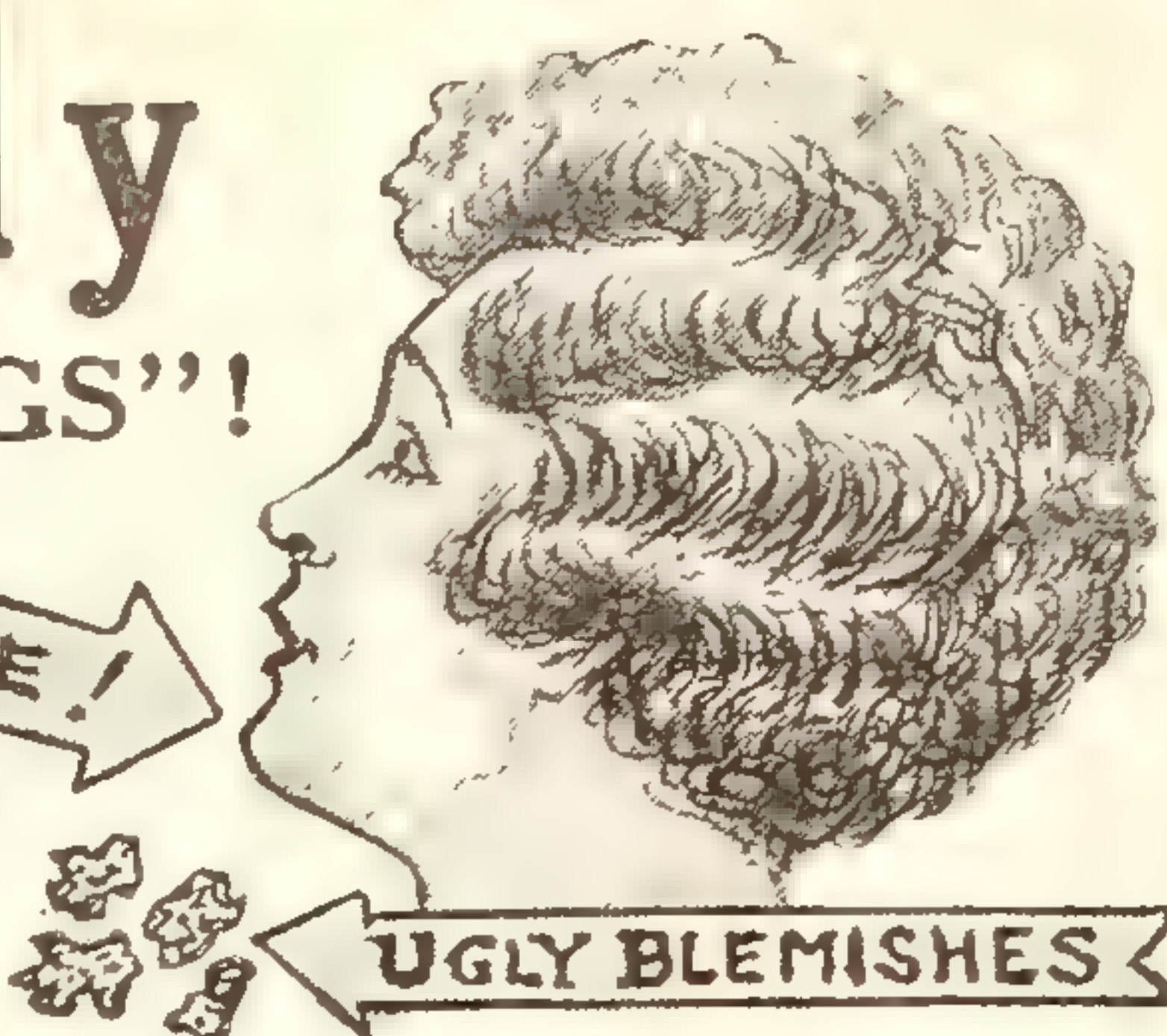
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sarily serious or that these women go too far, for I think as a rule when she sees that she is getting into danger, she turns and runs as fast as she can. But women do love to play with fire."

"A few years ago, when women were dependent, they had less chance to be faithless," is Edmund Lowe's opinion, "but now men and women are alike. If a man is a Don Juan or a woman a flirt, that doesn't condemn the sexes."

"I do believe, though, that women enjoy notoriety about it more than men do. Take Peggy Hopkins Joyce, for example—she seems to revel in rushing from husband to husband and keeping her affairs in the limelight. Men hate it: I don't know of any man who gets a thrill out of his infidelity."

"All through history, much is made of the vamps, such as Cleopatra, Josephine, Du Barry, and so on. Against these, stands but one man—Byron."

"There is no such thing as constancy today in the sense in which we read of it in olden time. No modern Jacob could hope to serve seven years for a modern Rachel, for by the time the first year was over Rachel would have decided not to wait for him," states Ramon Novarro.

"She is business-like today. 'This man is hopeless. He will never be able to marry me, and my youth will soon be gone. So I will get another man just as good.'"

"Sad to relate, women are more faithful than men," sighs Mary Nolan. "I've known mountain women who clung to faithless men and wouldn't give them up. That primal instinct is in every woman. If she loves a man, she can't wean herself away from him, or she couldn't until civilization taught her she was lacking in pride and self-respect. Now she may become divorced from the man she loves and so no longer be capable of being true, but by nature she is faithful."

Mary Brian's reason for disagreeing with the savant is that women have more sense than men. "Men are like boys and seldom grow up. They like adventure. But women take on responsibilities when the time comes for them."

According to Kay Francis, women are unfaithful in mind only; it is men who are actually so.

Richard Arlen thinks men hold the record, though married women may upon occasions seek excitement in forbidden fields.

"Circe has been held up throughout the ages as an example of feminine wile to lure men from fidelity," says John Boles. "Kipling's poem 'The Vampire' is also quoted. But these alibis are inadequate. Women are and always have been more

faithful than men. At least, I think so."

"Men more frequently make their faithlessness apparent because for centuries society has overlooked any peccadilloes of men, while it condemned women," is Lew Ayres' sage opinion. "Women still resort to white lies to protect their reputations and 'mental cruelty' is an excellent screen to hide behind."

"It's the men who kiss and tell Who drive the women straight to hell!"

laughs Blanche Sweet. "All women would be very glad to be known as good and not bad. For the most part, they are."

"Time has shown that men feed on intrigue," declares Natalie Moorhead. "Faithlessness, therefore, can be attributed to express male desire. The insidious seed of intrigue lies dormant in every woman, more so than in a man."

That women are much more faithful than men is claimed by a majority.

Ralf Harolde, Radio's favorite menace, maintains that if women are ever faithless it is due to the long and careful campaigning of men, and to the conduct of those to whom the women are supposed to be true.

Dorothy Lee, a recent bride, thinks a woman always faithful when she is in love. "If she's not in love, she doesn't hold to the code of honor as stubbornly as a man. Women are more practical and less likely to be guided by mossy traditions."

"Insofar as marriage is concerned," adds Irene Dunne, "the whole fabric of faith is based on extreme confidence. The first breach destroys faith."

"My firm contention is that the single standard is upheld by women by their own wish," insists George Duryea. "Women are more faithful than men because they want it so."

"The statement of the eminent lawyer is ridiculous," says Edmund Breese. "Evidently he doesn't understand animal nature. The male species of the animal is polygamous, it is always anxious and willing to cohabit, but in the female the desire is evidenced only in seasons."

"More men fall down on marriage vows than women, and the answer goes back to the fundamental laws of nature."

"Money plays a big part in weakening marriage vows. There are many cases of a man being faithful to his wife while they were in moderate circumstances. Then when wealth comes, leisure permits more time for new acquaintances. Sometimes it is the man who progresses beyond his wife and forms new and younger ties. Many times it is the wife who develops beyond her husband and the result is a lessening of the marriage ties."

Sennett: Chapter II—Continued from page 65

comedy cops, ducks, geese, trains, automobiles, there was no limit to his ingenuity.

"The first thing I learned about making the world laugh," said Sennett, "was that comedies must be short, simple, varied, and human. And they must be packed with action—otherwise they are a total flop."

"Making a comedy," he continued, "requires a whole lot of horse sense. You can't do anything without a reason. And you can't get high-hat. People love natural, homey ideas—ideas for 'just folks.' Things that could happen to Uncle Jim or Aunt Min. And not only is this true of American people but of folks everywhere. Once I was doubtful how a picture would go in the Far East. So I called in a Japanese scholar—a highly educated man who had little in common with movie comedies. I had the picture run off for him. 'What do

you think of it?' I asked. 'I think it will go very well in my country. It is human.' It did go well in Japan, and in many other far-flung countries. And it was in this way that I learned that human nature is the same in Japan, Java, Ireland, Iceland—in fact, everywhere!

"The greatest difficulty of all in producing comedies is to get an idea, a story. I can hire all the comic actors I want but it is the rarest thing that I can find a writer who can turn out a good comedy scenario single-handed. We have a whole staff of writers, working in pairs, some of whom get as high as thirty thousand dollars a year apiece. Two of them will work on an idea until they have given it all they have. Then two more take it, and so on until the whole staff has worked on it. When it's finally finished, we have a gen-

eral story conference and everybody is allowed to sit down and try to tear the structure to pieces. Once we get what we consider a fairly fool-proof story, the rest is easy."

After seventeen years, Mack Sennett had turned a few one-room shacks into the most famous comedy studio in the world. He had discovered Swanson, Chaplin, and the rest. He had made plenty of money, bought his mother a great big ranch in Canada, built her a fourteen-room bungalow at Santa Monica Beach, and was just ready to sit back—a rich good-looking bachelor—and twirl the world by the tail.

But it wasn't to be! Overnight, talkies hit the front page of the dramatic world, and the pantomimic art was murdered at one blow.

"I had to start from rock bottom again," Sennett explained. "As soon as my grotesque characters started to talk, they weren't funny any more. Reality blotted out laughter. Even to see a man lose his pants to music didn't cause a chuckle."

"After thinking it over a good while, I decided that instead of being a hindrance, talk could be made to help the comedy world because it would add the element of hearing. All wit wouldn't have to be visual. But it was a mighty, mighty tricky transition—adding dialogue to pantomime."

"I determined to stick to the old silent formula for comedies but to add sound, dialogue, and color—sparingly. Further, I found it absolutely necessary to delete slapstick and introduce in its stead sophisticated situations. Subtlety was the keynote now—instead of fanny flops!"

"First, I changed my sets. Modern drawing rooms were the thing—not the old fashioned 'parlor.' Handsome period furniture which could still break against the cranium of the villain was the next order. And, last, out went the comedy clothes. Instead of loud checked suits and fantastic get-ups, today the hero and heavy wear well fitting sack suits, dinner jackets and tail coats. And the girls! Why, they all have Paris models, and now when Patricia O'Leary or Marjorie Beebe faw down and go boom, the daintiest of French lingerie peeps out."

"Although the environment has changed, the comedy sense remains the same. The sight of a man falling into a body of water

will still bring down a big movie house. But instead of the victim diving into a muddy sewer we find him falling into a cool, crystal pool in a cypress-fringed garden."

"The old-fashioned 'chase,' introduced by the French, without which a picture could scarcely be made, remains the same except that modern dress is utilized. Instead of the old Keystone Comedy Kops finishing off the picture in a mad dash down the street, now we utilize gigantic forces. For instance, lately I used most of the United States' Navy forces in the Pacific fleet, in one of my comedies for Educational. The chase started with one coast guard cutter. A destroyer joined in, and these were augmented by a fleet of battle planes, an airplane carrier, and finally the Pacific battle fleet with the navy dirigible 'Los Angeles' floating over head."

Mr. Sennett's next comedy will have startlingly new ingredients. It will be an airplane picture having as the background the entire country from the Atlantic clear to the Pacific. The Transcontinental and Western Air Company have agreed to supply Mr. Sennett with many planes. An entire sound studio—complete with cameras, lighting, and sound equipment—will be fitted up in one big airship—the first complete floating sound unit, we understand. A tri-motored Ford plane will be used for the flight from New York to Kansas City and a big Fokker from Kansas City to Los Angeles.

One of the most novel features will be the use of color in this film, and, in this connection, it is interesting to know that Mr. Sennett is the only producer to use color in short comedies.

"On my recent flight from Los Angeles to New York," Mack says, "the continual change in the panorama proved one of the most thrilling experiences I have ever had, and it is my intention to reproduce these scenes in natural colors so that none of the beauty of the California orange groves, the gleaming snow-capped Rockies or the Painted Desert may be lost."

"Novelty, reality and humanity are what I am trying to put into my pictures," Mr. Sennett concluded. "Every human experience I have ever suffered or enjoyed has been turned into grist for my comedy mill."

"That is my little personal contribution toward the laughter of the world!"

Compson Close-up with Betty

Continued from page 66

Time was when Betty wasn't a success. Back in a small Utah town, small Betty studied the violin and longed to be an actress. It was inevitable. Being an only child of moderately poor parents, Betty was taken to the theatre when anything good came along because there was no one to mind the baby. So she always knew the theatre. Papa and Mama Compson visioned her as another Maude Powell. But not Betty. In Betty's blue eyes, she saw herself as another Olga Nethersole.

"When my father asked me why I didn't spend more time on my violin, I told him I didn't want to be a violinist. I wanted to go on the stage. He said I should go to a dramatic school, but I knew that wasn't the way to start. I wanted to join a stock company. As a matter of fact, I didn't. I started in vaudeville. I was playing in an orchestra to pay my way through school. It was one of those old-time shows with several short films and two or three vaudeville acts. One day one of the acts didn't go on. They asked me if I didn't want to try a single with

my violin. I did. After that I had several seasons in vaudeville. When I found myself in Hollywood I heard they needed a swell actress at Universal. I told them I was it. And they believed me!"

That was the beginning of fifteen years and 312 pictures! After several comedies and serials, came "The Miracle Man" and it was a miracle to Betty. She was a star over night. Success followed success. Then Betty tried domesticity and dropped out of pictures. Came the talkies and she scored again.

When the time comes, if ever, that Betty leaves the screen it won't be to sit and fold her hands. She'll take up interior decorating in a serious way. Even now she gets more fun out of doing the old home site over every year or so. "You wouldn't think of wearing the same dress for several years," says Betty logically. "Why wear the same house?"

She's devastatingly frank. She likes to go to fortune tellers because they have such a bland way of assuring you everything will turn out all right—as it usually does!

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The June issue of Silver Screen will be on sale May tenth.

Ask Me!—Continued from page 96

Arlen Fan, Drexel Hill. This department is offered for your entertainment and approval. If I should by accident scare up a laugh now and then, be nonchalant and don't scatter the ashes on the girl friend's best welcome mat. Richard Arlen is giving you another Western picture, "The Conquering Horde" with Fay Wray and plenty of Indians. He is not appearing in "Dirigible" but Jack Holt and Ralph Graves and Fay Wray are featured in that film. Richard was born Sept. 1, 1899. He is 5 feet 11 inches tall, weighs 161 pounds and has medium brown hair and grey eyes. He and his pretty wife, Jobyna Ralston, have been married since Jan. 27, 1927.

Anne of N. Y. Do I start the day with a smile? Truer word was never spoken even in jest. Lionel and John Barrymore are the famous brothers of Ethel, whose parents were Georgia Drew and Maurice Barrymore. John was born Feb. 15, 1882, in Philadelphia, Pa. He is 5 feet 10 inches, weighs 160 pounds and has brown hair and light brown eyes. Dolores Costello is his third wife. Lionel doesn't give his age. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 155 pounds and has dark hair and blue eyes. He was on the stage with his parents when an infant. Screen career began in 1915.

Helen L. No. William Haines has never been led to the altar in real life, though no doubt many of the girls would gladly take the fatal leap with him. Billy was born Jan. 1, 1900. He has black hair, brown eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 165 pounds. He played with Marion Davies and Polly Moran in "Show People." Helen Foster was born in 1907 in Oklahoma City, Okla. Dorothy Janis, real name Dorothy Penelope Jones, was born Feb. 19, 1910, in Dallas Texas.

Wandering Willy. Phyllis Haver has not made a picture since she became the wife of William Seeman of New York City. She is 32 years old. Alice White is 23, Dolores Del Rio is 25, and Barry Norton is 26.

Helen S. Marion Davies is not married. She has the lead in "The Bachelor Father" with Ralph Forbes and C. Aubrey Smith of the New York stage. Dorothy Gulliver was married in 1926 to C. W. DeVite, a director. Marceline and Alice Day are sisters. Alice is married and the mother of a baby son. Leila Hyams is the wife of Phil Berg. Anita Page is still single at the ripe old age of 20 years.

Listening Hard. For all the nice things I can tell you about your favorite, are you? John Mack Brown is happily married to Cornelia Foster, a college sweetheart. They have a young daughter, Harriet. Joan Crawford's latest pictures are "Paid" and "Dance, Fools, Dance."

Charles S. V. From the frozen north to South America is some little step but you'll find my "Ask Me!" department tucked away in every corner of the globe if you buy SCREENLAND. (Not an Adv.) Milton Sills passed away at Santa Monica, Cal., on Sept. 15, 1930. He was 48 years old. His last picture was "The Sea Wolf," from a Jack London story. Laura La Plante plays with Edward Everett Horton, Esther Ralston and Patsy Ruth Miller in "Lonely Wives."

Molly C. You extend your sympathy to me for my big job—I'd rather have your

congratulations and a big hand if I'm to take care of all questions that come to my department. Raymond Kean was born in Denver, Colo., in 1907. He has black hair, blue eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 168 pounds. As far as I know, he isn't married.

Laura M. One of your big moments is when SCREENLAND arrives. My personal endorsement on that neat line. You and your brother want to know if Monte Blue can run an airplane—no doubt he can fly one as he can do almost anything. He has been a sailor, soldier, lumberjack, miner, cowpuncher, locomotive fireman, commercial traveler and an Indian agent. Can you beat that record? His latest picture is "The Flood."

Lena V. Ramon Novarro was born Feb. 6, 1900, in Durango, Mexico. Possessed of an excellent speaking and singing voice, he is right at home in the talkies. He is devoted to music, playing the violin, piano and organ. He is not married or engaged.

Josie C. The six aviators in "Lilac Time" with Colleen Moore and Gary Cooper were Dick Grace, Stuart Knox, Harlan Hilton, Richard Jarvis, Jack Ponder and Dan Dowling, but I haven't their addresses. The cast of "The Racket" with Thomas Meighan is too long to give here but Frank Albertson was not in it. John Darrow who plays with Betty Compson in "The Lady Refuses" was in the cast of "The Racket." Marian Nixon in private life is Mrs. Edward Hillman, Jr. David Rollins and John Darrow played with Nancy Drexel in "Prep and Pep," released in 1928.

Patsy S. You can't believe all you hear, less of what you see and button, button, who has the button? That swell gangster (in pictures), Edward Robinson, can't recall ever meeting an underworld character, thus proving the above assertion. Charlie Chaplin's new silent picture, "City Lights," is too funny for words. Richard Barthelmess is 34 years old, 5 feet 9 inches tall, weighs 150 pounds and has brown hair and eyes. Jean Arthur is 5 feet 3 inches tall, weighs 105 pounds and has blonde hair and blue eyes. Jean's pet aversions are noise, confusion, glitter and crowds! Jean's a quiet home girl.

Roberta from Wash. Conrad Nagel is about the most farmed-out player in pictures. In the last two years he has appeared in 28 films and only about half a dozen of these have been made for M-G-M, though he is under contract to them. Don Alvarado is 26 years old, 5 feet 11 inches tall, weighs 160 pounds and has black hair and brown eyes. He is married to a non-professional. One of Don's recent pictures is "Captain Thunder" with Victor Varconi and Fay Wray.

Margie L. Sue Carol has many followers who would gladly park on her door step and even part with hard-earned "what have you" to get a glimpse of her pretty face on the screen. Come on, Sue, give us a break. Sue's real name is Evelyn Lederer. Her first husband was Allan Keefer. Sue was educated at National Park Seminary and at Kemper Hall. She has had no stage training. Among her popular films were "Air Circus" and "Walking Back."

Caroline H. You have the wrong impression of my department. I do not receive and read all of Clara Bow's let-

ters. I have to work overtime to read my own fan mail but I'll tell Clara you want her picture the worst way and she may respond, for Clara is a good little scout and is anxious to please her public. Her next picture is "Kick In."

B. V. D. of Texas. So you've been timid about writing me. Put your reserve in your pocket and give me your hand and we'll have a get-together meeting and talk about your favorite, Clive Brook. He was born June 1, 1891, in London, England. His mother was an opera singer. He has grey eyes, brown hair, is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 149 pounds. He is a proficient violinist and has written a number of successful short stories. He came to America to make one picture and has remained six years. He is *Captain Levison* in the Fox production of "East Lynne" with Ann Harding and Conrad Nagel.

Puzzled from Zanesville. I don't blame you, who wouldn't be? If the first request for a photograph from a star fails to bring the coveted prize, write, write again—more than that, I can't advise you. Buck Jones' wife is Odille Osborne but I don't know her birthplace. Sally Eilers and Hoot Gibson were married June 28, 1930. Conrad Nagel's wife is Ruth Helms, a non-professional. John Gilbert is 33. Tom Mix is 44. Monte Blue is 31 and James Hall is 30.

A Hobo in Hoboken. You are ready to place a heavy bet that the screen stars never see any of their fan mail. I'll take you up on that for I've known many to fairly eat their mail if you know what I mean. Charles Rogers has been reported "this way and that" about several screen beauties but my private deduction is that Buddy's best girl friend is his mother. No cause for tears there.

Dorothy S. Roderique La Rocque, better known as Rod, was born Nov. 29, 1898, in Chicago, Ill. Rod's father was French and his mother English. Rod has black hair, brown eyes, is 6 feet 3 inches tall and weighs 181 pounds. I do not know Lon Chaney's wife. He left a son who has never been in pictures. Leatrice Joy and John Gilbert were divorced when their daughter was just a baby.

Chickie. Clara Bow won't mind your calling her names if they all begin with darling, adorable, and every other sweet nothing. I have rather a hazy suspicion you like Clara—excuse me if I'm wrong. A great cast was assembled to make her last picture, "No Limit"—Norman Foster, Stuart Erwin, Harry Green, Thelma Todd and Dixie Lee.

Arthur Rankin Fan. It isn't that the old players are forgotten but with the new crop of screen material coming on, sometimes it's a bit difficult to locate our old friends. Arthur Rankin has been appearing in shorts (comedies) for quite some time but I haven't his address as he works for several studios. Donald Keith was born in Boston, Mass. He is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 155 pounds. His real name is Francis Feeney. His wife is Kathryn Stuckuzze.

Brown Eyes, Cleveland. Just a rough guess, but you're quite easy on the optics. Gary Cooper is 30 years old and Colleen Moore is 28. Colleen's last release was "Footlights and Fools." She toured the country in "On the Loose," a stage play, since releasing her last picture. Among Gary Cooper's newest films are "Morocco" with Marlene Dietrich and "Fighting Caravans" with Lily Damita. Gary, at the moment, is recuperating from an illness.

Theresa M. The principals in "Hangman's House" were Victor McLaglen, Larry Kent, Earle Fox, Hobart Bosworth and Belle Stoddard. The film was released in 1928. Eva Von Berne made but one picture in America—"Masks of the Devil" with John Gilbert and the late Alma Rubens.

Ruth F. So you're crazy to be a radio announcer—well, for the love of mike! Lilyan Tashman was born in New York City and at the age of 16, made her debut in the Ziegfeld Follies. In 1924 she entered motion pictures. She has a delightful sense of humor and is very popular with the film folks. She is 5 feet 7 inches tall and weighs 119 pounds. She is the wife of Edmund Lowe.

Arlena P. We are always glad to welcome an old friend and to hear that you like SCREENLAND better than ever. Ramon Novarro's name is pronounced Ramon with a long o as in moan. His new picture is "Daybreak." Robert Montgomery was a stage favorite on Broadway before going into pictures. He was born 27 years ago in Beacon, N. Y. He is 6 feet tall and has wavy brown hair and blue eyes. He was married in 1928 to Elizabeth Allen. Their daughter, Martha Bryan, was born Oct. 13, 1930. Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery recently visited New York for a vacation.

Luvenia G. You will find quite a few colored people on the screen and stage but to give you instructions on how to become a player is more than I can do. "Hallelujah," a King Vidor production, used an entire negro group of players. Although none of the cast had ever worked before in pictures, they gave excellent performances.

Juks S. R. You want to be at the top—don't we all? You'd like the stars to step back all the money and stamps you spent on them without the long looked-for results. Too bad you have been disappointed. Nancy Carroll is the wife of Jack Kirkland and they have a young daughter. Nancy is 24 years old and great little actress.

Somebody. How do I know you are Warner Baxter was born March 29, 1891, in Columbus, Ohio. Score one for Ohio. Warner spent 14 years in various stock companies, vaudeville and Broadway play before he obtained his first picture role as leading man for Ethel Clayton in "I Own Money." But it was in his first talking picture, "In Old Arizona," that Warner showed the world what he could do. His new picture is "Doctor's Wives" with Joan Bennett.

Just Nee. Don't ever tell me I have a funny name! Rudy Vallée's one and only film was "Vagabond Lover." Sally Blane was his sweetheart in the picture. Stanley Smith appeared with Nancy Carroll in "Honey." Mitzi Green was there, too. If you ask me, she's my favorite actress. Go ahead and ask me!

Jeanne T. To appeal to my intelligence puts me right on my toes for I love to dance around with words of more than one syllable. Reginald Denny has light brown hair, blue eyes, is 6 feet tall, weighs 178 pounds and is married to "Bubbles" Steiffel, better known as Betsy Lee. Reginald entered pictures in 1919, is a licensed aviator, drives a white roadster, speaks with a slight British accent and has a charming grin that endears him to all boys and girls from 6 to 60. You've seen him in "A Lady's Morals" with Grace Moore, and "Kiki" with Mary Pickford, no doubt.

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The BOND BONFIRE

Introducing a new red-head
named Lillian Bond. Watch her!

By *Myrene Wentworth*

LILLIAN BOND is the name. Frankly in Hollywood on wickedness bent. Theda Bara, in her vampiest days, never breathed a sigh as sirenical as Lillian hopes to heave by way of scorching the sound screen.

Lady Hamilton; Mme. Du Barry; Camille—yes, and Cleopatra, Salome, and all the rest of the bygone ladies of lure, never aspired to the ambitions voiced by this fiery lass from England who burned up Broadway last season and who is now out to start bigger and better motion picture bonfires of emotion.

"What we need is a little incense for atmosphere," we suggested as Lillian started confiding her secret am-

ses in captivity.

in history books
trappings usually
she explained.

I were women of
they gained through
e no modern sisters
different today, the
so changed, a woman
tion those of history

play. My experi-
courage the ambitions
when I was fourteen years
at school. It was in St. Vincent's
London that I first began reading of women
figured so tremendously in the making of world
history; whose conquests meant kingdoms, wars; whose
sacrifices cost thrones, nations. From the very begin-
ning such women fascinated me. As I read I lived
their lives, I studied them, absorbed the glamour, the
romance and the glory. The tragedies, too, were grip-
ping in magic interest. They made me want to act their
lives, wicked as wickedness could be, but authentic, real,
convincing.

"Yes, I went on the stage while I was still at school
studying oratory. Salome? Hide my blushes! I played
in a Dick Whittington pantomime. Everyone in Eng-
land at some time or other plays in pantomime when they
are at school age or even younger. Proud mothers put
children into the little plays when they are barely able
to walk. It's just English tradition, I guess. I went
because I wanted to go on the stage and it was the only
way I knew to break the ice without running away from
home. My mother had been an actress as a child and

*You had better be
keeping an eye on
this girl. Lillian
Bond is the name;
hair, red; eyes, al-
luring; ambition—
unlimited!*

shared my ambitions. La-
ter I went into the 'Piccadilly
Revels.' That's a cabaret but
not the cabaret as you know it
in this country. There it is con-
sidered quite a thing. This gave me
a chance to try the musical revue
stage and it was there I remained until
I came to the United States several years
ago.

We recalled that Miss Bond was recently
brought to Hollywood by Metro-Goldwyn-
Mayer to repeat the vamp rôle she created on the
stage in "Stepping Out," now being made into a
talkie with Reginald Denny and Charlotte Green-
wood.

"No, that wasn't my first 'vamping' experience," she
said. "I don't know how I really happened to get my
first opportunity for that kind of part unless someone
with a clairvoyant mind knew the ambitions I was carry-
ing around while singing and dancing ingénue rôles.
Anyway, I was given the part of the native girl in
'Luana' in New York and all my friends burst into gales
of laughter. (Catchline: They laughed when I told
them I could play the *Luana*.) I put so much energy
into that characterization that the part was built up
and built up until it established me as a siren.

"I never want to play a straight rôle of any kind
again. I prefer what I call character rôles. Commer-
cially, I guess a vamp by any other name is just as vamp-
ish. But no two sirens are alike and, as everyone knows,
the only difference in ingénues are their ages and de-
grees of blondness. A man or woman who plays straight
parts limits his or her professional life. You can go so
far and there you are. When you are too old to be a
leading man or leading lady your career is ended unless
you hang on and grab whatever crumbs are scattered
your way in bits and minor characters.

"Personally, I admit a weakness that surges in every
feminine bosom. I want to be as beautiful as possible.
I want my characterizations to be gorgeously exotic,
bizarre and laden with tons of lure. Those were the
glorious creatures who made history who sighed with
their Alexanders the Great for more worlds to conquer.
I ought to have a chance with only one world to work
out on!"



As told to Princess Pat by 10,000 Men

*"Women Use
Too Much Rouge"*



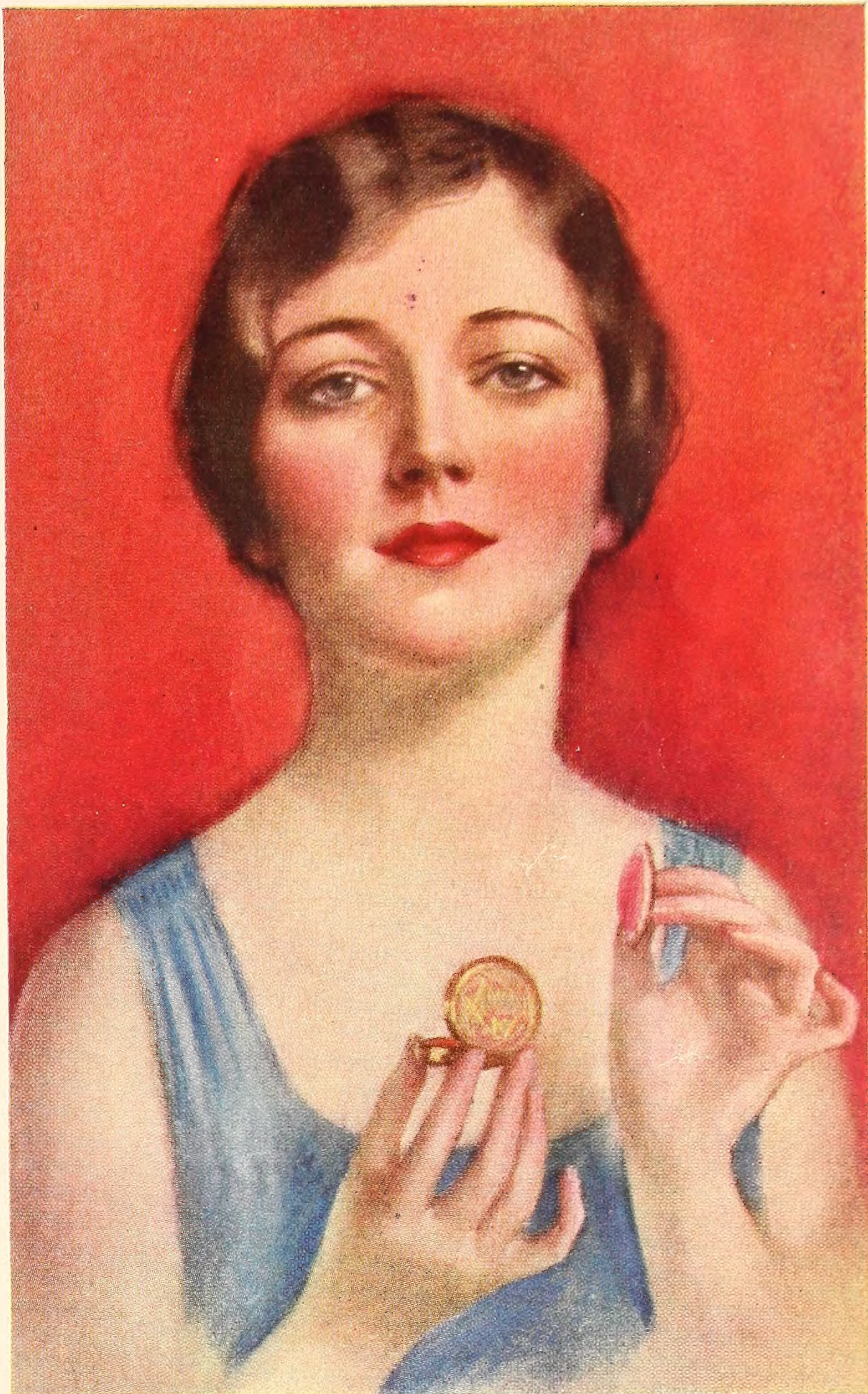
The men, poor dears, are not quite correct. They judge by appearances solely. What they really protest is the "painted look"—and "too much rouge" is not really a question of quantity. It is a matter of kind, for even the tiniest bit of usual rouge does look unreal.

Women have startling proof of difference in rouges once they try Princess Pat. Have you sometimes watched fleecy clouds at sunset shade from deepest rose to faintest pink, every tone pure and luminous? So it is with Princess Pat rouge. Every tone is pure and luminous, seeming to lie beneath the skin and not upon it. You obtain more, or less, color by using freely or sparingly. But there is never a question of too much, never the unlovely "painted look" to which men object.

Purity, delicacy, the most costly color tints, and a secret formula combine to make Princess Pat the *most natural rouge in the world*. And whether blonde or brunette, you can use any and all of the six Princess Pat shades with perfect effect—instead of being limited to one as with usual rouges.

Velvet Your Skin with Princess Pat Almond Base Powder Velvet is just the word; for the soft, soothing almond base imparts to Princess Pat an entirely new "feel," makes its application a veritable caress. Most powders contain starch as a base—hence their drying effect. The almond in Princess Pat definitely helps the skin, assists it to remain pliant and fine of texture. And there has never been a powder to go on so smoothly, or cling so long—never because only in Princess Pat do you find the soft, naturally adherent almond base—instead of starch.

Princess Pat almond base face powder now comes in two weights. Medium weight in the familiar oblong box—lighter weight in the



new round box. It has been possible because of the almond base to make the lighter weight powder just as clinging as the medium.

Wonderful New Color for Lips Just what you've wanted—lip rouge that colors the visible part of the lips and also adheres to and colors the inside, moist surface. Thus, parted lips show beautiful color all the way back—no unlovely "rim" of color as with usual lipsticks.

Try the Six Aids-to-Beauty in Princess Pat Week End Set This is really an "acquaintance" set—enough of each preparation for a thorough trial—enough for two weeks. And the beauty book sent with set contains information on skin care of real value—besides artful secrets of make-up which vastly enhance results from rouge, powder and lip rouge. You will be delighted with the set.



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MAYBELLINE CO., Chicago

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